

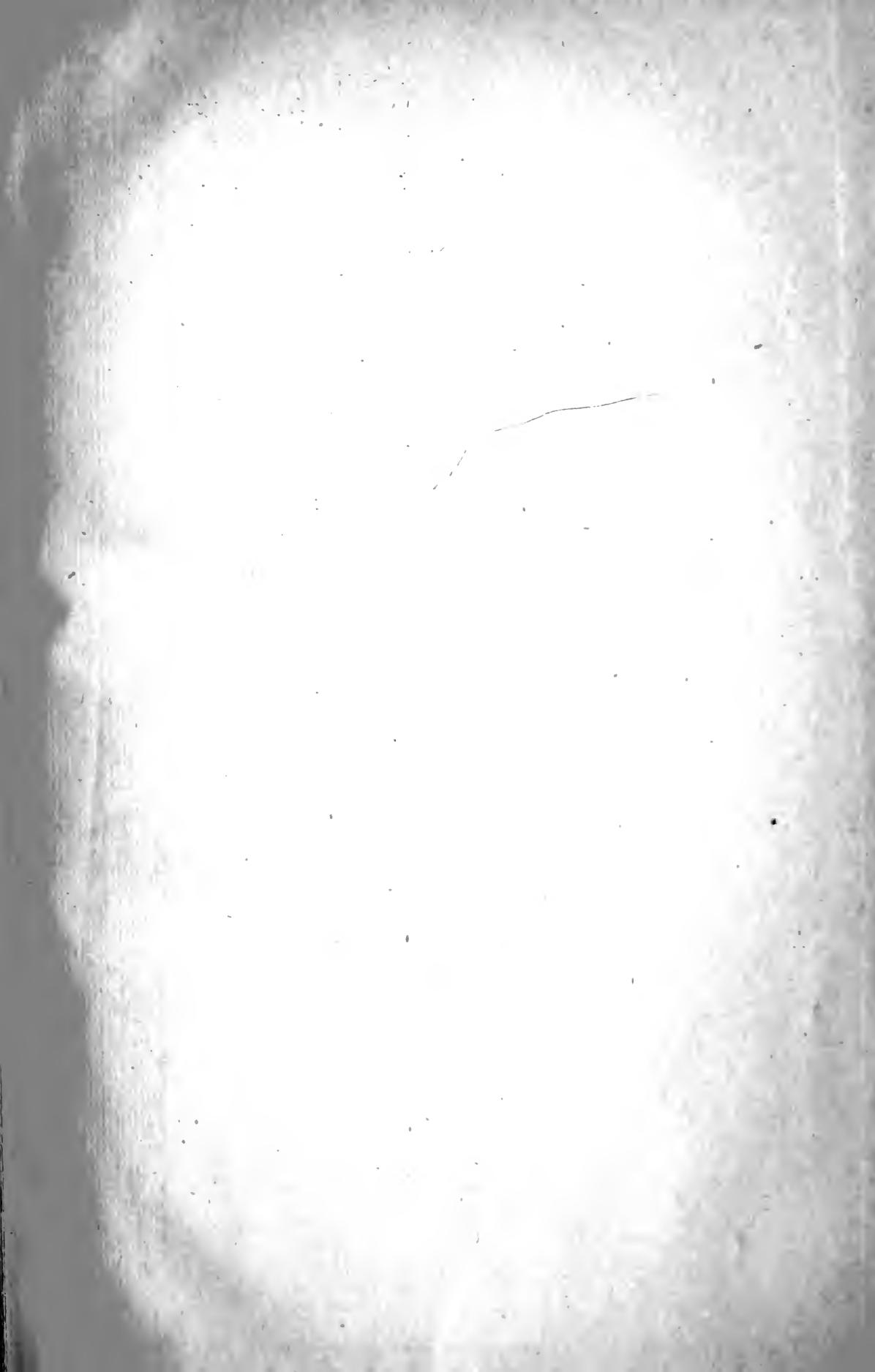


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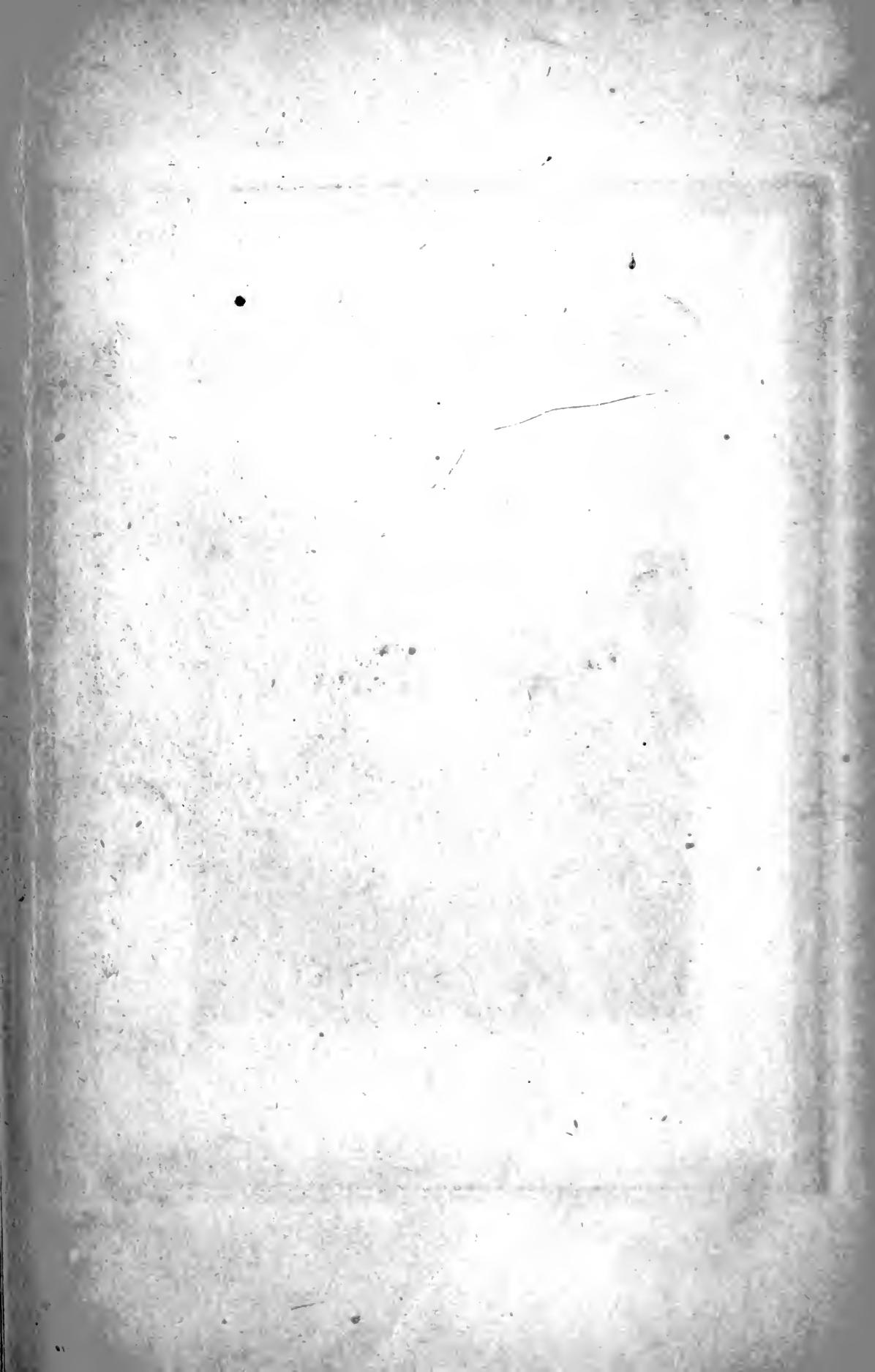
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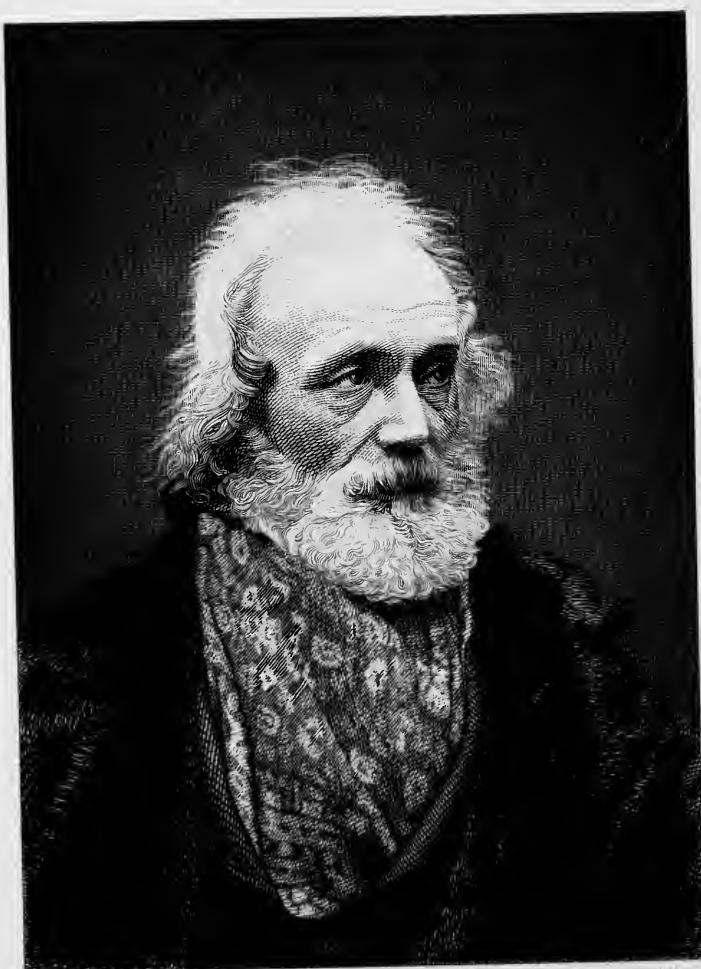












D. 1869  
A. 1869

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# POEMS

CHIEFLY

## PHILOSOPHICAL,

IN CONTINUATION OF

MY BOOK AND A HALF YEAR'S POEMS,

BY

JAMES HENRY, M. D.

"Begone, foolish babbler! I hate and despise thee,"  
Said Newton to Poesy, turning his back;  
But Philosophy smiling said:—"Dost thou not know me,  
Thine own only loved one?" and threw down her mask.

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DRESDEN,

C. C. MEINHOLD AND SONS.

1856.

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THESE thoughts, while through my brain they passed, were mine;  
Passing through thy brain, reader, they are thine;  
Use them as best thou mayst; who I am, thee  
Concerns as little, as who thou art, me.

deed  
spells

COME, Máry with the eyes so blue,  
Come, Máry with the heart so true,  
Cóme and let 's roam a while together  
Ín the bright, wárm, sunshiny weather,  
Alóng the lane, beneath the trees,  
In the fiéld or garden, where you please,  
For it 's nót about the walk I care,  
Bút to be wíth you anywhere.

If you don't like to walk, we 'll sit  
In the jéssamine bower and while you knit,  
Or dráw, or work in filligree,  
Íf, on a stool beside your knee,  
Will téll you tales, read poetry,  
Or kilt to my guitár an air,  
Nót that guitár or book 's my care,  
Bút to be wíth you anywhere.

If less agreeable the bower,  
Come, let's ascend the ruined tower  
That on the hill commands the shore  
And far off hears the breakers roar.  
There, armed with Galilean eye,  
Every spar, sail, rope we'll descry  
In every tall ship passing by,  
Not that for tower, sea, ship I care,  
But to be with you anywhere.

If you will not the tower ascend,  
Into the wood our steps let's bend  
And mark with what agility  
The brown squirrel bounds from tree to tree,  
Or hear the oft repeated stroke  
That fells at last old monarch oak,  
Or gather mushrooms or see glide  
The clear stream by the gray rock's side,  
Not that for stream, rock, wood I care,  
But to be with you anywhere.

You'll none of all; well, Mary, no;  
Out of this spot we'll never go.  
Smile but on me those eyes so blue,  
Beat but for me that heart so true,  
Here is my world, and other none  
I recognise beneath the sun;  
Beside you here I'll live and die,  
Beside you's my eternity.

TAUERNHAUS, FEHRLEITEN, at the foot of the GROSS-GLOCKNER, July 17, 1854;  
and while walking from LIENZ to SILIAN in the PUSTERTHAL, July 21, 1854.

## THE WEDDING RING.

Lé<sup>t</sup> the pure unalloyed gold of this ring  
Decláre the perfect love with which I love thee;  
Lé<sup>t</sup> the firm, cómpact, indestructible metal  
Wítness my love 's no evanescent passion;  
Ánd the strong, massy hoop, encircling thus  
Thy slénder finger, typify the pale  
Withín which thou shalt pass thy days secure,  
From áll harm guarded by these sheltering arms.

Walking from PFUNDS to RIED (German TYROL), Sept. 4, 1854.

---

I woúld not, if I coúld, be wise,  
I énvy nót the regal state,  
Weálth has small splendor in mine eyes,  
I am contented with my fate;

I live and breathe and see the sun,  
And feél the frésh air round me blow,  
For mé the earth is spread with flowers,  
For mé the gurgling waters flow;

And if I 'm loved by one alone,  
Lóved by one ónly let me be,  
For thát one heart is all my own —  
Ye kings, wise, rich men, envy me.

LANDRO in the valley of AMPEZZO, July 22, 1854.

## CUCKOO!

'TWAS ón a balmy day  
In the látter end of May  
I heárd the cúcadoo say,  
Cúcadoo! Cúcadoo!

Évery day in June,  
Mórning, evening, noon,  
She repeáted the same tune,  
Cúcadoo! Cúcadoo!

But when búnning hot July  
Fláred in the summer sky,  
Ah! the cúcadoo bade good bye,  
Cúcadoo! Cúcadoo!

Quick cóme again, sweet May,  
Till ón a balmy day  
Again I hear her say,  
Cúcadoo! Cúcadoo!

While travelling in Stellwagen from SAUERLOCH to HOLZKIRCHEN (BAVARIA),  
July 8, 1854.

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## JULIA ALPINULA.

"My father, spare my father," Julia cried  
And at th' inexorable Roman's feet  
Thréw herself, tearless: — "Spare, Oh spare, my father;  
Mércy is dearer far to heaven than justice;  
Mércy is fair and lovely and makes friends  
And binds with the indissoluble bond

Of gráttude; Oh spare my father, Roman;  
Róme is no petty state compelled to uphold  
By térror its precarious sovereignty;  
Róme can affórd to have mércy on a rebel.  
Man, Roman, father, spare a man, a father,  
Spáre an Helvetian guilty and repentant;  
Só at Aventia's altar shall my prayers,  
The priéstess' and the daughter's prayers, be daily  
Óffered for greát Rome and for thee — Oh spare him,  
Magnánimous Roman, spare him, spare him, spare him."  
In vaín she supplicated and in vain  
Clúng to the Consul's knees; unpitying justice  
Lópped with remorseless axe the victim's head;  
And never in Aventia's temple after  
Officiated Julia, but away  
Pined grádual and at last died brokenhearted.  
Áfter a thousand and six hundred years  
A stóne found at Aventicum affirms  
The trúth of the Historian: — "Here I lie,  
Júlia Alpínula, Aventia's priestess,  
Ill-fated daughter of ill-fated sire:  
The sire a rebel died by the hand of justice,  
The daughter's supplication failed to save  
The father's life — her years were three and twenty." \*

RATISBON, June 30, 1854.

\* JULIA ALPINULA: HIC JACEO. INFELICIS PATRIS INFELIX PROLES. DEAE  
AVENTIAE SACERDOS. EXORARE PATRIS NECEM NON POTUI: MALE MORI IN FATIS  
ILLI ERAT. VIXI ANNOS XXIII.

MÁN, egoistic, for his own self lives,  
Thinking he lives for honor, virtue, fame,  
Or for his country, as he 's pleased to call  
The land which chanced to give the egoist birth;  
Wóman, devoted woman, knows no self,  
Lives only in and for the egoist  
Whó in the name of love has made her slave.

Walking from LIENZ to SILIAN in the PUSTERTHAL, July 21, 1854.

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A mán and woman travelling by the way  
And thírsty both, found each a cup of liquor;  
The mán, as he drank hís, made a wry face  
And spát some oút and said it was most bitter.  
The wóman, as she dránk hers, kept her eyes  
Fixed on the man, then meekly smiling said: —  
“Bitter was my cup too, and I doubt not  
Bitterer than thine, but pleasant to me always  
Éven the most bitter draught if I have only  
Thy face before mine eyes while I am drinking.

Walking from LIENZ to SILIAN in the PUSTERTHAL, July 21, 1854.

## ANNA MARIA PRIETH.\*

It wás the morning of the Sunday first  
In Ádvent, when, four hours before daylight,  
Ánna Maria Prieth, the widow, left  
House, home, and children five at Pitz and crossed  
The ice of Reschen's frozen lake to Graun,  
There máde confession of her sins and eased  
By thát sweet sacrament her burthened mind.  
'Twas nót yet light when 'cross the ice returning,  
Pleásed with herself and with the world at peace,  
And fúll of happy thoughts of home and children,  
She trod upon a spot — Ah! blessed Mary,  
Móther of God, where wast thou at that moment? —  
Above a spring the weakened ice gave way,  
And nót till five months later, when May's sun  
Unboúnd the icy fetters of the Vintschgau,  
Was foúnd the body; the blessed spirit meanwhile —  
A stóne attests it on the banks of Reschen,  
And évery Advent the officiating  
Cúrate of Graun confirms it from the altar —  
Sank nót into the abysm but, upward borne  
By hánds angelic, soared until it joined  
The harmónic choirs that never ceasing sing  
Glad hýmnns of praise around the eternal throne.

Walking from RESCHEN in the VINTSCHGAU (German Tyrol) to PFUNDS,  
Sept. 3, 1854.

\* The principal facts of this story are taken from an inscription on a stone on the banks of the lake of Reschen.

## MARY'S WRAITH.

'TWAS eárly on an April morn  
As müsing sad and all forlorn  
I wálked through the scarce brairded corn,  
    Ah, well aday!  
Methoúght I heard close by my side  
A voice that "Woé 's me!" threé times cried,  
And sáw a figure past me glide,  
    Ah, well aday!  
By her white scarf and ribbons blue  
My ówn dear Mary's form I knew,  
My Máry of the heart so true,  
    Ah, well aday!  
"And whát, my Mary, hast to do  
Hére in chill April's morning dew?"  
She ánswered not but from my view,  
    Ah, well aday!  
Awáy far into thín air fléd —  
Quickfoót to Máry's home I sped,  
And thére lay Mary strétched out dead,  
    Ah, well aday!

Walking from ROTTACH on TEGERNSEE to SEEHAUS on ACHENSEE in the  
German TYROL, July 9, 1854.

## LABOR AND IDLENESS.

It háppened once that in a coffeehouse —  
How mány years ago it is not certain —  
Lábor and Idleness together met,  
And thús said Idleness to Labor, sighing: —  
“Wéll, it 's a weary world! I can't concieve  
How ány one can like it; for my part  
I wish I had died an infant or had never  
Been bórн at all — what think'st thou, brother Labor?”  
“It máy be as thou say'st or it may not,  
For aúght I know,” said Labor with a smile;  
“To sáy the truth my life has been so busy  
I 've hád small time to enquire into the subject.”  
“And dóst thou really mean thou dost not know  
Whéther thy life 's a pleasant one or not?”  
“I dó indeed, and, what will more surprise thee,  
I rarely think either of pain or pleasure  
Ór of myself at all; I 'm always aiming  
At sómething I 've in hand that must be done;  
Of thát and thát alone I 'm always thinking.”  
“And só thou slipp'st through life almost without  
Knówing thou 'rt in it — happy, happy Labor! —  
While í am always wondering why the day 's  
So véry long, so full of care and trouble.”  
“To mé the day is well nigh over ere  
I feél it 's well begun. I 'd wish it longer

Thát I might do more work, get further forward.  
Éven for this hour here spent with thee in gossip  
I feár my sleep tonight will have to pay."  
So saíd and to his work away went Labor  
Cheérful and humming a song; but Idleness  
Looked áfter him some moments, wishing half  
That hé too had some work to do; then listless  
Flúng himself into a chair and dozed, or smoked  
And reád the news until the clock struck dinner.

Walking from BAIREUTH to HAAG (BAVARIA), June 23—24, 1854.

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### OLD MAN.

At six years old I had before mine eyes  
A pícture painted, like the rainbow, bright,  
But fár, far off in th' unapproachable distance.  
With áll my childish heart I longed to reach it,  
And strove and strove the livelong day in vain,  
Adváncing with slow step some few short yards  
But nót perceptiblly the distance lessening.  
At threescore yeárs old, when almost within  
Grásp of my óutstretched arms the selfsame pícture  
With áll its beauteous colors painted bright,  
I 'm báckward from it further borne each day  
Bý an invisible, compulsive force,  
Gráduál but yet so steady, sure, and rapid,  
That at threescore and ten I 'll from the pícture  
Be éven more distant than I was at six.

Walking from MALS to GRAUN (German TYROL), Sept. 3, 1854.

## VERY OLD MAN.

I wéll remember how some threescore years  
And tén ago, a helpless babe, I toddled  
From chair to chair about my mother's chamber,  
Feeéling, as 'twere, my way in the new world  
And foólishly afraid of, or, as 't might be,  
Foólishly pleásed with, th' únknown objects roúnd me.  
And now with stiffened joints I sit all day  
In óne of those same chairs, as foolishly  
Hóping or fearing something from me hid  
Behínd the thick, dark veil which I see hourly  
And mínutely on every side round closing  
And fróm my view all objects shutting out.

Walking from MALS to GRAUN (German TYROL), Sept. 3, 1854.

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## WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT POSSAGNO

AFTER VISITING CANOVA'S MODELS COLLECTED AND PRESERVED AT  
POSSAGNO, THE ARTIST'S BIRTH- AND BURIAL- PLACE, BY MONSIGNORE  
SARTORI CANOVA, BISHOP OF MINDO, HIS HALF BROTHER.

PÓETS have lived who never in their lives  
Compósed one line of blank or rhyming verse,  
Yet léft behind them no less lovely thoughts  
And nò less durable than Petrarch's own,  
Tásso's, or Ariosto's; witness thou,  
Posságno, tomb and birthplace of Canova.

Aug. 4, 1854.

IT wás a sultry Júly day,  
Stréched on the Álpine sward I lay;  
There wás no shelter, not a cloud  
The sún's downdárting rays to shroud.

'Twas noón; no breath, no stir, no sound  
Distúrbed the spacious landscape round;  
No bírd, no grasshopper, no fly  
Véntured beneath the flaring sky.

And thére upon the grass I lay  
Ín the full sún that sultry day,  
The héát, the air, the clear, blue sky  
Ánd my own thoughts my company.

And só the livelong summer day  
Hígh on the mountain's breast I lay,  
Háppier than César when Rome's crowd  
Shoúted their vivats long and loud;

For his thoughts were of self and Rome,  
Greátness and power and fame to come,  
Míne of the wárm sun, mountain air,  
And náture lovely every where.

While walking from PEUDELSTEIN in the valley of AMPEZZO, to AMPEZZO,  
July 23, 1854.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF SIGNOR ANGELO MICHELE  
NEGRELLI AND ELISABETHA NEGRELLI OF PRIMIERO WHO AFTER HAVING  
BEEN SIXTY FOUR YEARS MARRIED, AND HAVING EACH ATTAINED NEARLY  
THE AGE OF NINETY, DIED IN THE YEAR 1849 WITHIN THREE DAYS OF  
EACH OTHER.

THEY lived through every change of wind and weather  
Sixty four years, a loving pair, together;  
Thén, within threé days of each other, died  
Ere either missed the other from the side.  
Thrice háppy, háppy, pair! to the last breath  
United, and not parted even by death.

PRIMIERO in the Italian TYROL, July 29, 1854.

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“HOW háppens it that no one with his lot  
Conténted lives?” Horace once asked Mecenas;  
Í, for Mecenas answered not, will answer,  
Meáning no harm to Horace or Mecenas:  
“Nó one contented with his own lot lives,  
Becaúse each one his neighbour’s lot thinks better,  
And éach one bétter thinks his neighbour’s lot  
And wórse his own, because each one the goods  
Seés of his neighbour’s lot, feels not the pains;  
Whilst of his ówn lot éach one feels the pains  
And, blínd as any bat, sees not the goods.”

PRIMIERO in the Italian TYROL, July 30, 1854.

## THE GATES OF SLEEP.

THERE áre two gates of Sleep, the poet says;  
Of pólished ivory one, of horn the other;  
But I, besides these gates, to blessed Sleep  
Three óther gates have found which thus I count:  
First the star-spángled arch of deep midnight,  
When lábor ceases, every sound is hushed,  
And Náture, drowsy, nods upon her throne.  
Pále-visaged Spectres round this gate keep watch,  
And Feárs and Horrors vain, and beyond these  
Rést, balmy Sweát, and dim Forgetfulness,  
Reliéved, at dawn of day, by buoyant Hope,  
Fresh Stréngth and ruddy Health and calm Composure  
And dáring Enterprize and Selfreliance.

The sécond gate is wreathed, sideposts and lintel,  
With ódorous trailing hop, and popystalks;  
The shádowy gateway paved with poppyheads.  
And thére, all day and night, keeps watch sick Fancy  
Hággard and trémbling, and delirium wild,  
And Ímpotence with drunken glistening eye,  
And Ídiotcy, and, in the background, Death.

The thírd gate is of lead, and thére sits ever  
Húmming her tedious tune Monotony,  
Tíred of hersélf; about her on the ground  
Sérmons and psalms and hymns lie numerous strewed,

Tó the same import all, and all almost  
Ín the same words varied in form and order  
To cheát, if possible, the weary sense,  
And different seem, where difference is none.  
At th' ópposite doorpost, on her knees, Routine  
Keeps túrning over still the wéll-thumbed leaves  
Óf the same prayerbook; reading prayers, not praying;  
Behínd them waiting stand Conformity  
And Úniformity, Oneness of faith,  
Óneness of laws and customs, arts and manners,  
And, Sélfdevelopment's unrelenting foe,  
Céntralisation; and behind these still,  
Fár in the portal's deepest gloom ensconced,  
A pérfect, unimprovable Paradise  
Of mére, blank nought unchangeable for ever —  
Thése as *I* count them are the Gates of Sleep.

PRIMIERO, in the Italian TYROL, July 30, 1854.

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### DEATH'S BRIDE.

“So yoúng! so fair! so kind! so true!  
Gó, Death, she is no bride for you;  
Úgly, rapácious, cruel, old,  
With heárt as marble hard and cold,  
Gó, seek elsewhere more fitting bride.”  
But hé, with arms extended wide,  
“Cóme!” in a voice terrific cried,  
And clásped her waist; I swooned away  
And whén I woke, there Emma lay  
Stiff, stark, and cold, in nuptial white,  
Death's bride upon her bridal night.

Walking from PRIMIERO to CASTEL DELLA BETTOLA, on the SCHENNER  
(Italian TYROL), Aug. 1, 1854.

WRITTEN IN LA BARONESSA SOFIA FIORIO'S ALBUM. SAN GIACOMO,  
NEAR RIVA ON THE LAGO DI GARDA, AUG. 25, 1854.

"COME, sómething for me write, Sir."

"What, Lady, shall I write?"

"The first thought in your head comes  
That 's beautiful and bright."

"Nay, náy; I vow I cánnot,  
I cánnot óne word write,  
I 'm dázzed by those eýes so,  
The beautíful and bright."

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INSCRIPTION FOR THE ALBUM IN WHICH LA BARONESSA KITTY  
FIORIO SKETCHED THE LIKENESSES OF HER FRIENDS.

Thése of my friends are skéetches  
Which dóñ't pretend to art;  
I háve their perfect pórtraits,  
But they 're lócked up in my heart.

KITTY FIORIO.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PRECEDING.

I álways knew my sister \*  
Was an ádept in her art,  
But I néver until now knew  
She had a hollow heart.

SOFIA FIORIO.

SAN GIACOMO, near RIVA on the LAGO DI GARDA, Aug. 25, 1854.

WÉT and dry and hot and cold,  
Light and dark and young and old,  
Great and small and quick and slow,  
Só the wórld will éver gó;  
Só the wórld hath éver góne  
Since the sún the wórld shone ón;  
Íf with mé thou thínkest só,  
Cóme and cry with mé, Heigh hó!

VILSHOFEN in BAVARIA, June 25, 1854.

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### HE SHE AND IT.

It háppened in a distant clime  
Were trávelling, once upon a time,  
Through évery change of wind and weather,  
Jolly companions three together:  
The first was neither young nor old,  
But brówn and muscular, wise and bold;  
The second delicate and fair,  
With sóft, sweet eyes, and flaxen hair;  
The third was inoffensive, mild  
And dócile as a well reared child,  
Pátient of wrong and in all ill  
And hárdfship uncomplaining still.  
As thús they travelled on and on,  
Through héat and cold in shade and sun,  
Each óne at night in separate bed,  
The first thus to the second said:

“I can’t imagine, lovely SHE,  
Why we might not united be,  
Right well, I doubt not, we’d agree:  
I hate a lonely, separate bed;  
Come, fairest, loveliest SHE, let’s wed,  
And leave that dull, cold-blooded elf,  
Hardheárted IT to mind itself;  
Three never were good company;  
What think’st thou, my own darling SHE?”  
“I’m quite of your mind,” SHE replied,  
“And will stay ever by your side  
Through good and bad, through death and life,  
Your dutiful and loving wife.”  
So said so done; the two are wed;  
And as they lay that night in bed  
’Twas thus deriding IT they said: —  
“IT will have all the ghosts tonight;  
Pray God it may survive till light.”  
The morning came and IT, before  
Well risen the sun, tapped at their door: —  
“Make haste, make haste; it’s rising time;  
Already we have lost the prime.”  
“We come, we come immediately;”  
Upstarting quick thus answered SHE;  
But HE: — “I’ll not a foot go,” cried  
And turned him on the other side.  
“You will, my dear.” “My dear, I won’t.”  
“You will indeed.” “What if I don’t?”  
“And will you, can you, say me nay  
Ere yet well fled my bridal day?”  
“I can and will; you must obey.”  
“Not I indeed.” “You shall, I say;  
Come back to bed.” “No, dear, I won’t.”  
“You will and must.” “What if I don’t?”

“Don’t talk so loud; that It has ears.”  
“I don’t care if the whole world hears.”  
As thus they argued, to the door  
It with a tap came as before: —  
“Not ready yet?” “No!” with a shout  
At once both disputants cried out.  
“Then good bye; if I longer wait,  
For a cool walk I’ll be too late.”  
“Good bye! good bye! we’ll follow straight.”  
And so at last away It went,  
Happy and with itself content,  
And where it liked best the day spent.  
What though it lay alone all night,  
It slept till noon or rose at light  
Just as it pleased; let it set out,  
Stop short to rest, or turn about,  
None was there to make a rout,  
And answer “Come, Love” with “I wont,”  
And “Must Love,” with “What if I don’t?”  
In vain with oft reverted eye  
Strove for its comrades to descry: —  
“Though not in sight they’ll come anon” —  
Yes, It; but wait not them upon;  
The first point settled, their debate  
Turns on the next; good It, don’t wait;  
Enjoy the precious liberty  
Already mourned by HE and SHE.

Walking from SILLAN in the PUSTERTHAL to LANDRO in the valley of AMPEZZO, July 22, 1854.

## DEMOCRITUS.

“GOODHEARTED, kind and generous, to a fault,  
In all his dealings scrupulously just,  
He wére the model of a perfect man  
Hád he his sénses; but this constant laughing,  
Nóthing but laughing, — mōrning noon and night —  
Is évidence, alas! but too convincing,  
Our goód Democritus is gone stark mad.  
Let 's sénd to Athens for Hippocrates;  
Perháps the wise physician knows some herb  
Pótent to chase thought's fever and bring back  
Compósure to the agitated brain.”  
Cóme to Abdéra and his finger laid  
Upón his patient's pulse Hippocrates,  
Nóthing wrong finding, asks Democritus: —  
“At whát so merry?” But Democritus,  
Insteád of answering, only laughed the more: —  
“At whát so merry, good Democritus?”  
But still Democritus only laughed the more;  
Until at last, after a long, long fit,  
Tíred thus he saíd to the amazed physician: —  
“Go báck to Athens, good Hippocrates,  
Unléss you 'd have me die downright with laughing.”  
“Hów or at what?” “Why at the leárned Doctor  
Who, sént to cure me, makes me ten times worse.  
Before you came I used to amuse myself  
With laúghing at the silly people here

Who thought me mad because a little wiser,  
A very little wiser, than themselves;  
And now my laughing's doubled at the sage  
Athénian Doctor who would cure my madness.  
Go back to Athens, good Hippocrates,  
Or stay and cure the people of Abdéra,  
And leave me to myself to laugh at both  
Doctor and patients." So Hippocrates  
Went back to Athens, saying he had found  
In all Abdéra only one man sane  
And that one sane man was Democritus.

The story's no less true told of the poet  
Who with his pen in hand keeps laughing, laughing,  
Still laughing at the follies he sees round him;  
With this one only difference, that the poet  
Finds seldom an Hippocrates to judge him.

Near MONTEBELLO, while walking from VICENZA to VERONA, Aug.  
15—16, 1854.

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I can put up with people of all sorts, if only they have money,  
I can find beauty in all kinds of eyes, if only they are funny,  
I can live anywhere in town or country where it's only sunny,  
I can eat fish of any kind, fresh, salt or pickled, except tunny,  
But curse me, if I can without a massy crystal spoon eat honey.

KÜSSNACHT, on the VIERWALDSTÄTTER SEE, Sept. 20, 1854.

## LUCK.

If happy you would be tomorrow  
Todáy must be a day of sorrow,  
For Fórtune 's never tired of ranging  
And Lúck of áll things loves place-changing:  
Todáy good luck, tomorrow bad;  
Sórry today, tomorrow glad;  
Take úp, put down; now none, now all;  
So spíns teetotum, twirls the ball;  
Lúcky, we bless kind Providence,  
Unlúcky, with no jot more sense  
Upbraíd the Author of all ill,  
For mán must be religious still,  
And háve his Oberon and his Puck,  
Thát for his góod, this for his ill luck.

TAUERNHAUS, FEHRLEITEN, at the foot of the GROSS-GLOCKNER, July 16, 1854.

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## GOOD AND BAD.

THE fírst draught of cold water when you 're thirsty  
Is nót delicious only but divine,  
Bálsam and nectar or whatever more  
The gráteful heart can say or think of praise;  
The sécond draught falls short of the delicious,  
Though nót unpleasant, though even pleasant still;  
The third palls on the taste and you turn fróm it  
Avérse, and will no more, not even one drop;  
Fórced to the fourth you swallow with displeasure,

Loáthing and pain the odious beverage,  
Which, forced upon you still, becomes at last  
Your dírest enemy, your deadliest poison,  
The wáter all the while being the same,  
Ánd the last draught refreshing as the first,  
Hadst thou thyself not in the meántime changed.

Go tó! go tó! ye that an absolute good  
Or ábsolute bád find in the outward world  
And loók not in yourselves for that which makes  
The indifferent, outward object good or bad.

ALPNACH in the valley of SARNEN, Sept. 23, 1854.

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### PROVIDENCE.

A cát that in a barn the day  
Had moúsing spent among the hay  
Withoút success, and thought her fast  
Was likely now till morn to last,  
Spied, with her eyes half closed to sleep,  
Oút of a hole a fát rat creep  
And jöyful cried, with claw and fang  
As ón th' unhopèd-for prey she sprang: —  
“Whó could believe with common sense  
There 's nó such thing as Providence?  
Whát but a special Providence sent  
This fát rat for my nourishment?”  
“Ah,” squeaked the rát loud, “it 's a good  
Próvidence gives rats to eats for food!”

LICHTENSTEIN in SAXONY, June 19, 1854.

## EXPERIENCE.

"THERE 's nothing like experience" — I heard once  
An old fly to a young one say, as both  
About my study buzzed in the golden sunbeams: —  
"Only experience teaches what to follow  
And what to shun; only experience guides  
In safety through th' intricacies of life.  
But for experience I had months ago  
The prey been of that fell and cunning spider;  
But for experience' salutary counsel  
I 'd limed perhaps both foot and wing ere now  
In yon pestiferous dish of viscid fly-trap.  
List ever to experience, child, and thank God  
That he 's vouchsafed us the unerring guide —  
But aren't you lonely in this wide room here?  
Come and let 's pay a visit to the blackbird  
That sings so sweetly in the cage in the window."  
"Let 's go by all means if it 's only safe,"  
Replied the young fly; "what says your experience?"  
"Nothing on this point; I have never yet been  
Inside a blackbird's cage; it 's plain it 's pleasant,  
We 'll never younger learn whether it 's safe;  
Experience can be got only by trying."  
So said, and through the bars direct they flew,  
With civil buzz of greeting, to the blackbird  
Whó in the midst of his song made so long pause  
As was required to snap at and down swallow  
First one and then the other of th' intruders,  
Then, taking up his song again, praised God  
That only after the evil comes experience.

While travelling with the Postboy from NEUSTADT to GEISSENFELD  
(BAVARIA), July 3, 1854.

## INSTINCT.

"PSHAW!" said a wise, grave moth that, as it flitted  
Aboút my candle that same evening, heárd me  
Telling a friend the story thou 'st just read,  
"They were a pair of fools or worse, those flies;  
Instinct 's the only guide, the sure safe rule  
Supplied to every creature by its kind  
And provident creator; never lét me,  
While I have life, forsake or disobey thee,  
Unérring counsellor, monitor and friend;  
And whither first?" "Direct into the light  
That spreads such bright warm radiance all around."  
"I 'm but too happy" said the moth and into  
The fláme flew straight and, in the wick entangled,  
Was burned into a cinder on the instant.

SATTEL, Canton Schwyz, Sept. 19, 1854.

IT háppened as a fox and wolf together  
Were trávelling by the way and both were hungry,  
They sáw a man approaching, and to the wolf  
Thus said the fox: — "Here comes one of those ugly,  
Vicious, malignant creatures who for pastime  
Hunt wolves and foxes, and assert that God  
Made this fair world and all that it contains  
For their sole use and interest and profit.  
Cóme, let us shew that God has some care too  
For wélves and foxes; not that flesh of man

To mé 's particularly sweet or dainty,  
And wére I not by hunger pressed I 'd hóld it  
Almóst beneath me to defile my blood  
With éven the least admixture of the blood  
Of the foul, lying, hypocritical monster;  
But húnger has no law; so fall thou on him  
And téar him to the ground, whilst I keep watch  
Lest ány of his fellows come to his aid."

"The coúnsel 's excellent," replied the wolf,  
"And I 'm quite ready to perform my part;  
The móre as, unlike you, I find the flesh  
Of thát sleek, pampered animal a bonne bouche,  
And hóld it for mere cowardice in our kind  
Thát they prefér to prey on harmless lambs  
And leáve their direst and most cruel foe  
To riot as he will, untouched, unpunished."

He saíd, and on the man sprang with a howl,  
And tóre him down, then called the fox to supper;  
And thús both, mocking, said as in his vitals  
They fléshed their tusks: — "Where 's now the Providence  
That máde us and all creatures for thy use?"

PRIMIERO, in the Italian TYROL, July 31, 1854.

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IF thou would'st lead a quiet life  
Respéct my corns, my creed, my wife —  
Three ténder points — and I 'll agree  
The sáme points to respect in thee.

ETZELBERG, in the Canton SCHWYZ, in Switzerland, Sept. 18, 1854.

"MÍGHT I ásk, Sir, whére you 're álways  
Pósting tó in súch a húrry?"  
Saíd a snaíl once tó an eárwig  
Wriggling pást him ón the roádsde.

"Í cannót conceíve the búsiness  
Só perpétuálly úrgent,  
Still less thínk it is for pleásure  
Yoú keep dríving ón at thát rate."

"Téll me fírst," replíed the eárwig,  
"Whý you 're néver in a húrry,  
Whý you álways seém as if you  
Hád a whóle life fór each jóurney.

"Í for my part cán't conceive what  
Pleásure yoú can téke in thát pace,  
Still less thát it fówards búsiness,  
Ór is whólesome ór becómíng."

"Bút ye áre a paír of nínnies  
Tó dispúte where thére 's no difference!"  
Saíd a mílestone thát stood hárd by  
Ón the roádsde and their talk heard,

"Fást and slów are bóth alike bad,  
Tíresome, úseless, únbecómíng;  
Íf you wóuld be gráceful, heálthy,  
Ánd of úse, stand still as í do."

Walking from GÜCKELSBERG to CHEMNITZ (SAXONY), June 18, 1854.

## WILL AND THOUGHT.

SIR Will once on a time, being in need,  
Called loud to Thought: — “Good Thought, I pray come hither.”  
When Thought nor came nor answered, Will repeated  
Louder the call: — “Good Thought, I say come hither.”  
When Thought, as marble statue stiff and dumb,  
No word replied, showed never a sign of hearing,  
Will thus in soothing tone began to coax him: —  
“Nay, nay, good Thought, you surely wont be pettish,  
Or for an idle humor lose a friend;  
Come, come, I say.” Still Thought nor stirred nor answered: —  
“Then as I see fair words are of no use  
Come, I command you; come this instant, slave.”  
As Thought immovable sat and either heard not,  
Or made as if he heard not, Will’s commands,  
Will, growing angry, rose and went away  
And at the court of Reason lodged complaint  
Against his servant Thought for disobedience.  
Thought took defence and thus in open court  
His own case pleaded: — “I am not Will’s servant,  
And never was; if Will says otherwise,  
Let him produce his witnesses to prove it.”  
So Will called witness Popular Misconception,  
Who swore in plain, round terms that Thought was then,  
And from all time had been, Will’s bounden servant.  
But the Judge frowning said: — “The evidence  
Is bad in law, being but of opinion;  
Remove the witness if she cannot prove

Either a contract or some act of service."

So Popular Misconception being removed  
And Will to the question, had he other witness  
Wheron to rest his case, replying: — "No,"  
The Judge declared the plaintiff was nonsuited,  
And, bowering on all sides, dissolved the court.

That night in bed thus said Thought to himself: —  
"Wéll, it 's a wicked world! my old bondslave,  
To whóm from immemorial time I 've been  
So kind, so loving, so indulgent master,  
Séts himself up not for a freéman only

Bút to be máster of his rightful lord.  
Lét me but see tomorrow's light I 'll try  
If still some further justice may be found  
In thát same court which judged today so soundly."

So 'twas not long before Chief-justice Reason  
Again in court sat the cross case to try:  
*Thought versus Will;* and thus swore Thought's first witness,  
A leárd Doctor grave, hight Metaphysics,  
With smáll, bright eyes, white beard, and furrowed cheeks: —  
"Well knówn to me from earliest youth, my lord,  
Both plaintiff and defendant in this action,  
And scárcey has a day passed of my life  
In which I 've nót had opportunity  
To see them in their mutual relation  
Of sláve and master dealing with each other,  
Will, menial slave, obeying master Thought,  
And Thought commanding most obedient Will.  
A thouásand times I 've heard Thought say to Will: —  
"Cóme," and he came; "Go," and forthwith he went;  
"Dó," and he did it; "Cease," and he left off;  
And néver have I seen so much as once  
Will áct except at the command of Thought;  
And só well used am I to see Will acting

Always in consequence of Thought's command  
That I doubt not Will's recent suit was brought" —  
"Stop there," said the Chief-justice; "until now  
Your evidence has been direct and valid,  
But in a court of justice the opinion  
Even of wise Metaphysics has no weight.  
Go down." "My Lord," then thus said the defendant: —  
"This Métaphysics is my ancient foe,  
His évidence the outpourings of a malice  
Which never ceases to abuse all ears  
With stóries of my slavery and dependance.  
This hónorable court, I hope, my lord,  
Will nót lend ear to the calumniator."  
But hére the auditory with one voice  
Begán to cry: — "Will never was a servant,  
And néver sháll be; Metaphysics lies;  
Punish the pérjurer ánd let Will go free;"  
And whén the Judge would nót, but with loud voice  
Commánded Will to be bound hand and foot  
And to his rightful lord delivered over,  
Aróse such uproar that the Judge his safety  
Soúght in precipitous flight through a postern door;  
Whereón the mob with fury fell on Thought  
And Metaphysics; trod them under foot,  
Ánd for dead left them; then upon a chair  
Uplifted on their shoulders Will, and bore him  
With shoúts of triumph round and round the city.

Walking from AZOLO to MESTRE near VENICE, Aug. 5—6, 1854.

## PASKEWITSCH.

PRINCE Páskewitsch to Turkey went  
His ráge upon the rogues to vent  
Who vówed they never would consent  
Czar Níck should have the management  
    Of their Greek church;  
But júst as he arrived before  
Siliſtria's barricaded door,  
Néver let schoólboy such a roar  
Oút of his móúth, at the first sore  
    Skélp of the birch,  
As Páskewitsch, when trundling slow  
A cánnon ball so bruised his toe  
That stoóping down he cried "Oh! oh!"  
And ríght aboút faced, home to go,  
    And in the lurch  
Left líng there his haversack  
And boót pulled off without a jack  
And traín-oil-drinking Don Cosaque,  
And ón Siliſtria turned his back  
    And the Greek church.

Walking from SCHÖNAU to LICHENSTEIN (SAXONY), June 19, 1854.

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RÉSTLESS as billows of the sea  
    And agile be thy feet,  
Fírm as a rock thy purpose be,  
    Nor from the right retreat.

Walking from ARCO to TENNO in the Italian TYROL, Aug. 24, 1854.

## TRUE FRIENDS.

POET.

NÉVER tell mé there 's nō such thing as friends,  
Steady, true, constant, without selfish ends;  
Óf my long life 't has been the happiness  
To have hád some five and twenty, more or less.

READER.

Aye, to be sure; friends of the summer day,  
That at the approach of winter fled away.

POET.

Nó; sterling friends that ever ready were  
The wórst inclemencies for me to bear  
Of wínter weather, hail and rain and snow,  
No léss than sultry summer's burning glow.  
Alás! those valued friends are dead and gone,  
Dropped óff one after another all but one  
Néwest and lást but not least stout and true —  
Thou 'st néver seen a better parapluie.

Walking from HAAG to HAINBACH near AMBERG (BAVARIA), June 25, 1854.

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## TICK TICK TICK.

SOMETIMES it 's slow, sometimes it 's quick,  
But still the clóck goes tick tick tick;  
And tick tick tick from morn to night  
Goes still the heart, be it sad or light; -  
But sád or light and slow or quick,  
Both soón shall cease their tick tick tick.

TAUERNHAUS, FEHRLEITEN, at the foot of the GROSS-GLOCKNER, July 15,  
1854.

I, BEING a bóy, used thus to count my fingers:  
Stand úp, right thúmb here; thou art Geoffrey Chaucer,  
Grave, reverend father of old English song,  
The cleár, the strong, the dignified, the plain;  
I lóve thee well, thy prologues and thy tales,  
Néver for me too long, nor long enough;  
Thoú art my dictionary, primer, grammar;  
From theé I 've learned, if I have learned, my tongue,  
Nót from the módern winnowers perverse  
Who sáve the chaff and cast away the grain.  
Yét, Chaucer, though I honor and admire  
And deárly love thee, there are in my breast  
Some déep emotions which thou touchest never:  
Kind, géntle, tearful pity, dire revenge,  
Stérn, unrelenting hatred, and sweet love;  
Áwe reverential too of influences  
Uneárthly, unsubstantial, superhuman,  
And álmost adoration of the face  
Sublime of wild, uncultivated nature —  
Chaúcer, thou touúchest none of these; go down.

Stand úp, forefinger; thou 'rt the árch - enhánter,  
Sweet, fánciful, delicious, playful Shakespeare,  
With his hobgoblins, fairies, Bottom, Puck,  
His róbbers and his cút-throats and his witches,  
And bold Sir John and all his men in buckram,

And géntle Juliet and impassioned Romeo,  
And bloódy Richard wooing lady Ann  
Or stúdying prayers between two reverend bishops.  
But chárming though thou art and captivating,  
And lóved within the cockles of my heart,  
I 've yét a crow to pluck with thee, my Shakespeare;  
For whén thou shouldst be noble thou 'rt oft mean,  
And fúll of prattle when thou shouldst be brief,  
And, like a miser doating grown and blind,  
Stúffest intó thy bags of gems and gold,  
Nót the pure métals only but false coins  
And vile alloys groped out of mire and dirt,  
Which éven the scavenger had disdained to touch —  
I 'm sórry, Shakespeare, but thou must go down.

Stand úp, strong middle finger; thou 'rt John Milton,  
Mónarch of Éngland's poets, prince of verse;  
I lóve thy deep, harmonious, flowing numbers,  
Thy séNSE, thy leárning, gravity and knowledge,  
Thy rátional Adam, and sweet, hapless Eve;  
Bút I like nót thy bitter pólémics,  
Thy smáll philosophy and mean religion,  
Nor thát inflexible, obdúrate temper  
Thou bórrowedst from the temper of the times;  
No vénial faults are these, so get thee down.

Stand úp, ring finger; thou 'rt accomplished Pope,  
Melódious minstrel of the rounded rhyme,  
Philósopher and satirist and wit,  
Acúte, dogmatic, antithetic, bright,  
The pót of the reason not the heart,  
A pédagogue who lashes and instructs,  
A rhétorician léss loved than admired,  
Whó, when we ask him for a tender tale,

Reáds us a syllogism, a dry prelection;  
Yét for his brilliant wit's sake and his keen  
Well mérited scourgings of that vicious age,  
Ánd for the noble height at which he stood  
Abóve religion's vile hypocrisy  
I could forgive his frailties and forget,  
Hád he but with more conscientious hand,  
More skiléd, more diligent, less imaginative,  
Painted his English portrait of great Homer —  
Thou must go down, Pope, I love others better.

Stand úp, weak little-finger; thou art Goldsmith,  
Símple and tenderhearted to a fault,  
The bútt of witlings, even of his best friends,  
Jóhnson and Burke and Reynolds, coarser natures  
But little capable of understanding,  
Or duly valuing had they understood,  
The pótet's almost childish inexpertness  
In lífe's conventionalities, masquerade,  
And súbtle thimble-rig and hocus-pocus.  
Yét his sweet Aúburn, Traveller, Venison-Haunch,  
Good, símple Vicar and queer Tony Lumpkin  
Shall fill their separate niches in Fame's temple  
When few shall ask what was 't churl Johnson wrote,  
Burke tálked about, or cold Sir Joshua painted.  
Still áll too soft thy gentle genius, Goldsmith,  
And móre the wax resembling which receives,  
Thán the hard stóne which stamps, the strong impression;  
I lóve thee wéll, but yet thou must go down.

Stand úp, left thumb here; thou art mighty Homer,  
Bright mórrning sun of poesie heroic,  
Whose beáms far-darting west are with redoubled  
Spléndor and beauty from the disks reflected

Of the great Mantuan and British planets.  
I know not, Homer, whence thou in thy turn  
Thy light hadst, whether from some farther sun  
Whose rays direct have never reached our eyes,  
Or from a fount in thine own self inherent,  
But this I know at least: those sceptics err  
Who see indeed and recognise the light  
But have no faith there ever was a Homer.  
Well! let it be, so long as they cannot  
Rob us same time of th' Odyssey and Iliad,  
Themselves, their species, of the noblest work  
That issued ever from the hands of man;  
Not perfect, some have said — alas! what's perfect,  
What can be perfect in imperfect eyes,  
That must, were 't but for change, have imperfection?  
So, blamed or blameless, get thee down, great Homer.

Stand up, forefinger; nightingale of Andes,  
That in the dewy evening's pleasant cool  
Sangst out of humble hazelbush sweet ditties  
Of Corydon and Thyrsis, and how best  
To twine the pöllard with the vine's soft arms;  
Then bolder grown pour'dst from the highest top  
Of birch or holm-oak thy sonorous song  
Of wärs and battles, Gods and Goddesses,  
And Röme's foundation by the second Jason,  
Adventurous like the first, and, like the first,  
Perfidious, calculating, cold seducer,  
Whom with more complaisance than truth thou styl'st  
The tenderhearted — I blush for thee, Virgil;  
Hadst thou no other fault, thou must go down.

Stand up, strong middle finger; thou 'rt Venusium's  
World-famous lyrist, moralist, and critic,

My heart's delight, judicious, pithy Horace,  
Who, frugal in his plenty, never wastes  
A word not by the sense required, and, liberal  
Even in the midst of his frugality,  
Flings free the useful, necessary word.  
Yet, Horace, thou 'rt for me something too much  
The courtier; for a prince's smiles and favors  
Too readily sold'st a poet's independance.  
I can forgive the purchase by the great  
Of ease and honors, dignities and fame,  
Of the vile populace' vivats and hurrahs,  
Of the priest'sunction and the lawyer's parchment,  
Even of Hygea's ministers' leave to live  
A life of sin and luxury and riot,  
But I cannot forgive the poet's sale  
Of his fine soul to the demon Patronage —  
Too, too obsequious Horace, thou must down.

Stand up, ring finger; thou 'rt the Florentine,  
The hapless, exiled, ever persecuted  
But still undaunted Dante, who in the dim  
Dark middle age the first was to hold high  
The beacon torch of rational enquiry  
And boldly speak the truth he boldly thought;  
Wert thou less stern, less terrible, less just,  
Less Eschylean, hadst thou less of Moses,  
Less of that jealous and vindictive God  
Who punishes children for their fathers' sins  
Even to the generation third and fourth,  
And hadst thou taken Maro for thy real,  
Not merely for thy nominal, leader through  
Death's awful, unexplored, Trans-Stygian land,  
And hadst thou oftener slaked thy knowledge-thirst  
At the clear, welling fountain of Lucretius,

— And nót kept drawing still unwholesome draughts  
Oút of Saint Básil's, Hilary's, Chrysostom's  
And Áthanasius' duckmeat-mantled pools,  
I doúbt if in my heart I could have found it  
To sáy, as now I say: Dante, go down.

Stand úp here, little finger; thou 'rt the pensive,  
Délicate, gentle, nobleminded Schiller,  
Ténder white-rose frostnipped in Weimar's garden  
Ére it had raised its modest head above  
Luxúriant Goethe's all too neighbouring shade.  
Redúndancy of words, enthusiasm,  
Subjéctiveness (youth's faults) are thy faults, Schiller!  
Amiable weáknesses which every day  
Of lónger life had sobered, cûrtailed, cured —  
*Diis aliter visum*; so thou must go down.

Só, being a bóy, I used to count my fingers,  
And só in mánhood sometimes count them still  
Ín the late gloáming or the early morn  
Or when I sleepless lie at deep midnight.

Walking from SANCT ANTON on the ADLERBERG (German TYROL) to TEUFEN  
in Canton APPENZELL, Sept. 6—10, 1854.

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“WHÝ 's a priest like a fingerpost, you dunce?”  
Said a schoolmáster to his pupil once;  
“I think I know,” replied the roguish elf;  
“He points the way, but never goes himself.”

Walking from UNTERBRUCK to KREUTZSTRASSEN near MUNICH, July 4, 1854.

THERE wás a curious créature  
Lived mány years ago;  
Don't ásk me what its náme was,  
For I myself don't know;

But 'twás a curious créature,  
So délicately made  
It coúld not bear the súnshine,  
It scárce could bear the shade.

Its júdgment was défective,  
Its mémory was weak,  
Until it was two yeárs old  
Not óne word could it speak.

Caprícious in its témer,  
And gráve by fits, then gay,  
It séldom liked tomórrow  
The thing it liked today.

When 't mét a little trouble  
'Twould heáve a doleful sigh,  
Clásp its forepaws together  
And loúdly sob and cry;

And thén when something pleásed it  
'Twould fáll into a fit  
And wórk in such convúlsions  
You 'd think its sides would split

With little taste for lábor,  
And weary soon of rest,  
It seemed always in a púzzle  
Which óf the two was best.

So áfter a while's lábor  
It woúld sit down and say: —  
“This lábor is a killing thing,  
I 'll wórk no more today.”

Then áfter a while's sitting  
'Twould fóld its arms and cry: —  
“Donóthing 's such a weáriness  
I 'd álmost rather die.”

As fóx or magpie clever,  
And fúll of guile and art,  
Its chiéfest study ever  
Was hów to hide its heart;

And séldom through its feátures  
Could you its thoughts discern,  
Or whát its feelings towards you  
From wórds or manner learn.

Fierce, únrelenting, crúel,  
Bloodshéd was its delight;  
To give pain, its chief pleasure  
From mórrning úntil night;

All kinds of beasts, birds, fishes,  
'Twould fall upon and kill,  
And nót even its own like spare,  
Its húngry maw to fill;

And whén it could no móre eat  
But was stúffed up tó the throat,  
'Twould húnt them down for pástime,  
And ón their anguish gloat.

Of imitative mánners,  
Ánd a baboon in shape,  
Some náaturalists will háve it,  
It wás a kind of ape;

But í would not beliéve it  
Though depósed to upon oath —  
Such cálumnies to crédit  
Wise men were ever loath;

And áll the ancient récords  
Unánimous declare  
It wás God's own legitimate  
Likeness and son and heir,

That fór some seventy yeárs should  
Live wickedly, then die  
And túrn into an ángel  
And fly up to the sky;

And thére in the blue éther  
With Gód for ever dwell,  
Oft wóndering how it cáme there  
When 't shoúld have been in hell.

Begun at ARCO in the Italian TYROL, Aug. 24, 1854; finished while walking from CAMPIGLIO across the VAL DI NON and over the PALLADE to SPONDINI at the foot of the ORTELER, Aug. 29 to Sept. 2, 1854.

## THE GAP IN THE CLOUDS.\*

IT háppened as one summer day I walked  
From Küssnacht round the Righi's foot to Schwyz,  
Ánd had behínd me left Tell's Hollow Way  
Ánd the green, sloping banks of Zug's clear lake,  
That loóking up I saw *a gap in the clouds*  
And ásking what had made it, was informed  
'Twas léft there by the fall of Rossberg mountain  
Whose rúins strewed the valley at my feet.  
Doúbtning, as usual, and incredulous,  
Agaín I loóked up, at and through the gap,  
And sáw beyond it in the clear, blue ether  
The figure of a man with open shírtneck,  
Seáted and writing something upon papers  
Which éver and anon down through the gap  
He scátttered to the ground. One near me fallen  
I pícked up, curious, and began to read;  
But béing no lover of *non sequiturs*  
And Béggings of the Argument and mean  
And vúlgar thoughts dressed up in melodrame,

\* Mountains have fallen  
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock  
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up  
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters,  
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash  
Which crushed the waters into mist, and made  
Their fountains find another channel — thus,  
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg.

BYRON.

And nót being over patient of bad English,  
And hólding still that *sápere* is the basis  
Of áll good writing whether prose or verse,  
I soón grew weary and threw down the paper,  
And ón my wáy to Schwyz sped and no more  
Thoúght of the *gap in the clouds* or of the writer.

Walking from KÜSSNACHT to LUCERNE, Sept. 21, 1854.

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"I 'll take mine ease in mine inn."

IN mine ínn I 'll táké mine eáse,  
Ín mine inn do whát I pleáse;  
Ín mine inn my pipe I 'll smóke,  
Reád the néws and cráck my jóke,  
Eát my púdding, drínk my wine,  
Gó to béd when í inclíne,  
Ánd if í the bármáid kiss  
Whó 's to sáy I díd amiss?

Whén to vísit yoú I gó  
Knóck knock knóck! door 's ánswered slów: —  
"Máster Místress nót at hóme;  
Dón't know whén back théy will cóme;  
Cáll again at síx, seven, eíght;  
Almost súre they 'll stáy out láte."

Whén to vísit mé you cóme  
Ánd by chánce find mé at hóme  
Í must sít and wait on yóu  
Máybe á good hoúr or twó;  
Lét my búsiness préss or nót  
Thére I ám, nailed tó the spót,

And my wife and chíldren toó,  
Paýng cómpliménts to yoú.

Tó my inn door whén I cóme  
Í enquíre not whó 's at hóme,  
Wálk in straigh, hang úp my hát,  
Órder thís and órder thát,  
Right befóre the fíre sit dówn,  
Cáll the waíter loút and lówn  
Íf I múst five mínutes wait  
Ére the chóp smokes ón my pláte.

Hím that first invénted inns  
Gód forgíve him áll his síns;  
Whén he cómes to Páradise gáte,  
Eárly lét it bé or láte,  
Goód Saint Péter, ópen straigh;  
'Twére a sháme to máke him wait  
Whóse house doór stood ópen still;  
Í 'll go bail he 'll páy his bíll.

Ín mine inn I 'll téke mine eáse,  
Ín mine inn do whát I pleáse,  
Ín mine inn I 'll háve my flíng,  
Laúgh and dánce and pláy and sínge  
Till the júgs and glásses ríng,  
Ánd not énvy queén or kíng.

Walking from RANKACH over the FREIERSBERG to OPPENAU in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN), Octob. 11, 1854.

A DOÚBLE folly how to cook  
If yoú desire to know,  
You 'll find it in a cookery book  
That sóme score years ago

Was prínted for the use of cooks  
Who wéll had learned to read;  
I 've triéd it often, and still found  
The récipé succeed.

You 'll táké the first young man you meet  
That 's hándsome and well made,  
And dréss him in a brán-new suit  
Of clóthes of any shade;

But blué and drab, or brown and white,  
Is said to be the best;  
His glóves must be of yellow kid,  
Of pátttered silk his vest.

His glóssy, lacquered boots, too small  
To hóld with ease his toes,  
Should glánce and sparkle in the sun  
At évery step he goes.

Both cheéks should be scraped close and clean,  
But í advise you spare  
Just in the middle of his chin  
One little tuft of hair;

And leáve upon his upper lip  
    Enough to take a twirl —  
In all as much hair as may show  
    He 's not all out a girl.

And then you 'll teach him airs genteel,  
    And words cf import small  
Aboút religion, politics,  
    And the last fancy-ball.

When your young man is thus prepared,  
    Look round until you find  
A mate for him as suitable  
    In perсон as in mind.

Simple and dignified must be  
    Her boárding-school-taught mien,  
And for the last five years her age  
    Sómething about eighteen.

She must have learned a mincing gait,  
    And not to swing her arms;  
And can she sit bolt upright straight  
    'Twill doúble all her charms.

Ignorance of things she knows right well  
    Her looks must always show,  
And things she 's wholly ignorant of  
    She must pretend to know.

Néver must shé behínd her look  
    While wálking in the street;  
Her eyes and those of a young man  
    Must néver, never meet.

Bút she may peep behind the blinds  
When in the room 's no óne,  
And wáatch what in the opposite house  
Or street is going on.

She múst have learned neat angle hand  
And how to fold a note;  
Búlwer and Byron understand,  
And on dear children doat.

Bút above áll things she must love  
The ónly, one, true church,  
And héresy and unbelief  
Háte, as bold boys the birch.

They 're ready now, the youth and maid,  
And need but to be brought —  
Mind wéll! — by accident together  
Ánd without all forethought.

Two rainstreams on the window pane  
You 've seen together run,  
Two poóls of milk upon a tray  
You 've seen blend into one.

So yoúth and maid bring them but near  
Are súre to coalesce;  
Cértain the fact, although the cause  
May hárder be to guess:

Grammárians hold it for the accórd  
Of similar tense and case,  
Attráction, it 's by chemists called,  
Of ácid for a base.

Musicians call it the concórd  
    Of óctaves lower and higher,  
Philósophers the sympathy  
    Of púppets on one wire.

Geólogoists find éven hard stone  
    Given to conglomerate,  
And nót a botanist but knows  
    Each plant turns toward a mate;

All may be right or all be wrong  
    For ánything I know,  
Beyónd the simple matter of fact  
    It 's nót for me to go.

They 've seén each other at a friend's;  
    Well dóne! you 've now to choose  
A pláce convenient to them both  
    For fréquent rendezvous.

The málл 's too public, and almost  
    As public evening Tea;  
'Twére a real pity your good work  
    Should spoíled by tattling be;

Bút in a Propaganda school  
    As óften as they please  
They 'll cóme together, youth and maid,  
    In sáfety and at ease.

Here while he teaches little boys  
    She girls their catechism,  
From him to her from her to him  
    Streams fást the magnetism.

Your work is done; your youth and maid  
    No more need of your care;  
Left to kind heaven and to themselves  
    They are a wedded pair.

A double folly so they cooked  
    Some twenty years ago,  
But why so called the excellent dish  
    Ask not, for I don't know;

But this I know, the recipé  
    Succeéds even in these days,  
And mérits of all culinary  
    Cónnoisseurs the praise.

Walking across the mountains from CORTINA in VAL AMPEZZO to PREDAZZO  
in VAL FIEME, July 24 — 26, 1854.

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SAID Vinegar-cruet to Mustard-pot once: —  
    “I wish you knew how to behave;  
What pleasure can any one take in the feast,  
    While you keep still looking so grave?”

“Excuse me, dear Vinegar-cruet,” replied  
Mustard-pot, “I’ve been thinking this hour  
How happy we’d all be and merry the feast  
    Were you but a little less sour.”

OPPENAU, in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN), Octob. 12, 1854.

TÉN broad stéps there 's tó my ládder,  
Five on óne side, five on th' óther;  
Ón one síde I móunt my ládder,  
And come dówn it ón the óther.

Ón the first step síts a móther  
Rócking wíth her foót a crádle;  
Listen ánd you 'll heár her sínging  
“Húsh-a báby, báby húsh-a.”

Ón the sécond my heart trémble  
Tó see seáted á schoolmáster  
Slápping leárning wíth a lóng cane  
Ínto á refráct'ry púpil.

Ón the thírd step Álma Máter,  
Stánding ín the mídst of dóctors,  
Púts a réd gown ón the shoúlders  
Óf a yoúng man leárned and módest.

Ón the foúrth step thé same yoúng man  
Púts a góld ring ón the finger  
Óf an — ángel ís 't or góddess?  
Kneeéling bý him át the áltar.

Ón the tóp step síts a fáther  
Ín the évening bý the fíreside,  
Children roúnd his kneés are pláying,  
Móther 's wáshing úp the téa-things.

Ón the fírst step dówn my ládder  
Sít a géntlemán and lády,  
Bóth with spéctaclés, and reáding  
Hé the néws, she Mrs. Trólope.

Ón the sécond step dówn, a lády  
Ánd a géntlemán sit trýing  
Át the mírror, hé a brówn scratcħ,  
Shé a ghástly rów of whíte teeth.

Ón the thírd step dówn, a wrínkled  
Wíthered gránny kníttíng sócks sits,  
Ánd a pálsied óld man shákes out  
Hís pipe's áshes ón the táble.

Ón the foúrth step dówn, two ármchairs,  
Óne each síde the fire, stand émpty;  
Ón two tábles át two bédsides  
Lábelled phíals stréwed aboút lie.

Ón the lást step dówn, two séxtons  
Síde by síde two gráves are sódding;  
Listen ánd you 'll heár them clápping  
Thé soft hillocks wíth their shóvels.

Yé that háven't yet seén my ládder,  
Cóme look át it whére it stánds there  
With its five up stéps in súnlight,  
Ánd its five steps dówn, in shádow.

Walking from FALKAU to TRYBERG in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN), Octob.  
8—9, 1854.

## B E E R D R I N K E R ' S   S O N G ,

U N D E R   A   P I C T U R E   O F   G A M B R I N U S .

G A M B R I N U S was a gallant king  
Reigned ónce in Flanders old,  
Hé was the man invented beer  
As í 've been often told.

Of m ált and hops he brewed his beer  
And m áde it strong and good,  
And s óme of it he bottled up  
And s óme he kept in wood.

The gólden crown upon his head,  
The beérjug in his hand,  
Beerdríngers, see before ye here  
Your bénefactor stand.

Beerlóvers, paint him on your shields,  
Upón your beérpots paint —  
'Twere w éll a pope did never worse  
Than máke Gambrinus Saint.

And n ów fill every man his pot  
Till the foam óverflows;  
No higher praise áks the goód old king  
Than fr óth upon the nose.

Bácchus I 'll honor while I live  
And while I live love wine,  
But still I 'll hold th' old Flanders king  
And beérjug more divine.

While I have wine night's darkest shades  
To mé are full moonlight,  
But keép my beérpot filled all day  
And í 'll sleep soúnd all night.

So bléssings on th' old Flanders' king,  
And bléssings on his beer,  
And curse upon the táx on malt,  
That mákes good drink so dear.

Walking from SCHOPFHEIM to GERSBACH in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN),  
Octob. 6, 1854.

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ONCE it háppened í was wálking  
On a bright sunshiny mórrning  
Througħ the córnfields, gáy and háppy,  
Litling tó mysélf some nónsense;

Áll at ónce came á policeman,  
Caught me fást by thé shirt collar,  
Drágged me tó the village Séssions,  
Ánd befóre their Wórships sét me: —

“Hére ’s the féllow stóle the ápple,  
Pleáse your gráve and réverend Wórships;  
Nów he ’s ín your hánds do wíth him  
Ás requíred by láw and jústice.”

“Nó, I díd not ; ít ’s a foúl lie;  
Í ’m no thiéf, stóle néver ápple;  
Lét me gó, and thé false wítness  
Púnish ás your Wórships thínk best.”

“Nót so fást; it hás been swórн to:  
Yoúr grandmóther stóle the ápple;  
Thát ’s the sáme in láw and jústice  
Ás if yoú yoursélf had stólen it.

“Só you ’re séntenced tó go álways  
With your coátsleeves ínside oút turned,  
Thát all seeíng yoú may knów ’twas  
Yoúr grandmóther stóle the ápple.”

Thát ’s the reáson, Génts and Ládies,  
Í go álways ín this fáshion;  
Thrów no bláme upón my taílor,  
Thé fault ’s áll my óld grandmóther’s.

SUMISWALD in Canton BERN, Octob. 2, 1854.

THE húman skull is of deceit  
As fúll as any egg of meat;  
Fúll of deceit 's the human skull  
As ány egg of meat is full.  
  
Some eggs are addled, some are sweet,  
But évery egg 's chokefúl of meat;  
Cléver some skúlls, some skulls are dull,  
Bút of deceit each skull 's chokeful.  
  
Lét your egg áddled be or sweet,  
To háve your éggshell clean and neat  
The first step is: scoop out the meat;  
And cléver let it be or dull,  
If you would háve an honest skull,  
Oút you must scrape to the last grain  
The vile, false, lýng, pérjured brain.

VERONA, August 19, 1854.

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I AM a versemaker by trade  
And vérses of all kinds have made,  
Bád ones to win me fame and pelf,  
And goód ones to amuse myself.  
Of várious humor grave and gay  
I pótetise the lívelong day  
And sómetimes sit up half the night  
Sóme flúent nonsense to indite  
Aboút an élphant or a fly,  
Or Ánnabel's bewitching eye,

Aboút past, present, or to come,  
Aboút America, Carthage, Rome,  
Aboút high, lów, or great, or small,  
Or máybe ábout nóthing at all.  
I wish you saw me when I write  
Vérses for mine own delight;  
I cán't sit still, I jump about  
Up and dówn stairs, in and out;  
My cheéks grow red, my eyes grow bright,  
You 'd sweár I 'd lost my senses quite.  
But when I 'm set a verse to spin  
That shall be sure applause to win,  
Lórd, but it is an altered case!  
I woúldn't my foé see in my place;  
In vaín my locks I twirl and pull,  
And bite my nails, and thúmp my skull,  
My spírit 's ebbed, my wit 's at null;  
Góds, but it 's hárd work to write dull!  
Thrice-gifted Wordsworth — happy bard  
To whóm that task was never hard! —  
Teách me the árt intó my Muse  
Not “génle pity” to infuse,  
Or feár or hópe or jealousy,  
Or sweet love or philosophy  
And reáson strong and manly sense,  
But páltry cunning, sleek pretence,  
And hów to give no vice offence,  
That sits installed in station high  
And mixes with good company;  
In áll, sufficient skill to cook  
Some fiddle faddle, pious book  
On dráwing-room table fit to lie  
And catch the idle visitor's eye  
And hélp the aúthor ón to fame

And pénsion and a poet's name.  
Don't ásk me can I nothing find  
More fitting to employ my mind  
And while away my idle time  
Than "stringing blethers up in rhyme"  
For yoú and other fools to sing,  
For I 'm as happy as a king:  
My tróchees are my diamond crown,  
My ánapests my purple gown,  
My pén 's my sceptre, my inkstánd  
Sérves me for révenues and land,  
And as for súbjects — every thing  
In heáven and eárth owns mé for king;  
So mány háve I that I choose,  
And táké the good, the bad refuse;  
Ín the whole wórld, I 'd like to know,  
Where 's th' óther king that can do so?

Walking from BEUERN to WEINGARTEN (BADEN), Octob. 14 — 15, 1854.

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### ST. ARNAUD.

"ÓN, to the fight!" St. Arnaud called  
Though faint and like to die;  
"Bríng me my horse and hold me up,  
We 'll wín the victory."

Ínto the fiéld the hero rushed,  
One héld him on each side,  
He wón the fight, then turned about  
And droóped his head and died.

BRUCHSAL in BADEN, Octob. 16, 1854.

SOMETIMES I 've with my Muse a miss,  
    Sometimes my Muse with me,  
You 'd think we fell out just to have  
    The pleasure to agree.

Last night she came to my bedside  
    And twitched me on the ear: —  
“Wéll, Miss,” said I, turning about,  
    “What is it brings you here?”

“I 've cóme to sing you a new song,”  
    With a sweet smile she said,  
And ón the táble laid her lamp  
    And sät down by my bed.

“This is no time to sing,” said I  
    And túrned me round to sleep,  
“You woúld not trill one note all day,  
    Your sóng for mórrning keep.”

No wórd replied the déar sweet maid,  
    Nor taunted me again,  
But géntly laid her hand on mine  
    And ság so sweet a strain,

So ténder, melancholy, soft,  
    That téárs came to mine eyes  
And sómetimes scarce the words I heard  
    For mine own bursting sighs: —

"Chármér, sing on, sing éver on,  
We 're ónce more friénds," I cried;  
"A thoúsand years I 'd nót think long,  
My sóngstress at my side."

I túrned about as thus I said,  
But ló! the maid was gone,  
Had tákén her lamp and left me there  
Ín the dark night alone.

In vaín I watched the livelong night,  
All dáy I 've watched in vain:  
But stáy — aye, thát 's her ówn dear voice,  
And hére she comes again.

Walking from OPPENAU to BEUERN (BADEN), Octob. 12—13, 1854.

SWEET breáthes the hawthorn in the early spring  
And wállflower petals precious fragrance fling,  
Sweét in July blows full the cabbage rose  
Ánd in rich béd's the gay carnation glows,  
Sweet smells on sunny slopes the néw-mown hay,  
And belle-de-nuit smells sweet at close of day,  
Sweét under southern skies the orange bloom  
And lánk acacia spread their mild perfume,  
Bút of all odorous sweets I crown thee queen,  
Plain, rústic, unpretending, bláck eyed bean.

Walking from ACHENKIRCHEN to SEEHAUS on the ACHENSEE, in the  
German TYROL, July 9, 1854.

KING Will his seat in royal state  
Tákes on Thought's ócean shore,  
And "Silence!" calls to the loud waves;  
The wáves but louder roar.

"Back báck, audacious, rebel slaves,  
How dáre ye" — the king cries —  
"How dáre ye come my person near?"  
The wáves but higher rise.

And fírst they drench his velvet shoes  
And thén they splash his knee;  
The king's cheeks grow with choler red,  
An ángry man is hé.

"What meán ye, whát?" three times he cries,  
"Thús to assault your lord;  
Ye sháll be hanged up every one —"  
The wáves hear never a word;

And óne comes souse and overturns  
Hím and his chair of state —  
Make háste, good king, and save yourself  
Befóre it is too late.

Then cómes another, twice as big,  
And rólls him up the shore,  
And sáys: — "Lie there, and call us slaves  
And vássals never more."

"Minion," faint gasping he 'd have cried

    But lo! the wave was gone,  
    And from the deep already comes  
        Another rolling on,

And breaks and flows over the king  
    As if no king were there,  
And knocks about his chair of state  
    Like any common chair.

"Enough! he 's had enough," cries loud  
    The fourth wave tumbling in;  
"Now let him off; though great his crime,  
    To drown him were a sin.

"Down to this shore, I promise you,  
    Unless he is a fool,  
King Will will not come soon again  
    Thought's ocean waves to rule."

"So be it, so be it," they all reply,  
    And ebb and leave him there  
To dry himself as best he can  
    And gather up his chair.

That was the first day king Will claimed  
    Rule over Thought's free waves,  
And you may swear it was the last  
    He ever called them slaves.

Walking from TRYBERG to OBERWOLFACH in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN),  
Octob. 9 — 11, 1854.

WÉLL, it ís a dárling créáture!  
Í could loók for éver át it;  
Lóvelier báby í saw néver —  
Stáy — is ít a són or daúghter?

Són! I knéw it — ówn Papá's self,  
Ówn Papá's nose, móuth and fórehead.  
Hów I wish its eýes would ópen!  
Í could álmost sweár they 're házel.

Fié! no mátter — 't hás no séNSE yet —  
Síx weeks! whý, I 'd sáy six móonths old.  
Wípe its nóse — all 's ríght agaín now;  
Whát a sweét smile! whý, it 's an ángel.

Cóme come, dónt frown, máster Bóbby —  
Ísn't it Bóbby I 'm to cáll it?  
Fírst son 's álways fór Papá called;  
Chérub beaúty! lét me kiss it.

Fié agaín! a spoónful fénnel;  
Sómething súre 's the mátter with it  
Ór it woúld not twíst and whíngé so,  
Sweét, good témpered, quíet dúcky.

Ít 's the grípes; the grípes are whólesome;  
Quíck the fénnel; míx some súck with 't:  
Deár, sweet créature, hów it súffers!  
'Tmúst be pain that mákes it cry so.

Give 't the breást; what! wónt it take it?  
Dón't be cróss, dear prétty Bóbby;  
Pá wont háve you if you cry so;  
Thére there! gó to sleép, sweet Bóbby.

Deár me! whát can bé the mátter?  
Máybe á pin 's rúnning ín it;  
Stríp it quíck; see! thére 's no pín here —  
Poór, dear bábe! what is it aíls it?

Heát the flánnel át the fíre well,  
Dróp six dróps of brándy ón it,  
Bínd it tíght round — nót so stráit quite —  
Still it criés as múch as éver.

Whére 's the sáffron, thé magnésia?  
Í 'm beginning tó be fríghtened;  
Bút it loóks ill! cáll a dóctor;  
Stóp, I thínk it 's grówing quíet.

Húsh-o húsh-o; whát 's that noise there?  
Shút the doór to, dráw the círtains,  
Lét no foót stir; húsh-o húsh-o;  
Húsh-o, dárling báby, húsh-o.

Nów it 's quiet, ít 's asleép now;  
Húsh-o, dárling báby, húsh-o;  
Ánd it 's slóbbering, thát 's a goód sign,  
This time Gód wont take his chérub.

Whát a sweet smile! it 's awáke now;  
Táke it úp, put ón its cleán bib;  
Now 'twill take the breást I wárrant;  
Hów it súcks, the líttle glútton!

Púking! lóvely; it 's all right now.  
Wípe its moúth — another cleán bib;  
Bléssings ón it fór a fine child!  
Ít will bé a greát man sóme day.

Walking from TODTMOOS to MENZENSCHWAND in the BLACK FOREST (BADEN), Octob. 7, 1854.

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WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT PREDAZZO IN VAL FIEME (ITALIAN TYROL) WHERE GEOLOGISTS FIND CHALK UNDERLYING GRANITE.

BREÁD upon bútter spread is rare,  
Rare heéls up and heads down,  
Grass grówing toward the céntré 's rare,  
Rare underfoot a crown;

Bút of all rárest, granite here  
Lýing on chalk is seen,  
And by some blunder chalk below,  
Where gránite should have been.

July 27, 1854.

WITHIN the convent of Johannathal,  
Before daybreak upon Ascension day  
There is a soúnd of móre life than is common  
Withín Saint Ursula's bare and lofty walls.  
Three tímés the porteress to the latticed window  
Óf the locked gáte has put her ear to listen  
If foót of prior's mule might yet be heard  
Or réverend bishop's up the valley wending  
From fár Saint Martin's, and fourth time at last  
Heáring the hoofs, the portal wicket opens  
And to "Gelobt sei Jesus Christus," answers  
With földed hands "In Ewigkeit, Herrn Väter."  
"God greet the lady Philippina," said  
The bishop and the prior entering the parlour,  
"And Gód greet all the sisters here assembled,  
And Gód greet trebly her whom here today,  
Sáved from a sinful world, we are to add  
To hóly Ursula's pious sisterhood."  
"I need not ásk, Sir prior," then said the bishop,  
"If to our deár child Agatha has been  
Dúly administered for seven days past  
Each dáy the sacrament of the Lord's body,  
Her heárt being first prepared for its reception  
By fúll and free confession of her sins  
Éven the most vénial?" "As thou say'st, my lord."  
"And thou, my lady abbess, of no cause  
Art cóngnizant why to this sisterhood .

Should not be added one more loving sister,  
Not planted in the garden of the Lord  
This shoot of promise, this sweet, fragrant branch?"  
"I of no hindrance am aware, my lord,  
Unless it be a hindrance, to have passed  
In penitence, obedience, selfdenial  
And works of mercy and beneficence  
The years of her noviciate and white veil."  
"Then let the child attend us in the chapel,  
If ready there the coffin and the pall."  
The youngest sister then the candles lit,  
And two by two, each with a light in hand,  
They walked in slow procession from the parlour  
Along the corridor and down the stair  
And round the cloister court into the chapel,  
The novices before, the white veils last,  
Behind the novices the prior singly  
In gown and scapulaire, the bishop then  
In purple pallium, on his head the mitre,  
And in his hand the golden, jewelled crozier,  
Between whom and the white veils the long train  
Of black veils headed by the lady abbess,  
The great bell all the while the death knell tolling.  
Meanwhile two sisters, beckoned by the abbess,  
Conducted to the chapel from her cell  
The lady Agatha pale, weak and trembling,  
And on her knees in front of the crypt's staircase  
Placed her beside a lidless, plain deal coffin.  
Of coarse black stuff her raiment; from her head  
Behind in loose folds hung the long white veil;  
On her white neck a crucifix of jet;  
A gold, gem-studded hoop on the ring finger;  
Behind her and at each side of the crypt stair  
Stood motionless the two attendant sisters;

Behínd the crypt the altar hung with black;  
And círtained black the doors, lucárnes and windows;  
A síngle dím lamp from the hígh vault burning.  
The tolling ceased as entering the chapel  
The sisters ranged themselves in triple file  
Half-moón shaped round the entrance of the crypt,  
The kneéling Agatha and open coffin,  
In each right hand still burning bright the taper.  
“Selécted child of God,” then said the prior  
Beside the bishop standing in the midst  
And putting into the maid’s trembling hand  
The véry crucifix Saint Ursula  
Préssed to her lips upon her martyr day,  
“Íf of its own free will thine heart accepts  
The wórds thou now shalt hear the bishop utter —  
Wórds which for ever from the world divide thee,  
From fáther, mother, friends, and house and home,  
Broþer and sister, all the joys of life —  
Sweár to the wórds and kiss the holy rood.”  
“Thou sweár’st,” then said the bishop, “that till death  
Thou wilt be faithful to the mother church,  
That to the letter thou ’lt observe the rules  
And órdinances of Saint Ursula,  
Obéy the lady abbess of this convent  
In preference to thy father and thy mother,  
And love this sisterhood more than thy sisters,  
Sweár’st that thou ’lt live in chastity perpetual,  
Seclúsión, poverty and self-abasement,  
And in all things conduct thee as becometh  
The bríde of Christ, the adópted of the Lord;  
And as thou keep’st this oath or break’st it, so  
Máy thy soul whén thou diest ascend to heaven  
Thére to live éver in the joy of the Lord,  
Or be thrust dówn to hell to dwell for ever

In torment with the enemies of God."

"I swear," said Agatha, and kissed the rood;  
Then, taking each a hand, the attendant sisters  
Upraised her from her knees and one of them  
Drawing the gold hoop from her finger dropped it  
Into th' offertory held by the other;

Néxt from her head they undid the long white veil,  
And loosed and let upon her shoulders fall  
Her golden locks, then in their arms both raised her  
And laid her stretched at full length in the coffin,  
And the pall over her and the coffin spread,  
Leaving the head bare, and beyond the edge  
Of the coffin the dishevelled gold locks hanging;  
Then one of them the locks held while the bishop  
Clean sheared them from the head, saying same time: —  
"As these locks never to the head return,  
So thou returnest never to the world."

Out of the coffin then the two attendants  
Raised her together, and the long black veil  
Threw over her, head, neck and shoulders covering  
Down to her waist behind; the bishop then  
Named her Euphemia, and upon her finger  
Putting the nuptial ring and on her head  
The nuptial crown, pronounced her Christ's affianced,  
The Lord's own spouse now and for ever more,  
And, having given into her hand the attested  
Act of Profession and the Rules of the Order,  
Rosary and prayerbook, raised both hands and blessed her  
And bade her go in peace; then the abbess kissed her  
And all the sisters kissed her one by one;  
And having sung a hymn, all left the chapel:  
The novices before, the prior following,  
And then the bishop, next the lady abbess  
Heading the black veils, with the last of whom

And yoúngest, tottering walked the new-professed,  
The white veils last, the gráet bell again tolling.  
The cloíster court they round and up the stair  
Tó the refectory and collation frugal:  
Sausage and cheese and bread, and each one glass  
Of Rüdesheimer four years in the cellar.

The prior and bishop some short quarter hour  
Convérse of things indifferent with the abbess;  
Take leáve; the wicket again opens, closes;  
The páttter of the mules' hoofs dies away;  
Each to her séparate cell the nuns retire,  
And ónce more still as death 's Saint Ursula's cloíster.

Next dáy a messenger conveys the parents  
Áll of their daúghter that they now might claim:  
The gólden ringlets sheared off by the bishop;  
And in one narrow cell from that day forth,  
Stríctest and hóliest of Saint Ursula's nuns,  
In pénitence and prayer lived Agatha,

Excépt when morning, noon, or evening bell  
Cálled her to chapel, or her daily walk  
She took the coúrt round or the high-walled garden,  
Ór at long intervals in a sister's presence  
Spoke sóme short moments through the parlour grating  
With sóme once déar friend of her former world.

So fórtty years she lived and so she died,  
And óther Agathas walking where she walked  
Her náme read on a flag beneath their feet  
As fróm the court they turn into the chapel.

Begun while walking from RIED to SANCT ANTON on the ADLERBERG (German TYROL), Sept. 4 — 5, 1854; finished at TEUFEN in Canton APPENZELL. Sept. 12, 1854.

I LIKE the Belgian cleanliness and comfort,  
The Bélgian liberty of thought and action,  
The áncient Belgian cities, full of churches  
With pointed windows and long Gothic aisles  
And vócal steeples that pour every hour  
Dówn from the cloúds their lárklike melody;  
I lóve too the soft Belgian languages,  
Walloón and Flemish, and the Belgian song,  
And Bélgium's pictures — chiefly thine, Van Eyck!  
Unéqualled colorist, and first who dipped  
In oil the pencil. But I like not all,  
Múch though I like in Belgium; I like not  
Its hill-less, smoóth, unvariegated landscape,  
Where even the very rivers seem to languish;  
Still léss I like its parallel, straight-cut roads  
Where séldom but to telescope-armed eye  
Discérnible the further end or turning;  
And leást of all I like him whóm Cologne,  
Proud of a little, fain would call her own,  
Though fóreign-born, him of the broad, slouched hat,  
The painter who shades red and with red streaks  
And bloódy blotches daubs the sprawling limbs  
Óf his fat Venuses and Medicis,  
Susánnas, Ariadnes and Madonnas,  
Álways except his sweétheart with the stráw hat,

For whóse sake I 'd forgive his sins though doubled —  
But óther lands invíte me, farewell Belgium!

Thrice wélcome, Holland! refuge, in old times,  
Of pérsecuted virtue, wisdom, learning;  
Míghty Rhine-delta, I admire thy ports  
Fúll of tall másts, wayfarers of both oceans;  
Thy cábines replenished with the riches  
Of either Ind; thy dikes, canals, and sluices,  
And térritory from the déep sea won  
By thy hard toil and skill and perseverance;  
Bút I like nót thy smug, smooth-sháven faces,  
Sleék, methodístic hair, and white cravats,  
And swállowtailed black coats, and trowsers black;  
Still léss I like the odour of thy streets  
Ére by kind winter frózen, and thé far more  
Than Jéwish eágerness with which thou grasperst  
At évery pound or penny fairly earned,  
Or it may bé unfairly — so I turn  
Soúthward my pilgrim step; and say — “Farewell!”

Two Gérmánies there are, antipodistic  
Eách of the óther, a Northern and a Southern:  
Stúrdy the one, and stíffnecked and reserved,  
Caútious, suspicious, economical, prudent,  
Indústrious, indefatigable, patient,  
Stúdious and méditative and with art's  
And literature's most noble spoils enriched,  
That raísed, three hundred years ago, revolt's  
Audáciouſ standard against mother church  
And from that day has lived and florished fair  
Withoút the hélp of Pope, Bull, or Indulgence,  
Ánd in its náked, shrineless temples worshipped  
Its únsubstantial notion of a God.

South Germany, less thoughtful, and preferring  
Eáse and known wáys to toilsome innovation,  
Clings to its fóresires' creed, and only closer  
And clóser clíngs the more it 's shown to be  
Nónsense downright, hypócrisy and imposture.  
Bóth Germanies my diligent, plodding feet  
From Nórth to Sóuth from East to West have travelled,  
From filthy, rích, commercial, sensual Hamburg  
Tó the far Draúthal and the Ortelerspitz,  
Ánd from where in the Moldau's wave reflected  
The mínarets of Prague, to where broad Rhine,  
Frésh from Helvétia's Alps and glaciers, washes  
Básel's white wálls and weak Erasmus' tomb,  
Ánd I have found the German, in the main,  
A plain fair-dealer without second purpose  
Ánd to his wórd true; seldom over-courteous,  
And álways quite inquisitive enough  
Aboút your náme, your country, your religion,  
Whence, whither, what and why and where and when;  
And táké fair wárning, reader! shouldst thou ever,  
Smít with the lóve of that coy spinster, Knowledge,  
Vénture upon a Gérman tour pedestrian,  
Oútside the limits of still courteous Schwárzwald,  
The wáatchdog all day long his iron chain  
Clánks on each boór's inhospitable threshold,  
And éven the inn door in the country opens  
Slówly and súllenly or not at all  
Tó the beláted, tired and houseless stranger.

From Gérmány I turn into Tyról;  
A kíndlier, friéndlier land; where tired pedestrian  
Thoúgh he arríve late has no growl to fear  
Of súrly wáatchdog or more surly landlord,  
But greáted with "Willkommen!" and the smile

Of búsy, gay, key-jíngling Kellnerin,  
Throws down his knapsack on Gast-Stube table,  
And áfter short delay is helped to the best  
Sausage, stewed veál, and wine the inn affords;  
Nor is this all; finds when he goes upstairs  
His béd, though nothing wider, has in length  
Gained on the measure of his German crib  
Some goód three inches, cleaner far besides  
And bétter furnished, but for greater width  
Thán his cramp German crib's spare thirty inches  
He mušt have patience till he leaves behínd him  
Not Gérmany alone but North Tyról,  
And figs, vines, peáches, pomegranates and olives  
And brighter suns and warmer airs announce  
The Éuropean Eden, South Tyról.

From Vál Ampezzo and the belfry Glockner  
And whére in crystal vase is still preserved  
The dróp of the hóly blood, I take my way  
Wíth the descending Drave into Carinthia's  
East-trénding valley-land flanked North and South  
By mány a snow-clad Alp and ruined castle,  
And sówn by many a diligent peasant's hand  
With mélons, maize, hemp, bere, oats, beans and barley.  
I rúbbed mine eyes and wondered was 't a dream  
Whén I behéld once more the female face  
Óval and seémly, such as I 'd been used  
To admíre in England, Scotland and dear Ireland,  
And hád in vain sought through all sprawling-mouthed,  
Broad, próminent cheékboned, cat-eyed Germany.  
But hándsome though they be, Carinthia's maids  
Detaín not lóng my faithless, wandering steps,  
And on the banks of Téssin or old Tyber  
Or strétched at ease upon the sunny slopes

O'erhánging Spezzia's palms and placid bay,  
Behóld me wooing soon a lovelier beauty.

I like thee, Ítaly, and I like thee not;  
Thou that a thoúsand years thine iron sceptre  
Laid'st heávy on the neck of human kind  
From wéstern Tagus to far eastern Ganges,  
And from the Picts' wall to the burning Line,  
Thine hour of retribution 's come at last  
And crúshed beneath the tyrant's heel thou liest  
Writhing unpitied, not again to rise.  
First waned thy private morals, then thy public;  
Thy singleness and honesty of purpose,  
Thy válor, heroism, selfdenial;  
And though, of life tenacious, thy religion,  
Clád in a different mantle and with features  
Adjústed in the mirror of the times,  
Síts in her ancient seat and fain would thence  
Rúle as of óld the world and act the God,  
A tíme is coming when even Róme's religion  
Must túmble down and perish like Rome's State,  
Or dóin another mantle, other features,  
And spreáding out with óne hand a new forged  
And lýing patent, teár down with the other  
Fróm the flagstáff the cross, and round a cone,  
Triángle, square, trapezoid or circle,  
Rállly new hósts of wónderworkers, martyrs,  
Voices and signs and omens and believers.  
Such shádowy prospect, far the field outlying  
Óf the myópic vision of the vulgar,  
Opens before my stráined eye in the dim  
But hoúrly clear and clearer growing future,  
And intermédiae lying a vast plain  
Cóvered with cámps and bivouacs and battles

And chárging horse and foot, and dead and dying,  
Defeát and victory, prisoners and pursuit,  
And bûrning cities villages and cornfields,  
Rápine and wáste and áll the whole heart of man;  
And groáns assail mine ears and shouts of triumph,  
And criés of wretches broken on the wheel  
Slow inch by inch, or ín the fire consuming,  
Or rótting underground in damp, dark dungeons;  
And, mixed with these, bells ringing, organs pealing,  
And hýmns in chorus sung to the new God,  
And preáchers' voices loud anathematising  
Christ and his cross, rude barbarous superstition  
Óf a benighted, Gód-deserted age.  
Turn, weary ear and shocked, disheartened eye,  
And seék refreshment in the happier past;  
Alás! there 's nó refreshment in the past  
For eár or eye; hórrors and woeful sounds  
And sights of blood fill the whole backward distance:  
Állah, Christ, Jove, Jehova, Baal and Isis,  
With áll their prophets, miracles and priests,  
Sheiks, Popes, Druids, Patriarchs, and Bonzes  
In báttle melée charge and countercharge,  
Cónquerors alternate, and alternate conquered —  
History, begóne! henceforth let no man write  
The ánnals of his kind, or dissipate  
The sweet and fair illusion that on earth  
Sómetime and sómewhere Charity has lived,  
And mén not always when they used God's name  
Had fraúd or blood or rapine in their hearts.  
Stáge upon which so many stirring scenes  
Óf the world's history have been enacted,  
Nót without áwe I tread thee — here where Brutus  
Díd his great deed, where Marcus Tullius pleaded,  
Where Brénnus threw into the wavering scale

His swórd's weight; here where Clodius brawled, where wronged  
Virginius' knife ended Decemvirates;  
Hére where intó the delicate, fine ears  
Óf the world's máster, the Venusian bard  
And Mántuan poured the honey of their song;  
Hére where, resuscitated by the sculptor's  
Life-giving chisel, round about me stand  
In áll their ancient majesty, reinstalled,  
The lánd's pristine possessors, heroes heroines  
Góds Demigóds philosophers and bards,  
Hére is no púppet show no village playhouse.  
So far I wrote or thought, when on mine eyes  
Fell slúmber like a veil, and lo! I 'm seated  
Ón the top bench of a vast circular building,  
Up next the áwning; on each hand all round  
Rome's ártizans, on the stone benches crowded,  
Look dówn with stráined necks into the Arena;  
I toó look dówn past the filled tiers and wedges,  
Pást the dense róws of senators and knights,  
Procónsuls, Prétors, Heads municipal,  
And fóreign princes in costumes outlandish,  
And délegates from the round world's three thirds,  
And pást the Podium where on gold and crimson  
The Émperor lolled, the Fasces at his back,  
Ínto th' Aréna, where in the midst I saw,  
Náked except the loins and all defenceless,  
An óld man and a youth together standing;  
Ánd to the question who or what they were  
Received for answer from those sitting near me: —  
“A fáther and his son condemned to death  
For spreáding blasphemous, Jewish superstitions  
Amóng the vulgar, teaching them one Christ,  
A Jéwish rebel, was their rightful Cesar,  
Jóve's bástard by a fair Alcmena Jewess.”

As thus I heard, two glittering swords unsheathed  
Were thrown into the midst, and a loud voice  
Proclaimed the Cesar's mercy to that one.  
Of the two culprits, whether son or father,  
Who should the other slay in single fight,  
There in the presence of assembled Rome.  
Cold horror chilled my blood as I beheld  
Father and son, at the same instant armed,  
Brandish the weapons: — "Hold," I cried, "hold, hold" —  
And woke, and found me in the Coliseum,  
Seated upon the ruined, crumbling Podium,  
Before me and on either side Christ's chapels  
And kneeling worshippers, overhead the cross.  
I know not, Italy, whether thou art fairest  
In thy blue sky, translucent lakes, broad rivers,  
Thy pebbly half-moon bays and hoary headlands,  
Thine irrigated vales of pasture green,  
Thy mantling vines, tall cypresses, gray olives,  
Thy stone-pines, holmoaks dark, and laurels noble,  
Or in the interior of thy marble halls  
Where every pillar, every flag I tread on,  
Has felt Bramante's or Palladio's chisel,  
And every wall and every ceiling glows  
Fresh with the tints of Raphael or Guereino;  
But well I know that where thou shouldst be fairest  
Thou art most foul; in all the sweet relations  
Of life domestic, Italy! thou art naught:  
Thou know'st no happy fireside, no tea table;  
About the mother, in the evening, never  
Gather the children whether sons or daughters;  
No book is read, no family instruction;  
Th' example of the father leads the son  
To the Casino and the coffeehouse,  
The mother, seated on her throne the sofa,

Receives all day long the seductive homage  
Of her obedient, courteous, gay ciciisbeo,  
And sees not, or cares not to see, which way,  
Or whether more than one way, roves the husband.  
The daughters, to the convent sent, learn plain  
And fancy work, a little music, spelling,  
Less writing, and no counting but to know  
Upon the rosary how many beads,  
How many Saint's-days in the calendar,  
And on the satin frock to be presented  
To the Madonna on her Son's birthday  
How many spangles will have best effect.  
Ah, Italy! thou that so chaf'st against  
A foreign yoke, so kick'st against the pricks,  
Ere into thy long-unaccustomed hands  
Thou tak'st the government of thyself, first teach  
One of thy sons to govern well himself  
And his own house; the social virtues  
Precede, not follow, the political;  
An independant State 's created by,  
Ere it creates, good husbands, parents, children.

Betweén me and my home lies many an Alp  
With many a toilsome, rugged, steep ascent,  
And sheer descending, dizzy precipice,  
And many a chasm, and awful, black abyss,  
Ravine and fissure in the splintered mountain,  
To be crossed over on the insecure  
And crázy footing of half-rotten plank  
Móssgrown and slippery with the drizzling spray  
Of the loud roaring cataract beneath.  
Fróm my youth up I 've loved thee, Switzerland;  
At schoól, in college loved thee; of thee dreamed  
While on mine ears the lecturer's dry theme

Unfrúctifying fell, or in my hand  
Forgót and useless lay dissector's knife;  
And whén at last the college Term went by,  
Ánd the damp foggy days and long dark nights  
Gave wáy to joyous July's glowing sun,  
With whát a light, elastic heart I threw  
My knápsack on my shoulder, in my hand  
My wánderer's stáff took, and set out to scale  
Thy snowy mountains, thy green valleys tread,  
Drínk thy free air and feel myself a man!  
Lónely my wanderings then, my sole companions  
The ríver and the breeze, the cloudy rack,  
Or sóme stray goat, or sheep that to my hand,  
Expécting salt, came bleating; later years  
Broúght me a cómrade; a coeval youth,  
Woóer like me of Nature, by my side  
Stép for step taking with me, the long way,  
The dáy tempestuous or the evening's gloom  
Cheéred with sweet interchange of thoughts congenial.  
Upón this mossy bank we sat together,  
Twénty five yéars ago this very day,  
And wáched September's mitigated sun  
Go dówn, as now it goes, behind yon Stockhorn;  
From Mérligen's white steeple on our left  
*Rest rest, ye weary!* even as now was tolling;  
And hígh above, high hígh above, the horn  
Of Mórgenberg, the Jungfrau's frozen cheeks  
And Mönch's and Eigher's glowed, as now, bright vermeil  
Únder the lást kiss of departing Day;  
Befóre us in the mirror of the lake  
The Niésen pyramid, point downward, trembled,  
And dówn below the point the crescent moon  
And, lówer still, gray evening's silver star  
Their únpretentious, míngled light as now

Were wide and wider every moment spreading  
O'er the subaqueous heaven's fast waning blue;  
Here on this bank we sat opposite the Niesen,  
My friend and I, that calm September evening,  
Planning our journey for the following year  
Up yonder Simmenthal to well loved Leman;  
But to my friend, alas! no following year  
Came ever; to his fatherland returned  
An early grave received him, and for years  
Long years thou 'st been to me a stranger, Thun!  
And thy sweet, placid lake, and Simmenthal,  
And well loved Leman. With the more delight  
Albeit subdued, I myself changed meanwhile,  
View from this well known bank the unchanged prospect,  
Mountain and lake, blue sky and star and moon,  
And snow rosetinged by the same setting sunbeams.  
Ah, that insensitive nature so should live  
While every thing that feels so dies and changes!  
Yet let me not complain, for out of death,  
Death only, comes new life, and if my youth's  
And manhood's friends lie in their sepulchres,  
I've here beside me sitting on this bank  
The friend of my declining years, my daughter,  
Sharing the toils and pleasures of my travel  
And from me learning early to despise  
The brilliancy of cities, and to seek  
Less on the horse's back and in the carriage  
Than from the use pedestrian of her limbs  
In daily journeys over hill and valley  
Bodily vigor; more the mind's adornment  
In observation and comparison,  
With her own eyes and ears and head and hands,  
Of wonder-working Nature's ways and means,  
Than in the formal, cold accomplishments

Of fáshionable boardingschool or college  
Skilled to incúlate fundamental errors  
As fúndamental truths, and in the name  
Of reáson, vírtue and religion teach  
Gróss superstítion, immorality,  
And hów to reason ill and falsely judge.  
But fáded from the Jungfrau's highest snows  
And Mönch's and Eigher's, day's last roseate tint;  
The moón, grown yellower, 's sinking fast behind  
The dárkening Niesen; and no more a lone  
Spángle of silver on gray Evening's brow  
Shines Hésperus, but brightest of the bright  
Diamonds that sparkle in Night's jewelled crown —  
Come cóme, my child, let 's hasten to the hamlet;  
Mind well thy steps; the night 's dark, the way rocky:  
Good níght, sweet lake, we meet again tomorrow.

Walking from PETERZELL (CANTON ST. GALL, SWITZERLAND) by the Lakes  
of THE FOUR FOREST CANTONS, SARNEN, and THUN to FALKAU in the BLACK  
FOREST, BADEN; Sept. 16 to Octob. 7, 1854.

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WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI FAMED FOR  
HAVING SPOKEN WITH FLUENCY TWENTY SEVEN LANGUAGES.

WHAT a wónder of wisdom, it has óften been said,  
Mezzofánti with twénty séven tóngues in one héad!  
Greater wónder of wísdom — I vów I don't móck —  
Mezzofánti with twénty seven kéis for one lóck.

Walking from ARGENTHAL to SIMMERN (RHENISH PRUSSIA); Octob. 29, 1854.

ONCE on a time it happened as I was lounging in the Vaticán  
I met an old friend of mine, a very learned man —

“Now I could almost swear I know the very man you mean;  
A shilling to a penny, it has Cardinal Mai been.”

Done! and you ’ve lost your bet for these weighty reasons two:  
He ’s neither learned nor a friend of mine, that pippin-hearted  
Jew;

Unless you count it learning, to be perpetually men’s ears  
boring

With his scouring of old book-shelves, and palimpsest restoring,  
And unless you call it friendship that twice my hand he shook  
And kissed me on both cheeks, and took a present of my book;  
So much as this of his Eminence I learned three years ago,  
And more than this of his Eminence I don’t desire to know.  
So to go back to where I was when you interrupted me: —  
“I ’m heartily glad,” said I, “my good old friend to see;  
And are you very well? and when did you come to Rome?  
And what is it brings you here? and how are all at home?”  
“I ’m very well,” said he, “and at home I left all well,  
And since yesterday I ’m here, and now please to me tell  
How things are going on here, and what ’s the newest news  
With the Pope or the Consulta or your own sweet Irish Muse.”  
“As for my Muse,” said I — for I always put her first —  
“Of all places in the wide world Rome is for her the worst,  
For she ’s always kept so busy here gazing round on every side  
With uplifted hands and open mouth and eyelids staring wide  
On painting, arch and statue, pillar, obelisk and dome  
And all the thousand wonders of ever wondrous Rome,

That I can't get one word out of her let me tease her as I may  
Except "Please let me alone, Sir," and "I 'll do no work today."  
And as for the Consulta, it doesn't consult with me,  
And if it did I doubt me much 'twere long ere we 'd agree.  
And then as to his Holiness, I hope you don't suppose" —  
And here I looked as wise as I could and clapped my finger  
on my nose —

"Dear Sir, has anything happened or do you anything know?"  
"Not I indeed, my good friend, or I 'd have told you long ago;  
But this much I can tell you and I doubt not but it 's true,  
And remember what I say now 's strictly between me and you:  
This building here 's the Vatican, this city is called Rome —  
And mum about his Holiness until we both get home."

Walking from WORMS to KREUZNACH in RHENISH PRUSSIA, Oct. 27—28, 1854.

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I WÍSH I wére that little mouse  
Thát no rént pays for his house,  
That neíther sows nor reaps nor tills,  
Bút his plúmp, round belly fills  
With cheesepárings or a slice,  
Léft on my pláte, of bacon nice.  
Soón as spreád night's raven shades  
And to béd are boys and maids  
And silence thé whole hóuse pervades,  
Moúsey póps nose, whiskers out,  
Sniffs the áir and looks about —  
The coást is clear; right joyfully  
Oút on the cárpet canters he  
To táké his pleasure all the night  
And spórt aboút till morning light.  
He has nót on lazy groom to wait,  
Coáchman and équipage of state;

He has nót to shave, brush, tie cravat,  
Loók for glóves, cane, cárd and hat,  
Thís countermánd and order that,  
But álways ready dressed and trim,  
And sleek and smooth, sound wind and limb,  
Springs oút light-heárt upon the floor,  
Cápers from wíndow to the door,  
From doór to window, many a race  
Takes round the washboard and surbáse,  
Nibbles the crúst I 've purposely  
Drópped on the crumbcloth while at tea,  
Climbs up the wainscot, and a swing  
Véntures upon the bélldring;  
Or scáles the leg of the escritoire,  
Squeézes intó th' half ópen dráwer,  
Amóng the papers plays about  
A mínuce or two, then scampers out,  
And pást the ínkstand as he goes  
With súch a curl turns up his nose  
As thórough-bred gentility shows  
Ánd that your móusey 's too well born  
Nót to hold literature in scorn.  
So háppy móusey sports away  
The lívelong night till dáwning day,  
And ónly then of slúmber thinks  
When through the wíndow-shutter chinks  
Long streaks of light fall on the floor  
And milk-pail clink at the hall door  
Annoúnces man's return to toil,  
Fresh cáre and sórrow, cark and coil,  
Ánd that anón intó the room  
Will búrst with sweéping-brush and broom  
Dówdy Lisétta, half awake,  
Her fússy morning round to take,

Dust táble, sófa, sideboard, chair;  
Throw up the sash to let in air,  
Pólish the írons, light the fire —  
Moúsey, it 's tíme you should retire  
And leáve your hápless neighbour, man,  
To enjóy his dáylight as he can  
While yoú lie napping snug, till night  
Invítes you oút to new delight —  
Ah! moúsey, if you 'd change with me  
How háppy in your place I 'd be!

Walking from BRUCHSAL to HEIDELBERG, and at HEIDELBERG; Octob. 17  
and 24, 1854.

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*To the key of my strong box.*

THREE things thou téstifiest, careful key:  
Fírst that there is on earth something material —  
Vile therefore and corrupt and perishable —  
Which yét my fine, imperishable soul  
Prízes, esteéms and cárés for; secondly  
That í 'm the happy owner of such treasure;  
And thírdly that I 've found a talismán  
Wherewith to guárd it from the covetous eye  
And óften thiévish, sometimes burglar, hands  
Óf the innúmerable hordes whose fine,  
Ethérial, héáven-sprung, héáven-returning spirits  
Pursué with áppetite keéner even than mine  
And móre unscrúpulous, the chase of Earth's  
Despísed, reviled, repúdiated riches.

Walking from HEIDELBERG to FRANKENTHAL in the PALATINATE, Octob. 26, 1854.

AS my dóg and my cát  
At the párlour fire sát  
    One cold níght after teá,  
Says my dóg to my cát: —  
“By thís and by thát  
    You shall nót purr at mé.”

Says my cát, looking blué: —  
“Sir, I dón’t purr at yoú,  
    And I meán you no hárm;  
’Twere a pity that wé  
Should just thén least agree  
    When we ’re móst snug and wárm.”

Says my dóg: — “Mistress Minn,  
I dón’t care one pín  
    For your wárm or your cóld;  
But this much I knów:  
If you keép purring só  
    I ’ll to tówse you make bóld.”

Snarly Snáp growls attáck;  
Minnie Minn humps her báck  
    And jumps úp on a chaír;  
”Twas not shé caused the strife,  
But she ’ll fight for her lífe  
    If to toúch her he dáre.

She has foúr sets of cláws,  
And sharp teéth in both jáws,  
    And two eýes glaring fire;  
Snarly Snáp, if you 're wíse  
You 'll not coúnt on your size  
    But ground árms and retire.

But the dóg or the mán  
Point me oút if you cán  
    That befórehand is wíse —  
Snarly Snáp makes a boúnce,  
On his múzz gets a trouńce  
    That makes bleéd nose and eýes.

Snarly Snáp turns his taíl  
And to mé comes with waíl  
    And complaint against Mínn: —  
“Nay, Snárly Snap, náy;  
Those the píper must páy  
    Who the dáncing begin.

“But you 've bóth trespassed só  
That oút both must gó,  
    For I lóve to be júst;”  
So I cálld for the broóm,  
And oút of the roóm  
    Both belligerents thrúst.

BRUCHSAL in BADEN, Octob. 16, 1854.

## A NIGHT IN MY INN.

AT NÍNE o' Clock, weáry, I líe down in béd;  
At TÉN o' Clock swárms of gnats búzz round my heád;  
At ELÉVEN can it búgs be that óver me creép?  
At TWÉLVE for the tickling of fleás I can't sleép;  
At ÓNE how that bólд squalling brát I could flóg!  
At Twó o' Clock bów-wow-wow goés the watchdóg;  
From THREE out every quárter hour cróws chanticleér;  
At Four dówn the street rátting the Málleposte I heár;  
From the stéple the mátins come peáling at Fíve;  
At Síx to the márket the cárts and cars dríve;  
At SÉVEN from my fáce I 'm kept brúshing the fliés;  
At EÍGHT I can't sleép for the sún in my eýes;  
At NÍNE comes a súdden tap táp to my doór;  
I ríse in my shírt and barefoót cross the floór,  
Turn the kék and peep out: — "Well, my goód friend, what  
nów?"

"Please will you be sháved, Sir?" repliés with a bów  
A líttle, pert, dápper, smug fáced gentlemán  
With ápron and rázor and hot-water cán;  
Struck with hórror I slám the door tó in his fáce.  
Gentle reáder, imágine yoursélf in my pláce,  
With a beárd such as míne, and a threát to be sháved,  
And áll the night sleépless — how hád you beháved?  
But I díd him no hárñ, only slámmed the door tó —  
An exámple of páttience for Chrístian and Jéw —  
Then dressed, breákfasted, sét out and, trávelling all dáy,  
Passed the níght in the néxt inn much ín the same wáy.

Walking from MEHREN to LOSHEIM, in the EIFEL (RHENISH PRUSSIA);  
Novem. 1—2, 1854.

## THE RECRUIT.

There 's a hundred thousand of us, counting every mother's  
son,

And not one among us all knows why the war's begun;  
That's our commander's business, *our* business is to fight,  
Down with our country's enemies, and God defend the right.

Good býe, my pretty lássy, I 'm góing from you fár;  
Think sómetimes of your rédcoat when you heár talk of the  
wár;

And every time you say your prayers, pray for our victory.

Here's a hundred kisses for you — one more for luck —  
don't cry —

And now I 'm off in earnest, good bye, my lass, good bye.

KREUZNACH in RHENISH PRUSSIA, Octob. 29, 1854.

## HEAVEN.

“So this is Heáven,” said I to my conductor,  
“And I ’m at lást in full and sure possession  
Of life etérnal; lét me look about me.  
Methinks, somehow, it ’s nót what I expected;  
Nor cán I say I feel that full delight,  
That éxtasy I had anticipated.  
Perháps the reason is, it ’s all so new,  
And I must hére, as on the Earth below,  
Grów by degréés accústomed and inured.”  
My guíde replied not, but went on before me,  
I fóllowing: — “Are you súre we are in Heaven?”  
Said I, growing uneasy; for I saw  
Neither bright ský, nor sun, nor flowers, nor trees;  
Heard nō birds cároling, no gurgling waters:  
Far láss saw angel forms, heard angel voices  
Singing in chórus praise to the Most High;  
But áll was blank and desert, dim and dull,  
Misty, obscúre and undistinguishable,  
Fórmless and void as if seen through thick fog  
Or nót seen through, but only the fog seen,  
The fog alone, monotonous, uniform,  
Ráyless, impenetrable, cheerless, dark:  
And áll was silent as beneath the ocean  
Ten thousand thousand fathom, or at the centre  
Of the sólid Eárh; and when I strove to speak

I stárted, stárted when I strove to hear  
My guíde's responses, for neither my guide  
Nor I spoke húmanly, nor in a human  
Lánguage, for I had left my tongue on Earth,  
To rót with my bódy, and had become a spirit  
Voiceless and eárless, eýeless and etherial,  
Ánd with my guíde, for he too was a spirit,  
Convérsed by cónsciousness without the aid  
Of voice or tongue or ears or signs or sounds: —  
“If this indeéd is Heáven,” said I at last  
Or stróve or wished to say, “in pity bring me  
Oút of the wáste and horrid wilderness  
To whére there is some líght, some soúnd, some voice,  
Some líving thing, some stir, some cheerfulness.”  
“Spírit, thou talk’st as thou wert still in the flesh,  
And still hadst eyes to see, and eárs to hear,  
And touéh wherewith to hold communication  
With sólid and material substances.  
What úse were light here where there are no eyes?  
What úse were sounds here where there are no eárs?  
What úse were substance where there are no bodies?  
Here cheerful stir or action would but harm  
Where évery thing ’s already in perfection,  
Already in its right, most fitting place.  
Nay, sigh’ not, spirit; this is thy wished Heaven.”  
“At leást there is communion among spirits,  
Spirits knów and love each other, spirits hope,  
Spírits rejoice together, and together  
Sing Hallelújahs to the Lord their God.”  
“I said that spírits sing not, when I said  
Spirits have neither voices, tongues, nor ears;  
And whére ’s the room for hope, or love, or knowledge  
Whére there ’s no héart, brain, ignorance or passion?  
With thy condúctor there ’s indeed communion,

Súch as between us now, till thou 'rt installed  
And in complete possession; of itself

Then ceáses all communion, useless grown;

Ánd thou art léft in thy beatitude,

Untoúched, unstirred, through all eternity;

Withoút all care, all passion, hope and fear;

Nóthing to do or suffer, seek or avoid."

"Then bring me, ere communion wholly ceases,  
Quick bríng me to my mother's sainted spirit.

Mainly that I might ónce more see my mother,  
Knów and embráce and to my bosom préss her,

Lónged I for Heáven; quick, kind conductor, quick."

"Thou hast no mother, spirit; néver hadst.

Spírits engender not, nor are engendered.

Shé whom thou call'st thy mother, was the mother  
Nót of thy spíritual, but thy fleshly nature.

Thou, spirit, com'st from God, and having dwelt  
Some few, brief seasons in the fleshly body

Engéndered by the flesh thou call'st thy mother

Return'st, by me condúcted, back to Heaven,

Leáving behínd thee in the Earth to rot

The cónsanguineous flesh, mother and son."

"Then bring me to the spirit that sometime

Dwélt in that flesh which mixed with other flesh  
The flesh engendered which, below on Earth,  
So lóng as it líved, afforded me kind shelter."

"Thou knów'st not what thou ask'st, scarce spiritual spirit;  
Éven were communion possible in Heaven

Twixt spírits which on Earth had grown acquainted  
Through th' áccident of having inhabited

Reláted bódies, such communion were

In this case out of the quéstion, for the spirit

Which chánced to have its dwelling in that flesh

By which the flesh in which thou dwelt'st on Earth

Was générated, is not here in Heaven,  
But dówn, down, dówn at the other síde of the Earth,  
Dówn in the dépths of Hell, for ever there  
Condémned by the unchangeable decree  
Óf the Allmérceiful, to writhe in torment.”  
He saíd, or seemed to say; with horror struck  
I shriéked, methought, and swooned, and know no more.

TROMPETER - SCHLOESSCHEN, DRESDEN, June 11, 1854.

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## SECOND THOUGHTS.

By a shállow, púrling streámlet,  
Sát a lóvely maíden weéping: —  
“Mén are fálse; I álways thoúght so;  
Nów, alás! at lást I knów it.

“Break, tough heárt; why thrób on lónger  
Mócked, forsáken ánd despaíring?  
Ín this broók here í would drówn me  
Wére there bút enoúgh of wáter.”

By a deép and rápid ríver  
Néxt day síts the weéping maíden,  
Eýes the floód a whíle, then shúddering  
Ríses ánd awáy walks slówly: —

“Mén are fálse; I álways thoúght so;  
Nów, alás! at lást, I knów it.  
Néxt time thát a mán deceíves me  
Í ’ll know whére to find deep wáter.”

TROMPETER - SCHLOESSCHEN, DRESDEN, June 8, 1854.

“WHAT dóg is thát, Sir, tell me, pray,  
That bý my síde the lívelong day,  
Where’ér I go — up, down, left, right —  
Trots steady while the sun shines bright,  
But whén the sky begins to lower  
And gáthering clouds portend a shower,  
Sneaks prúdent off, and far away  
Liés in safe shélter till Sol’s ray  
Breaks oút once móre on hill and plain,  
When ló! he ’s at my síde again?”

“Your cómrade of the sunny ray,  
That leáves you on a cloudy day,  
Pácks up his tráps and runs away —  
I ’d nót my time hair-splitting spend —  
Must bé your shádow or — your friend.”

Walking from BERTRICH to MEHREN, in the EIFEL (RHENISH PRUSSIA);  
Octob. 31, 1854.

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“IF wéll thou wouldst get through this troublesome world,”  
Said ónce a dying father to his son  
Who at his bédside weeping asked his counsel,  
“Thou müst to these two principal points attend:  
First, thou must never dare to wear thy shoos  
With broád, square toes while narrow-pointed shoes  
Are áll the fashion. Second, thou must never

Assért God's unity when all around  
Maintaín he 's tríune. Thése are the two points  
On which especially thy fortune hinges."

"But if my neighbours are among themselves  
Divíded on these points, and some their shoes  
Wear squáre-toed and maintain God's unity,  
While sóme their shoes wear with long narrow toes  
And sweár that God was never but triúne,  
What thén, dear father? how am I to judge?"

"Hóld with the stróngest party, for the strongest  
Has álways right. If balanced are the parties,  
Espécially if they wage civil war  
Against each óther, thou art free to use  
The liberty which honest men acquire  
When knáves fall oút, and if thou pleasest wear  
Thy shoés even rouнд-toed and declare thy faith  
Either in nónе or in a dual God."

This saíd, the wise old man hiccup'd and died;  
Ánd the son, éver from that day forth moulding  
Both shoés and creed according to the counsel,  
Lived hónored and respected, rose to wealth  
And pórter and dignity and on his deathbed  
Léft to his son again the talisman.

Walking from ST. GALL to SCHWELLBRUNN in CANTON APPENZELL, Sept.  
15, 1854.

ANÓTHER and another and another  
And still another sunset and sunrise,  
The sáme yet different, different yet the same,  
Seen by me now in my declining years  
As in my early childhood, youth and manhood;  
And by my parents and my parents' parents,  
And by the parents of my parents' parents,  
And by their parents counted back for ever,  
Seén, all their líves long, even as now by me;  
And by my children and my childrens' children  
And by the children of my childrens' children  
And by their children counted on for ever  
Still to be seen as even now seen by me;  
Cleár and bright sometimes, sómetimes dark and clouded  
But still the sáme sunsetting and sunrise;  
The sáme for ever to the never ending  
Líne of obsérvers, to the same observer  
Through áll the chángeS of his life the same:  
Sunsetting and sunrising and sunsetting,  
And thén again sunrising and sunsetting,  
Sunrísing and sunsétting evermore.

HEIDELBERG, Octob. 25, 1854.

"GET up, fool, fróm your bended knee;  
Gód has no eýes and cannot see."

"But mén have eýes and see me kneel;  
To kneél to Gód is quite genteel."

"Then kneél away, but don't grimace;  
An úgly thing 's a lóng-drawn face."

"I bég excúse; it 's so they paint  
Madónna, Magdalen and saint."

"At leást your óratory spare,  
The wheédling rhétoric you call prayer;  
Or for the Gód blush, who, to do  
What 's right, needs to be coaxed by you."

"My rhétoric were indeed misplaced,  
Of goód breath a mere wanton waste,  
Hád my by-stándíng friends no ear  
The húmble, suppliant voice to hear,  
In which I let th' Omníscient know  
What we think of him here below,  
And hów, if he 'd few blunders make,  
Mé for his coúnsellor he should take,  
And, in all things requiring nice  
Discrimination, my advice  
Exáctly following, himself spare  
Respónsibility and care,

And mé scarce less anxiety  
Lest áll should not well managed be.”  
“Incómparably honest friend,  
Pray ón; my lécture’s at an end;  
There’s not a word you’ve said but’s true;  
I ’ll kneel beside you and pray too.”

FLEURUS, HAINAULT (BELGIUM), Nov. 10, 1854.

### THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Jáck and Jóck once mét each óther  
Ón a roád that eást and wést lay,  
Pósting bóth as fást as áble,  
Wéstward Jáck, and Jóck due eástward: —

“Whíther, Jáck, in súch a húrry?”  
Said Jock, stópping shórt and greeéting.  
“Straíght to heáven,” repliéd Jack hásty,  
“Túrn aboút, Jock, and come with me.”

“Whát! to heáven?” said Jóck astónished;  
“Jáck, you cán’t to heáven get thát way;  
Heáven lies eástward évery chíld knows —  
Cóme with mé, I ’m boúnd straight fór it.”

“Báh!” said Jáck, “you’re súrely jóking;  
Whý, it’s straight to héll you’re góing.  
Íf you’re wise you’ll túrn with mé, Jock;  
Reád the signpost: HEÁVEN \*\*\* MÍLES EAST.”

"Whát care I, Jack, fór your signpost?  
Áll my friénds have still gone thís way;  
Fáther, móther, bóth grandfáthers,  
Áll my úncles, aúnts and coúsins."

"Fór your friénds I cáre as little,  
Jóck, as yoú care fór my signpost,  
Bút to énd our difference lét us  
Leáve it tó the toll-bar keéper."

Tó the toll-bar Jáck and Jóck go,  
Dóff their bónnets, pút the quéstion: —  
"Géntlemén," repliéss the toll-man,  
"Pleáse both óf you páy the toll first."

Paid the toll, says thé toll-keeéper  
With a shréwd shrug óf his shoúlders: —  
"Géntlemén, you 're free to téke now  
Either roád to héaven or neither."

Só the twó friends followed ón straight  
Eách the wáy he hád been góing,  
Ánd I doúbt much either 's néarer  
Héaven todáy than whén he stárted.

Walking from BASECLES to TOURNAY (BELGIUM), Nov. 14, 1854.

## THE BEGGAR AND THE BISHOP.

"My lord bishop," said the beggar,  
"Thou and I in Christ are brethren,  
Let us therefore live as brothers;  
I'll begin, do thou as I do.

"Here's one half my crust and bacon,  
Here's one of my two sixpences;  
Now give me one half the income  
Of thy see and presentations."

"Yes, beyond doubt we are brethren,"  
Said the bishop with a grave smile,  
"And have both received our portions  
From the same impartial Parent.

"To divide again were impious  
Discontentedness on our parts;  
Keep thou thine as I will mine keep,  
And let both praise the great giver.

"But as I am bound in fairness  
To acknowledge I've the lion's share,  
Take this charitable shilling  
And my blessing, and no more say."

Walking from CANTERBURY to SITTINGBOURNE (KENT), Nov. 23, 1854.

TÓNGUELESS thou 'st yé t a triple voice, gray lock;  
For, first, thou speakest of a time when soft,  
Brown, glóssy, curly hair my temples shaded;  
When súpple and elastic were my joints,  
My stróng heart full of joy and hope and courage,  
My ífant réason breathless in pursuit  
Of fúgitive, light-foot, ignis-fatuus Knowledge;  
A tíme when in my curling locks my mother  
Her fíngers used to wreathé and smiling say: —  
“Heaven bléss my boy and make him a good man.”  
And néxt thou speákest of a time, gray lock,  
When prématúrely with my yet brown-hair  
White hairs began to mingle, and my mother  
With ténder hand would pluck them and say sighing: —  
“Thése might have wéll a little longer waited,  
And spáred the sórrow to a mother's eyes.”  
And í would smile, and press her hand and say: —  
“Bé of good heárt; we 've many a year before us,  
Móther and són, to líve, and lóve each óther,  
My vigorous mánhood sheltering and protecting  
Hér in whose shélter sáfe I grew to manhood.”  
And lást, thou speakest of a time, gray lock —  
A tíme, alás! no lónger in perspective,  
Dístant and dím and dreáded, but here present —  
Whén the kind fíngers, that in my browncurls

Once wreathed themselves or plucked the odd white hair,  
Lie mouldering in the sepulchre, and I,  
Three fourths my journey made to the same goal,  
Play with my fingers in my daughter's curls  
And sigh and say: — "Already a white hair!"  
Such triple voice hast thou, truthful gray lock.

FONTAINE L'EVEQUE, HAINAUT (BELGIUM); Nov. 12, 1854.

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### INSCRIPTION

FOR THE TOMBSTONE OF MARAT.

SLAIN by an angel in the guise of woman,  
Here lies that fiend incarnate, Jean Marat;  
The enemy of mankind, THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.\*  
Alas, magnanimous Corday, that the world  
Must buy its riddance from the incubus  
At the too high price of thy virgin blood!

LILLE, DEP. DU NORD (FRANCE); Nov. 17, 1854.

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LÉT men boast their Brútus,  
Scévolá and Cócles,  
Wómen have their greáter,  
Nóbler, púrer Córday.

LILLE, DEP. DU NORD (FRANCE); Nov. 17, 1854.

\* *L'ami du peuple.*

I DON'T knów thee, Sórrow,  
Háve no wish to knów thee,  
Dón't admíre thy pále face  
Droóping líds and moist cheeks.

Yét methinks I 've seén thee —  
Ah! I now remémber —  
Twice before I 've seén thee,  
Dismal, bláck-robed Sórrow.

First when ón her deáthbed  
Láy my nóble móther  
And with failing breáth breathed  
Bléssings ón her children,

Thére beside the deáthbed  
I behéld thee, Sórrow,  
Wring thy hánds in ánguish,  
And the scálding teár shed.

Néxt I sáw thee, Sórrow,  
Sitting bý my Ánn Jane's  
Néw-made móunt sepúlchral  
In the vále of Sárca.

Nó tear thén thy cheék wet,  
Nór didst thoú thy hánds wring,  
Bút beside the gráve sat'st  
Gázing ón the frésh earth;

Ón the frésh earth gázing  
Mótionléss as scúltured  
Mourner ín a chúrch aisle,  
Ínside á tomb's railing.

Toó, too wéll, I knów thee,  
Súnk cheeked, red eyed Sórrow;  
Hié thee tó the gráveyard,  
Hére there 's nó place fór thee.

TOURNAY (BELGIUM), Nov. 15, 1854.

ÁH! it 's háted dáybreak,  
Ánd the deár dreams vánish,  
Vívisions óf the pást time,  
Fáces óf the wéll loved.

Ónce again she has léft me  
Hére alóne to móurn her,  
Shé that báde me fáREWELL  
Ín the vále of Sárca,

Wáved her hánD and saíd: — “James,  
Hénceforth wé meet néver  
Bút in drcáms and vívisions  
Óf the déep and déad night;

"Thén we 'll sómetimes meét, James,  
As of óld we mét oft,  
Ánd while wé 're togéther  
Thínk we 've néver párted."

Fly fly, háted dáylight!  
Sweét night, cóme agaín quick!  
Till agaín I meét her  
Whó by dáylight néver

Meéts me sínce we párted  
Ín the vále of Sácea —  
Woúld there wére no dáylight,  
Bút deep mídnight éver!

TOURNAY (BELGIUM), Nov. 16, 1854.

I WOULD nót beliéve it,  
Thóugh a thoúsand swóre it,  
Thát the greát and goód God  
Púnishés his créatures;

Whý did hé so máke them —  
Thát same greát and goód God —  
Wíth those pówerful pássions  
Ánd that púny fóresight?

Like the boíling láva,  
Like the hówling tépest,  
Like the rólling thúnder,  
Like the fláshing lightning,

Rúshing únexpécted  
Cómes the pássion ón them;  
Whén the pássion 's ón them,  
Whére 's the pówér to stáy it?

Ah, the hápless créatures!  
Hów they 're tórn and táttered  
By the ráging pássions  
Given them by the goód God!

Lét it cóme more slówly,  
Steálthilý creep ón them,  
Still it cómes as súrely,  
Thé insídious pássion;

Coíls itsélf aboút them,  
Squeézes bónes and márrow,  
With its fángs their flésh nips,  
Spírts its vénom ón them.

Ah the hápless créatures  
Bitten, squeézed and poísoned  
By the vénomous pássions  
Given them by the goód God!

Hé it is I 'd púnish  
Whó the pássions gáve them,  
Nót the hápless créatures  
Víctims óf the pássions.

Walking from FLEURUS to FONTAINE L'EVEQUE, HAINAUT (BELGIUM);  
Nov. 11, 1854.

*Betrothed maiden sings.*

WÉLCOME! wélcome! wélcome!  
Prétty cléft-tailed swállow,  
Twíttering át my window  
Júst befóre the súnrise.

Whére hast beén all winter,  
Prétty cléft-tailed swállow,  
Ín what pleásant wárm lands  
Fár beyónd the deép sea?

Téll me hást thou seén him,  
Mý hardheárted truélove,  
Whó last aútumn léft me  
Ánd took shípping sóuthward;

Fór the sóuth took shípping  
Ánd alóne here léft me  
Tó watch fór him álways  
Ánd look álways sóuthward.

Yés yes, thou hast seén him,  
Bríng'st good tidings óf him:  
Thát he 's wéll and háppy;  
Thát he 's hómeward cóming;

Élise, my prétty swállow,  
Thoú wouldst nót so gaily  
Twitter át my window  
Júst befóre the súnrise,

Bút wouldst gó and hide thee  
Sádly ín some córner  
With the móping ówlet  
And ill-bóding ráven.

Yés he 's cóming hómeward,  
Préetty cléft-tailed swállow,  
Téll me thé whole stóry,  
Twitter, twitter, twitter.

Walking from BAILLEUL to EBBLINGHEM, DEP. DU NORD (FRANCE);  
Nov. 19, 1854.

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EÁT your oáts, my póny;  
'Tís your máster bríngs them,  
Feéds you wíth his ówn hand,  
Lóves to hear your whínny.

Oútside ít 's a roúgh night,  
Raíny, cóld, and blówing;  
Hére you 're snúg and cózy,  
Tó your kneeés in frésh straw.

Wíth old háy your ráck 's filled,  
Eát and sleép till mórrning,  
Thén I 'll bríng you móre oats —  
Pleásant dreáms, my póny.

TOURNAY (BELGIUM); Nov. 15, 1854.

*Emigrant sings.*

Nót a dáy from heáven comes  
Bút I think a dózen times  
Óf those í 've behínd me  
Léft in my old coútry,

Óf my fáther, móther,  
Óf my sísters, bróthers,  
Óf my aúnts and coúsins,  
Wóndering hów they áll are;

Bút of theé, my Nánny,  
Eách day í but ónce think,  
Fór thou 'rt ábsent néver  
Fróm my mínd one móment.

ST. OMER, PAS DE CALAIS (FRANCE); Nov. 20, 1854.

#### MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER CHILD.

BLÉSSINGS ón my báby,  
Gód presérve and lóve it,  
Fróm all dágger keép it,  
Wáking, sleéping, álways.

Dón't make ít a gréat man,  
Grácious Gód, I práy thee;  
Greátness is uncértain,  
Óf itsélf down túmbles.

Dón't make ít a wise man;  
Wísdom ís mere fólly —  
Pérsecúted álways,  
Háted bý the whóle world.

Bút make ít a kínd man;  
Kíndness stíll is háppy,  
Éven while it 's cheáted,  
Íll used bý the whóle world.

TOURNAY (BELGIUM); Nov. 15, 1854.

#### THE SOLDIER AND THE BRIGAND.

“LAWLESS róbber, bloódy cút-throat,”  
Saíd the sóldier tó the brígand,  
“Í shall seeé thee hánched I héope yet,  
Wére it bút as án exámples  
Thát slow-foóted jústice sómetimes  
Óvertákes the málefáctor.”

“Licensed róbber, whólesale cút-throat,”  
Saíd the brígand tó the sóldier,  
“Í shall seeé thee shót I héope yet,  
Wére it bút as án exámples  
Thát one-síded jústice sómetimes  
Ís by áccidént impártial.”

STAR INN, GILLINGHAM (KENT); Nov. 23, 1854.

*To my gray beard.*

Ít 's a bárgain, gráy beard,  
Signed and seáled and públished,  
Thoú and í the ópposite  
High contrácting párties.

Thoú on thy part, gráy beard,  
Únderták'st to cóver  
Ánd, as fár as máy be,  
Híde from viéw the fúrrows

Tíme has ón my súnk cheeks  
Ánd aboút my líps ploughed,  
Ánd befóre my toóthless  
Shrúnk gums háng a thick veil.

Thoú shalt fúrther, gráy beard,  
Áll the lívelong winter  
With thy friéndly múffle  
Shiéld my throát and lánk jaws,

Máking mé feel wármer  
Thán if roúnd my néck tied  
Cómfortér of lámb's wool  
Ór chinchilla tippet.

Lástly, thou engágest  
Thát no óne shall hénceforth  
Táke me fór a wóman  
Ór dwarfed, withered schoólboy.

I, on my part, bínd me  
Évery dáy to trím thee,  
Wásh, comb, oil and brúsh thee  
Ánd in órder keép thee;

Álso tó my lást gasp  
Stoútly tó défend thee  
Fróm the extérminátion  
Bárber's soáp and rázor.

Só in strict allíance  
Wé shall líve togéther,  
Shéltering ánd protécting  
Úntil deáth each óther.

Óf our sólemn treáty  
Thís the prótocól is.  
Keép thou thy word, gráy beard,  
Ánd I 'll trúly míne keep.

QUEEN'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON; Dec. 3, 1854.

## EVENING ODE,

ADAPTED TO THE PSYCHOLOGICAL AND POETICAL TASTE OF THE AGE.

HARK! 'tis the meditative hour  
Whén the soul feels in all their power  
Its áspirations heavenward rise  
Dráwing it gently toward the skies  
And hígh angelic colloquies.

Wécome! sweet hour of rest and calm,  
That bríng'st the wounded spirit balm,  
That, mild as thine own pensive star,  
Stillest the breast's intestine war,  
And bidd'st the passions cease to jar.

Let nó unhallowed thought intrude  
Upón my evening solitude,  
When faith and hope with taper bright  
Scátttering the darkness of the night  
Shed áll around extatic light,

Pointing to realms of bliss above,  
Régions of innocence and love,  
Where néver breast shall heave a sigh,  
Where néver tear shall dim the eye,  
Where nóné are born and none shall die;

Where spirits, that here lived in pain  
Drágging their sordid earthly chain,  
Ín-entering at the narrow door  
Shall báthe in bliss for evermore  
Upón a safe and stormless shore.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Febr. 9, 1855.

SÁTURDÁY clothed in plain drúgget  
Ánd with care and hárд work wórn out,  
Háppened ónce to meét her idle  
Síster Súnday ín her sátings: —

“I ’m so glád to meét you, síster,”  
Sáturdáy in hímble tóne said,  
“Fór I knów you ’re ténderheárted  
Ánd will lénd a hánd to hélp me.

“Fróm befóre daylífht this mórrning  
Í ’ve been wáshing úp and scrúbbing,  
Brúshing, dúshting, régulátинг,  
Till I ’ve nót a bóne but ’s áching.

“Cóme, do pút your hánd to, síster;  
Éxercise you knów is whólesome  
Ánd a sóvereign cúre for énnui  
Ánd you ’re loóking dul and lánguid.”

"Nóthing woúld so much delight me,"  
Ánswered Súnday with a símper,  
"Ás in ány wáy t' oblige you,  
Ór your héavy bürden lighthen;

"Bút I need not téll you, sister,  
Hów I máke 't a point of cóncience  
Tó live álways like a lády  
Ánd with nó work soil my fíngers.

"Ánd even wére I, which I ám not,  
Óf mysélf inclined to lábor,  
Gód's commándment is explícit:  
'Mý seventh child shall dó no lábor'."

"Gód's seventh chíld! why, thát 's mysélf," said  
Sáturday laying dówn her rúbber;  
"Whát a foól I 've been to wórk so!  
Bút in fúture í 'll be wiser.

"Hów came yoú so lóng to insist on 't  
'Twás the first child wás exémpted,  
Ánd make yoúr six yoúnger sisters  
Wórk, to keep you like a lády?

"Nów you 've lét by chánce the trúth out,  
Ít 's the séventh child is exémpted —  
Táke the scrubber; ón your kneeés down;  
í 'll dress fine and pray and idle."

"Yoú had ónce your túrn," said Súnday,  
"Thé seventh chíld once wás exémpted,  
Ánd I wórked just ás you nów do,  
í and yoúr five élder sisters;

"Bút you gréw so prouð and saúcy  
Heáven or eárth could nót endúre it,  
Ánd your bírthright wás taken fróm you  
Ánd bestówed upón your bétters."

"Í remémber wéll the róbbery  
Ánd the liés to jústify it;  
Ánd how, nót t' expóse the famíly,  
Í put úp with 't ánd said nóthing.

"Í remémber toó, my sísters,  
Whén they advísed me tó keep quíet,  
Próphesiéd you 'd soón grow prouðer,  
Saúcier fár than éver í was.

"'Lét her háve it,' óne and áll cried;  
'Prívilege was éver ódious;  
Lét her háve it, máke the móst of it;  
Cóme, dear Sáturdáy, with ús work.'

"Í obeýed; you toók my títle;  
Cálld yoursélff God's Hóly Sábbath,  
Dréssed in sátin, práyed and idled,  
Ánd grew évery dáy more saúcy,

"Móre hardheárted, vain and sélfish,  
Móre intólerant, súpereílious,  
Hýpocritical, óverbeáring,  
Céremónious ánd religious,

"Till at lást the whóle world hátes you,  
Feárs you nó less thán despíses,  
Cálls you ín plain térms impóstor,  
Foúl usúrper óf my bírthright."

“Véry fine talk fór my lády  
Dówagér Profáni Prócul;  
Whý! it 's nót my likeness, síster,  
Bút your ówn you háve been dráwing;

“Faithful fróm your mémory dráwing,  
Ás you wére while yoú reigned místress  
Ánd your fláttenerers lów befóre you  
Bówed and kíssed the hém of your gárment.

“Whó was 't thén was óverbeáring?  
Whó was 't thén was súpercílious?  
Whó was 't thén was vain and sélfish,  
Céremónious and relígioust?

“Ánd if now you 're sómething wíser,  
Sómething móre discreteét and módest,  
Léss encroáching, sánctimónious,  
Phárisáical and exclúsive,

“Í 'm to thánk for 't, whó have taught you  
Thát 'twasn't yoú your fláttenerers cáred for,  
Bút to háve something to fláttter,  
Ány idol to bow down to.”

Súch the Billingsgáte the sísters  
Flúng and réflung át each óther;  
Which aimed bést and hit the hárdest,  
Júdge, for í can't, páient reáder.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Dec. 25, 1854.

WELL now I 'm sure I don't know why in the world it was  
    pút there,

Standing up in the middle of the face like the gnomon of a  
    súndial,

Very much, as one would say, in the way of the pássers by,  
And exposed to heat and cold, wet and dry, all the winds  
    that blow.

Don't tell me that it was for the sake of beauty it was ever  
    set up there,

Still less that it was for utility, i. e. by way of a handle,  
And as to the hints I sómetimes hear that it was out of mere  
    whim or vagary,

I assure you I 'm not the man to lend an ear to insinuations  
    of thát sort.

But I 'll tell you the idea that has just now flashed acrōss  
    my mind

And which of course I hold myself at liberty to correct as I  
    improve in knówledge,

For these are improving times, as you know, and the whole  
    world 's in prógress,

And the only wonder is, that with all our advancement we 're  
    so very far behínd yet.

Now my idea 's neither more nor less than that it was set up  
where it is simply because God  
Hadn't, or couldn't at the moment find, a more convenient  
spot to put it in;  
And I 'm further of opinion that if you or I had had the  
placing of it,  
It 's no better but a thousand times worse it would have been  
placed than now it is.

For while I admit that it does indeed at first sight seem a  
little too far forward set,  
Like a camp picket or vedette upon the very fore front and  
edge of danger,  
Still there 's no denying the solidity and security of its basis,  
And that it rarely if ever happens it 's obliged to evacuate  
its position.

Why, I 've seen an enemy come up to it in a towering fit of passion,  
And with his right hand clenched till it looked like a sledge-  
hammer or mason's mallet  
Strike it such a blow right in the face as you 'd swear must  
annihilate it,  
Or at least send its ghost down dolefully whimpering to Oreas.

Nay, I 've seen its best friend and nearest earthly relative  
With a giant's grasp lay hold of it, and squeeze it between  
finger and thumb,  
Till it roared with downright agony as loud as a braying ass  
or elephant,  
And yet, the moment after, it seemed not a hair the worse  
but rather refreshed by it.

But all this is scarce worth mentioning in comparison of what  
I 've seen it bear

At the hands of that same natural friend, ally, and protector,  
Who twenty times a day or, if the humor happened so to take him,  
A hundred times a day would in one of the dark cellars under it

Explode all on a sudden so strong a detonating powder  
That you 'd say there never yet was iron tower or vaulted  
granite casemate

That wouldn't have tumbled down incontinent at the very first  
concussion,

And yet that wondrous piece of flesh and bone seemed but  
to take delight in it.

But, setting aside these wholly minor and secondary considerations,

What would you say of an architect who had constructed a face  
With a pair of eyes staring, one on the right side and the  
other on the left side of it,

And yet had made no manner of provision at all for the  
support of a pair of spectacles?

So avaunt with your idle criticisms, your good-for-nothing  
stuff and twaddle,

Such as one dozes over a-nights in the Quarterly just before  
one goes to bed,

And let me have a pinch out of your canister, for I know  
it 's the genuine Lundy

More care-easing even than Nepenthe, than Ambrosia more  
odoriferous.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Dec. 16, 1854.

ON the day before the first day  
Gód was tired with doing nothing,  
And determined to rise early  
On the next day and do something.

Só upón the next day Gód rose  
Very early, and the light made —  
You must know that until that day  
Gód had always lived in dárkness: —

“Brávo! brávo! that’s a goód job,”  
Said God whén his eýe the light caught;  
“Now I think I ’ll trý and máke me  
A convénient pláce to líve in.”

Só upón the next day Gód rose  
At the dáwn of light, and heáven made,  
And from that day fóward néver  
Wanted a snug bóx to líve in.

“Wéll! a little wórk is pleásant,”  
Said God; “and bésides it ’s úseful;  
Whát a pity I ’ve so lóng sat  
Dúmping, múmping, doing nothing!”

Só upón the thírd day Gód made  
Thís round báll of lánd and wáter  
Ánd with ríght thumb ánd forefinger  
Sét it like teetótum spínning;

Spínning twírling like teetótum,  
Roúnd and roúnd aboút, the báll went,  
While God clápped his hánds, delighted,  
Ánd called th' ángels tó look át it.

Whó made th' ángels? if you ásk mé,  
Í replý: — that 's móre than í know;  
Fór if Gód had, í don't doúbt but  
Hé 'd have pút them ín his cátalogue.

Bút no mática — sóme one máde them,  
Ánd they cáme aboút him flócking,  
Wóndering át the súdden fít of  
Mánufácturing thát had táken him: —

“Ít 's a prétty báll,” they áll said;  
“Dó pray téll us whát 's the úse of it;  
Wón't you máke a greát many óf them?  
Wé would like to séé them trúndling.”

“Wait until tomórrow,” said God,  
“Ánd I think I 'll shów you sómething;  
Thís is quíte enóúgh for óne day,  
Ánd you knów I 'm bút beginning.”

Só aboút noon ón the foúrth day,  
Gód called th' ángels áll aboút him,  
Ánd showed thém the greát big báll he 'd  
Máde to gíve light tó the líttle one.

“Whát !” said th’ ángels, “súch a big ball  
Júst to gíve light tó a little one !

Thát ’s bad mánagement ánd you knów too  
Yoú had plénty of light withoút it.”

“Nót quite plénty,” saíd God snáppish,  
“Fór the light I máde the first day,  
Álthough goód, was ráther scánty,  
Scárce enough for mé to wórk by.

“Ánd besides how wás it póssible  
Íf I hád not máde the big ball  
Tó have given the little one seásons,  
Daýs and yeárs and nights and mórnings ?

“Só you sée there was nóthing fór it  
Bút to fix the little ball steády,  
Ánd aboút it sét the big one  
Tópsy-túrvying ás you hére see.”

“Ít ’s the big ball wé see steády,  
Ánd the little one roúnd it whírling,”  
Said the ángels, bý the gréat light  
Dázzled, ánd their eýebrows sháding: —

“Nóne of yoúr impértinence,” saíd God  
Grówing móre vexed évery móment;  
“Í know thát as wéll as yoú do,  
Bút I dón’t choose yoú should sáy it.

“Í have sét the big ball steády  
Ánd the little one spínning roúnd it,  
Bút I ’ve tolđ you júst the ópposite  
Ánd the ópposite yoú must sweár to.”

"Ánything you sáy we 'll swear to,"  
Sáid the ángels húmblly bowing;  
"Háve you ánything móre to shów us?  
Wé 're so fónd of éxhibítions."

"Yés," said Gód, "what wás defícient  
In the lighting óf the líttle ball,  
With this prétty moón I 've máde up  
Ánd these líttle twinkling stárs here."

"Wásn't the big ball big enough?" said  
With simplicítý the ángels: —  
"Coúldn't, withoút a míracle," said God,  
"Shíne at ónce on báck and frónt side."

"Thére you 're quite right," saíd the ángels,  
"And we think you shów your wísdom  
In not squándering míracles ón those  
Whó beliéve your wórd withoút them.

"Bút do téll us whý you 've só far  
Fróm your líttle ball pút your líttle stars;  
Óne would think they dídn't belóng to it,  
Scárce one ín a thoúsand shínes on it."

"Tó be súre I coúld have pláced them  
Só much neárer," saíd God smílíng,  
"Thát the líttle ball woúld have been as  
Wéll lit with some míllions féwer;

"Bút I 'd like to knów of whát use  
Tó th' omnípotent stích ecónomy —  
Cán't I máke a million míllion stars  
Quíté as cásílý as óne star?"

"Right agáin," said th' ángels, "thére can  
Bé no mánnen of doubt aboút it."

"Thát 's all now," said Gód; "tomórrow  
Cóme agáin and yé shall móre see."

Whén the ángels cáme the néxt day  
Gód indeéd had nót been ídle,  
Ánd they sáw the líttle ball swárming  
With all kinds of living créatures.

Thére they wént in paírs, the créatures,  
Óf all sizes, shápes and cólors,  
Stálking, hópping, leáping, clímbing,  
Cráwing, búrrowing, swímming, flyíng,

Squeáling, sínging, roáring, grúnting,  
Bárking, bráying, méwing, hówling,  
Chúckling, gábbing, crówing, quácking,  
Cáwing, croáking, búzzing, hissing.

Súch assémbly thére has néver  
Fróm that dáy down beén on eárh séen;  
Fróm that dáy down súch a cóncert  
Thére has néver beén on eárh heard.

Fór there, rámping ánd their máker  
Praising in their várious fashions,  
Wére all Gód's créated spécies,  
Áll excépt the fóssilized ones;

Fór whose ábsence ón that greát day  
Thé most líkely caúse assígned yet,  
Ís that théy were quite forgótten  
Ánd would nót go úninvíted.

Bút let thát be ás it máy be,  
Áll th' unfóssilized ones wére there  
Stríving which of thém would noisiest  
Praise bestów upón their máker.

“Wéll,” said th’ ángels, whén they ’d loóked on  
Silently some tíme and listened;  
“Wéll, you surely háve a strángé taste;  
Whát did you máke all thése queer thíngs for?”

“Cóme tomórrow ánd I ’ll shów you,”  
Saíd God, gleéful his hands rúbbing;  
“Áll you ’ve yét seen ’s a mere nóthing  
Tó what yoú shall seeé tomórrow.”

Só, when th’ ángels cáme the néxt day  
Áll tiptoé with éxpectátion,  
Ánd stretched nécks and eýes and eárs out  
Towards the néw world, Gód said tó them:—

“Thére he is, my lást and bést work;  
Thére he is, the nóbble créature;  
Í told yoú you shoúld see sómething;  
Whát do you sáy now? háve I wórd kept?”

“Whére, where is hé?” said the ángels;  
“Wé see nótning bút the líttle ball  
With its bíg ball, moón and líttle stars  
Ánd queer, yélpings, cápering kickshaws.”

“Í don’t wéll know whát you meán by  
Kickshaws,” saíd God scárcey quite pleased,  
“Bút amóng my créatures yónder  
Dón’t you seeé one nóbler figure?

“By his stróng, round, tail-less búttocks,  
And his flat claws you may knów him  
Even wére he not so like me  
Thát we might pass fór twin bróthers.”

“Now we see him,” said the ángels;  
“How is ‘t possible wé o'erlooóked him?  
Hé ‘s indeéd your véry ímage  
Only less strong and wise loóking.”

“Só I hópe the mýstery ‘s cleáred up,”  
Saíd God with much selfcomplácence.  
“And you áre no lónger púzzled  
Whát I ‘ve beón aboút these six days.”

“Even th’ Almighty,” said the ángels,  
“Máy be prouð of súch chef-d’oeuvre,  
Súch magníficént and crówning  
Íssue óf a síx days’ lábor.”

Hére a deép sigh rént God’s bósom,  
And a sháde came ó'er God’s feátures: —  
“Ah,” he criéd, “were yé but hónest  
And no traítor stoód amóngst ye!

“Thén indeéd this wére a gréat work,  
Thén indeéd I wére too háppy;  
Áh! it ‘s toó bad, downright toó bad,  
Bút I ’ll — sháll I? yés, I ’ll lét you;

“Lét you disappoinjt and frét me,  
Lét you disconcért my whóle plan —  
Whý of áll my vŕtues shoúld I  
Leáve unpráctised ónly páttience?

“Thére he ís, my nóblest, bést work;  
Táke him, dó your pléasure with him.  
Áfter áll perháps I ’ll fínd some  
Meáns to pátch my bróken saúcer.

“Nów begóne! don’t lét me seé you  
Hére agaín till í send fór you;  
Í ’m tired wórkíng, ánd inténd to  
Rést my weáry bónes tomórrow.”

Só God láy late ón the néxt day  
Ánd the whóle day lóng did nótíng  
Bút refléct upón his ill luck  
Ánd the greát spite óf the ángels.

Ánd he said: — “Becaúse I ’ve résted  
Áll this séventh day, ánd done nótíng,  
Eách seventh dáy shall bé kept hóly  
Ánd a dáy of rést for éver.”

Ánd as Gód said ánd commánded  
Só it ís now, ánd still sháll be:  
Áll hard wórk done ón the séventh day,  
Tó the first day áll respéct shown.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Jan. 21, 1855.

DÍRE Ambition úp hill toiling,  
Straining évery nérve and sínew,  
Sweáting, pánting, tákking nó rest,  
Díre Ambition, lísten tó me.

Highest climbers gét the wórst falls,  
Ón the hill-top stórms blow fiércest,  
Lightning óftenest strikes the súmmits,  
Díre Ambition, túrn and cóme down.

Ín the válley hére it 's shéltered,  
Eásy, sáfe and súre and pleásant;  
Ón those steép heights thére 's scarce foóting,  
Í grow dízzy tó look át thee.

Higher still thou clímb'st and higher,  
Léndest nó ear, loók'st not ónce down;  
Álmost ín the cloúds I séé thee,  
Fár abóve the reách of my words.

Fáre thee wéll then — ónly fáll not —  
Ánd as háppy bé abóve there,  
Íf thou cánst, as í belów here  
Ín the cálm, sequéstered válley.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), April 4, 1855.

## IVY LEAF.

Ivy leáf, come, í will práiſe thee,  
Júſt becaúſe thou 'rt únpreténding  
Ánd hast séldom hád the fórtune  
Tó be práiſed as thoú desérvest.

Súmmer's váriegáted, gáy leaves,  
Fríghtened át th' approách of wínter,  
Lóng agó have fléđ and léft me  
Tó thy néver-faíling shélter.

Ón this bleák Novémber mórníng  
Ín thou peépest át my wíndow  
Wíth as kíndly, friéndly greéting.  
Ás though wé were still in Júly.

Yésterdáy I ásked the rédbreast  
Thát from yónder báre spray cárols: —  
“Whére, my prétty sérenáder,  
Ón these cold nights findest shélter?”

“Ín the ivy,” ánswered Róbin,  
“Úndernéáth your bédroom wíndow,  
Néstling cózy, í care little  
Fór the bleák nights óf Novémber.”

Cónquering Bácchus, fróm the Índies  
Dríving ín triúmphal cháriot,  
Twíned his Thýrsus, crówned his témples,  
With thy greén branch ánd black bérries.

Fróm that dáy down tó the présent,  
Roúnd the wíne cup ánd the tánkard  
Wínd harmóniouslý togéther  
Clústering grápe, and ívy bránchez.

Cleárer, sweéter fár the hóney  
Í 've each mórrning át my breákfast  
Thán the hóney thé Athénians  
Broúght from Hýbla ánd Hyméttus;

Whý? becaúse all thé long súmmer  
Mý bees ríot ín thy blóssoms,  
Ánd who éver heárd of ívy  
Ón Mount Hýbla ór Hyméttus?

Whén I 'm déad and o'ér my áshes  
Ríses thé cold márble cólumn,  
Shroúd it, ívy, with thy greén leaves;  
Áll too láte the páltry tribúte.

Walking from FONTAINE L'EVEQUE to BASÉCLES, HAINAULT (BELGIUM);  
Nov. 12—13, 1854.

WHY paint Deáth the king of terrors?  
Whó so quiet, calm and peaceful?  
Whó so humble? whó so lovely?  
Whó a kinder friénd to mán is?

Whý hung roúnd with bláck the chámber?  
Whý those sád looks, sighs and sóbbings?  
Tósses ón this coúch a féver?  
Heáves this breást with ánxious thróbbings?

Ón these cheéks there glóws no ánger,  
Ón these pále lips wríthes no ánguish;  
Cáre this brów no lónger wrínkles,  
Fróm these líds no teárs are stártинг;

Foólish móúrners, fór yoursélves weep,  
Whó have still with Life to strúggle,  
Life the treácherous, únrelénting,  
Crúel king of paíns and térrors.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 2, 1855.

TO \* \* \*

THERE wás a time when to our view  
This dull old world looked fresh and new,  
And yoú loved me and I loved you,  
    There wás a time.

There wás a time when young and gay  
We frólicked through the livelong day,  
And áll our whóle year was one May,  
    There wás a time.

There wás a time we did not dream  
That things are other than they seem  
And with delusive lustre gleam,  
    There wás a time.

There wás a time we had not yet  
Leárned to fume and cark and fret  
And thankless riches hardly get,  
    There wás a time.

There wás a time — but it is past;  
The child 's become a man at last,  
And age and death are coming fast,  
    There wás a time.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); May 7, 1855.

“TÝRANT, I ’ll have my rights;” I once heard say  
A village cur to a neighbouring farmer’s mastiff:  
“One hálf that bone exact I claim as mine,  
Fór in God’s sight all kinds of dogs are equal;  
Hé made us áll, we ’re áll alike his children.”  
“Take it,” replied the mástiff, “with that strength  
Équal to mine, which thát impartial God  
No doúbt has gíven thee; I impugn thy ríght not.”  
Grówling he said, and Cur away sneaked prudent,  
And hád that night gone supperless to bed,  
Hád not kind Próvidence broúght by chance that way  
My lády’s pug with bone stolen from the larder;  
Which Cúr, an adept now in equity,  
With sudden snatch to appropriate not demurring,  
Bore off and at the cabin door contented gnawed,  
The lívelong evening, praising God and saying: —  
“Eách has his ówn; the mastiff his, I mine;  
Had Gód intended Pug to have kept his bone  
There ’s nót a doubt he would have made him stronger.”

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 1, 1855.

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DO goód to your friénd and hé ’ll do goód to yoú,  
Perháps, and if not ínconvénient tó him;  
But if you ’d háve him réally like and lóve you  
You múst in áll things sweár to his opínion.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); May 18, 1855.

## LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

"Let the law take its course," the Roman said,  
Sitting in judgment; and the lictors seized  
Forthwith the two young men, the judge's sons,  
And stripped them to the waist and bound and flogged.  
In vain turned towards the judgment-seat the youths'  
Wild eyes, imploring; the uplifted ax  
Severed first one and then the other's head.  
Proud to have executed Roman justice  
Even on his own rebellious sons, the judge  
Unblenched descended from the judgment-seat;  
Home to his desolate house returned, the sire  
In secret wept his disobedient children.  
Such were the wondrous men that made Rome Rome.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 12, 1855.

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DRAW back from the mirror; your image recedes,  
And at last disappears in the infinite distance;  
Approach; and, behold! from the depths of the mirror  
A still brightening image comes forward to meet you:  
So, sad Mem'ry's eye follows the flight of the past;  
So, brightening, to Hope's eye, approaches the future.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 2, 1855.

MY SISTER MARY'S DOG RAP,  
WRITTEN THE HOUR HE DIED.

SÉLDOM lived dog or man more peaceful life,  
More freeé from envy, bitterness, and strife;  
Séldom died dog or man more placid death,  
Or strúggled less in yielding up the breath;  
Séldom left dog or man a friend behind  
More trué, Rap, than thy mistress or more kind.  
So peaceful I would live, so placid die,  
And, dýing, hear the same survivor sigh,  
And deád, not far off in the earth be laid,  
Under th' ancestral elm and yew-tree shade..

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; Dec. 17, 1854.

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THE AUTHOR'S EPI TAPH.

ÚNDERNEÁTH this mólderíng héáp  
Lies sóme poor cláy  
That ónce like theé could laúgh and weép,  
And hád its dáy.

If by the wórlد thou árt despised,  
A whíle here stáy;  
If pámpered bý the wórlد and prízed,  
Awáy! awáy!

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 6, 1855.

## ONLY FULL AND TRUE REPORT

OF THE CONTENTION BETWEEN NOSE AND EYES FOR THE SPECTACLES,  
AND THE ISSUE THEREOF. \*

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,  
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause  
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;  
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,  
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

\* In Mr. Cowper's report of this celebrated case we look in vain for his accustomed impartiality, his characteristic love of truth and justice. Not only has he garbled the pleadings by a total omission of the plea of the eyes, but even falsified the record itself by the substitution of an absurd and unjust decision of the court for the rational and equitable compromise by which the case was actually closed, and the proceedings brought to a termination satisfactory to both parties. To this, the sole dereliction of the straightforward path with which he has ever been charged, Mr. Cowper was no doubt seduced by his partiality for the nose, Mr. Cowper, as it is well known, having always been accustomed to wear his spectacles

„In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear

And your Lordship,” he said, “will undoubtedly find  
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear;  
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.”

Then holding the spectacles up to the court: —

“Your Lordship observes they are made with a straddle  
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is: in short,  
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“Again would your Lordship a moment suppose  
(’Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)  
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,  
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

“On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,  
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,  
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose  
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Having thus made a case on behalf of the Nose

No less valid in law than in equity strong,  
Tongue changed sides and with arguments weighty as blows  
Showed the spectacles only to Eyes could belong: —

upon his nose. In order to guard my report against all tinge of a similar predilection for the eyes (a predilection of which I acknowledge I cannot wholly divest myself, the eyes in my case having always had the use of the spectacles), I have taken the precaution not to draw my account of the arguments of Counsel on behalf of the nose from the same source from which I have drawn my account of the plea of the eyes and of the final compromise, viz. the books of the Court of Uncommon Pleas, the court in which the case was tried and in which I have been so fortunate as to find a complete record of it, but to adopt Nose’s arguments verbatim and literatim from the report of Nose’s best friend, Mr. Cowper himself.

"My Lord, spectacles being, as we all know, a pair,  
And Eyes a pair also, while Nose is but one,  
That it 's Eyes and not Nose that should spectacles wear  
Is as plain and as clear as at noonday the sun.

"And as for the ownership Nose claimed just now  
On the ground of his fitting exactly the straddle,  
Why, my Lord, allow that, and you can't but allow  
That the horse owns by right both the rider and saddle."

Here the court, interrupting, proposed compromise —  
Between next-door neighbours such strife 's a disgrace —  
And Nose waived his claim, on condition that Eyes  
Should from thenceforth let spectacles lie in their case.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); Febr. 11, 1855.

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"Epicuri de grege porcum."

THERE 's nothing I so much admire  
As a full glass and roaring fire,  
Unless it be cow-heel or tripe,  
Or well replenished meerschaum pipe —  
Stay, darling Meg, I did but jest;  
Of all God's gifts thou art the best.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; Jan. 25, 1855.

FRÓM his shroúd the déad man peéping  
Sáw the móurners roúnd him weéping,  
Heárd such sóbs and sighs and groáns  
Míght have mélted héárts of stónes.

Nót a wórd the déad man said,  
Bút the thought came into his héad:  
Tó that whining blúbbering páck  
Gód keep mé from góing báck.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; April 3, 1855.

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WHAT bénéfícent Jóve was 't, or Búddh or Osíris  
Or Sáturn or Sátan, who, nót for their ówn good  
But mán's use, créated poor birds, beasts and fishes;  
And his protégé, móre to enrich and exált him,  
Into twó halves divided and to the óne half  
Gave the óther for sérvant and bónslave for éver?

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 13, 1855.

## TRAY.

Fróm my bédroom, in my gówn,  
Évery mórn when I come dówn,  
Tráy says tó me wíth his taíl: —  
“Hópe I seeé you frésh and hále.”

Át my breákfast whén I sit  
Múnching slówly bít by bít,  
Tráy remínds me wíth his páw  
Hé too hás a toóth and jáw.

Whén I táké my hát and stíck,  
Tráy perceíves the mótion quíck  
Ánd acróss the párlour floór  
Scámpers jóyful tó the doór.

Whén I wálk alóng the streét  
Stópping évery friénd I meét  
Wíth: — “Good mórníng! hów do you dó?”  
Tráy’s nose ásks each: — “Whó are yoú?”

Tó Belínda’s whén I cóme,  
Tráy snuffs roúnd and roúnd the roóm,  
Thén lies dówn beside my chaír,  
Knóws I ’ll stáy a lóng while thére.

Whén I ríse to gó awáy  
Fróm Belínda’s, ánd call Tráy,  
Tráy comes slówly, knówing wéll  
I ’ve to sáy a lóng farewéll.

Dówn the streét toward my hall - doór  
Whén I túrn my fáce once móre,  
Whó so jójful thén as Tráy?  
Trý if yoú can máke him stáy.

Tó my doór got, if bell - ríng  
Doés not quickly sóme one bríng,  
Yoú would pity Tráy's hard cáse,  
Droóping tail and ruéful fáce.

Ópened whén the doór at lást,  
Tráy bolts maid and máster pást,  
Ánd, ere wéll hung úp my hát,  
Ón the heárthrug oútstretched flát

Liés with múzzle ón the groúnd,  
Ánd half clósed eye, wátching roúnd,  
Whíle prepáratíves dúly máde —  
Crúmbcloth spreád and táble laíd —

Hérald neár approáching Threeé,  
Hoúr of weight to Tráy and mé;  
Weighty hoúr to mé and Tráy,  
Túrning - point of thé whole dáy.

Súch our fórenoons; woúld you knów  
Íf our áfternoóns pass só,  
Wórse or bétter; í can't sáy  
Thére 's much dífERENCE — is there, Tráy?

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 8, 1855.

NO more quéstions, good friénd, no more quéstions, I práy;  
I 'd be choóser mysélf what to sáy or not sáy;  
With your 'Whó?' 'Which?' and 'Whát?' 'How?' 'When?'  
                        'Whérefore?' and 'Whý?'

You but shút my heart clóser, my tóngue tighter tié;  
Nay, you 've nō one to bláme but yoursélf, if with lýng  
And quíbbing and shúffling I páy back your prýng.  
So déál with me fairly and give *quid pro quo*  
And your ówn thoughts first téll me, if my thoughts you 'd knów.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; March 30, 1855.

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TIS the little boy láshing his tóp in the coúrt;  
With áll his whole heárt he 's intént on his spórt,  
And ás his top mérrily spíns round and roúnd,  
In the wórld where 's a háppier sóul to be foúnd?

I 'll go dówn to the coúrt and the whóle livelong dáy  
At whíp-my-top théré with that háppy boy pláy;  
Give me tóp and lash hére, and let him take who will  
My grówn man's wealth, hónors, strength, wísdom, and skíll.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 6, 1855.

AS in Tibur's pleásant villa  
Strólled Mecénas ónce with Hórace,  
“Whát can bé the reáson, póet,”  
Saíd Mecénas cávaliérly,

“Thát the ádjective must álways  
Tó the noún be só obséquious;  
Fóllow áll its whíms and húmors,  
Trót beside it like a spániel?”

“Í don't knów, heard néver reáson,”  
Ánswered Hórace, hís head shákking.  
“Whát! not knów?” repliéd Mecénas,  
“Í thought póets knéw all súch things.”

“Nów I récolléct,” said Hórace  
With an árch smile, “mý schoolmáster  
Úsed to sáy that noún was pátron,  
Ádjective, poor dévil! póet.”

Walking from ZELL to SIMMERN, RHENISH PRUSSIA; July 9, 1855.

'TWAS ón the First of Jánuary eárly in the mórrning  
I paíd my Love a vísit, and a háppy new year wished her;  
She gave me her right hán'd and said she was glad to see me—  
Ah! little thought I thén, she was entering on her lást year.

"Twas ón the First of Fébruary, a cold and snowy mórníng,  
I paíd my Love a vísit and asked her was she quite well:—  
"I 've góbt a little cóugh," said she, "but I dón't think any-  
thing óf it;  
Coughs and colds are góing, and I hope I 'll soon be bétter."

'Twas ón the First of Ápril when a blink of sun was gleáming  
Between two chilly shówers, I paid my Love a visit;  
When she saw me her eye brightened and she said she 'd  
soon be finely,  
But I thought she didn't loók well and I had a sad forebóding.

But my Love her pallid cheék upon her hand was leáning,  
And I didn't ask her how she was , for I saw it but too clearly.

And I entered the house joyful, thinking she was surely better,  
But when I came in near her I saw how she was wasting.

On the First of warm July I paid my Love a visit;  
She was chilly cold and trembling, with her shawl wrapt  
  close about her,  
For the fever fit was on her, and insidious Hectic busy  
Sapping poor besieged Life's weak and tottering fortress.

Upon the First of Aúgust I paid my Love a vísit;  
She was laid upon the sófa, and her hand was dry and bürning;  
She bade me kindly wélcome, and I sat down there besíde her,  
But rose and came awáy straight, for she talked to me of dýing.

Upon September First I paid my Love a visit;  
She raised her head upon the pillow and looked out on the  
reapers: —

"How pleasant it's out there," said she, "and yet I'm still growing weaker,

And perhaps" — but there she stopped short, for she heard me sobbing.

But you 'll think of me in spring when you hear the blackbird whistle."

Her emaciated wrist — “Yes, yes,” said she, “in heaven.”

Upón this First of Jánuary, désolate and lónely  
I sit here, in the chúrchyard, wátching by my Lóve's grave;  
And if I weep, it 's nót for hér, for shé 's safe from all sórrow,  
But fór myself behínd her left so désolate and lónely.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 14, 1855.

THE són 's a poor, wrétcched, unfórtunate créature,  
With a náme no less wrétcched: I-WOULD-IF-I-COULD;  
But the fáther 's rich, glórious and háppy and míghty  
And his térrible náme is I-COULD-IF-I-WOULD.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 12, 1855.

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YOU dó'n't like my wrítings, won't reád them nor búy them;  
Then dó me the fávor at leást, to decrý them;  
Where the praise of good júdges is hárd to be hád,  
The néxt best thing tó it 's the bláme of the bád.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 8, 1855.

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"I BELIÉVE it," said Faíth, "though I knów it 's a flát  
Contradiction, and breách of supréme Nature's láws,  
For I sáw it and heárd it and félt it and smélt it,  
And nó one was wicked enoúgh to deceíve me,  
And seeíng and heáring and feéling and smélling  
Are súrer than éven supréme Nature's láws.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

“ÉVEN the Lóvely must die”\* — To be sure, Mr. poet,  
Éven the Lóvely must die; do you think we don’t know it?  
Yet bád as the cáse is — and who doubts it’s bad? —  
That the Úgly should nót die were something more sad.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, May 27, 1855.

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MAIN Fórce with saw, háttchet and stróng rope achiéved,  
Much sweáting, the fall of the stoút-timbered cédar;  
But Cúnning aboút the root díg unperceíved,  
And flát with the first breath of wind fell the cédar.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 2, 1855.

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IN the height of his glóry said César to Cássius: —  
“Mankind will talk óf me for éver with wónder.”  
“To be súre, mighty César,” said Cássius, “mankind will  
Of thee and thy gréat deeds talk éver with wónder;  
But the wónder of wónders will still be that César,  
Magnánimous César, so cáred to be tálked of.”

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

\* Auch das Schöne muss sterben. SCHILLER.

SLEEP and Waking ónce a strífe had:  
Whích was móst by Próvidence favored;  
Ánd with láwyerlike acúmen  
Thús their séparate cáses árgued: —

“Í ’m the fávorite,” first said Waking,  
“Fór the whóle wide wórld ’s for mé made,  
Eárth, sun, moón, and áll the little stars,  
Nót to speák of lámp and gás light.”

“Wrétedh Waking,” saíd Sleep lístless,  
“Táke thy gímeracks ánd my pity,  
Thoú that múst keep álways hámmering  
Át some fiddle fáddle nónsense.

“Táke thy gímeracks — pleásure, prófit,  
Scíence, leárning — máke much óf them;  
Ádd if it pleáse thee lábor, énnui,  
Sórrow, pain and thirst and húnger.

“Hére at eáse upón this bénch stretched  
Fór thy whóle world í no stráw care,  
Ór, if só be thé whim táke me,  
Háve it ín my dreáms for nóthing;

“In my dreams have pleasures, riches,  
Wisdom, fame, and power and knowledge,  
Double, triple, hundredfold more  
Than e'er fell to thy lot, Waking.

“I take wing and through the air fly,  
Or with fins glide through the water,  
Or turn patriot and my fingers  
Raddle with the blood of Cesar,

“Yet no risk run; mine not thine are  
Heaven and earth, time past and present —  
Good bye, Waking; what need more words?  
Thee thy work calls, me siesta.”

Scárce had Sleép the lást word úttered,  
Úp came Níghtmare, hídeous grínning,  
Ánd aboút Sleep’s neck a noóse threw  
Ánd begán with maín force púlling.

“Sáve me, sáve me,” criéd Sleep hálf choked —  
“Whó ’s God’s favorite now?” said Wáking  
Ás he cút the noóse and sáved Sleep  
Ánd drove óff the grínning móнстér.

STROMBERG, RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 11, 1855.

WHILE there 's óne drop ín the bóttle  
Thís life 's stíll a lífe of pleásure,  
Fúll of prómise still the fúture;  
Lét the lást drop leáve the bóttle  
Ánd the dáy grows dárk and héavy,  
Thére will bé a stórm tomórrow.

PFEDDERSHEIM in the PALATINATE, July 15, 1855.

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"IF rightly on my theme I think,  
There are five reasons why men drink:  
Good wine; a friend; because I 'm dry;  
Or lest I should be, by and by;  
Or any other reason why."

#### ANSWER.

If rightly on my theme I think,  
There 's but one reason why men drink;  
And that one reason is, I think —  
Why, just because men like to drink.

HEIDELBERG, July 21, 1855.

HE 's dead these long áges, and áll his bones moúldered,  
And scátttered his dúsí to the points of the cómpass,  
But we still have and will have for éver amóng us  
The heárt of the Póet embálmed in his vérse.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 10, 1855.

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THAT I 'm much praísed by men of little sense  
Offénds me nót; I know it 's mere pretence,  
The hóllow echo of what, every day,  
They heár men of a better judgment say.

TOURNAY (BELGIUM), Nov. 16, 1854.

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"PÁGAN, forsáke your Góds," the Christian cries,  
"And wórship mine; your Gods are dirt and lies."  
"Chrístian," replies the Pagan, "honor 's due  
Even to *your* Gods; to each his God is true."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, March 31, 1855.

## LETTER

RECEIVED FROM A REVIEWER TO WHOM THE AUTHOR, INTENDING TO SEND THE MS. OF HIS SIX PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE HEROIC TIMES FOR REVIEW, HAD BY MISTAKE SENT, INSTEAD OF IT, A MS. OF MILTON'S PARADISE REGAINED.

With all the care and attention permitted by my multitudinous  
And harassing, yet never upon any account to be neglected,  
avocations,

I have read over, verse by verse, from near about the beginning  
to the very end,

The poem which, some thirteen or fourteen months ago, you  
did me the honor to enclose me;

And as I feel for literature in general and especially for literary  
men

A regard which I make bold to flatter myself is something  
more than merely professional,

In returning you your work I venture to make these few  
hurried observations:

And first, I 'm so far from being of opinion that the work 's  
wholly devoid of mérit

That I think I can discern here and there an odd half line  
or line in it,

Which even Lord Byron himself — for since Lord Byron  
became popular,

Reviewers' opinions concerning that truly great man have under-  
gone, as you know, a most remarkable change —  
I think I can discern, I say, here and there in your work  
an odd half line or odd line  
Which even the greatest poet of modern times need not have  
been ashamed of.  
And the whole scope and tenor of your work, on whichever  
side or in whatever light I examine it,  
Whether religiously, esthetically, philosophically, morally or  
simply poetically,  
Give me great ground to hope — and I assure you I feel  
unfeigned satisfaction in expressing the hope —  
That, in process of time, and supposing your disposition  
amenable to advice and correction,  
You may by dint of study and perseverance acquire sufficient  
poetical skill  
To entitle you to a place somewhere or other among respectable  
English poets.

And now I know I may count upon your good sense and  
candor to excuse me  
If I add to this, you'll do me the justice to allow, no illiberal  
praise of your performance,  
Some few honest words of dispraise, wrung from me by the  
necessity of the case:  
Your style, for I will not mince the matter, seems to me very  
often to be  
A little too Bombastes Furioso, or, small things to compare  
with great, a little too Miltonic;  
Its grandiloquence not sufficiently softened down by that  
copious admixture of commonplace  
Which renders Bab Macaulay, James Montgomery and Mrs.  
Hemans so delightful;

Whilst on the other hand it exhibits, but too often alas! the  
directly opposite and worse fault  
Of nude and barren simplicity, absence not of adornment  
alone but even of decent dress.

I'll not worry you with a host of examples; to a man of  
your sense one's as good as a thousand;  
"Ex uno disce omnes," as Eneas said, wishing to save Dido  
time and trouble;

The very last line of your poem, the summing up of your  
whole work,

Where, if anywhere, there should be dignity and emphasis,  
something to make an impression

And ring in the ear of the reader after he has laid down  
the book

And be quoted by him to his children and children's children  
on his deathbed,

As an honored ancestor of mine, one of my predecessors in  
this very reviewer's chair,

Is said to have died with — no, not with the concluding  
verse of Homer's Iliad on his lips,

For Homer has by some fatality concluded his great poem  
much after your meagre fashion —

But with the magnificent couplet on his lips, which the judicious  
translator substitutes for the lame Homeric ending:  
"Such honors Ilium to her hero paid,  
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

The very last line of your work, I say, the peroration of  
your poem,

So far from presenting us, like this fine verse, with something  
full and round and swelling

For ear and memory to take hold of and keep twirling about,  
barrel-organ-wise,

That is to say when ear and memory have, as they often  
have, nothing better to do,

Hasn't even sufficient pith in it for an indifferent prose period,  
Exhibits such a deficiency of thew and sinew, not to say of  
    soul and ethereal spirit,  
Such a woful dearth of rough stuff and raw material, not to  
    say of finish and top dréssing,  
That the reader cares but little either to catch a hold or keep  
    a hold of it,  
And it drops from between the antennae of his disappointed  
    expectation  
Pretty much in the same way as a knotless thread from be-  
    tween a housewife's fingers.  
And yet when I consider how well adapted your "Home to  
    his mother's house, private, returned" is  
To take off the edge of the reading appetite, and with what  
    right good will  
After reading this verse one lays down the book without  
    wishing it were longer,  
I can't help correcting my first judgment and saying, with a  
    smile, to myself:  
"Well, after all, that finale 's less injudicious than appears  
    at first sight."  
And now I have only to beg your kind excuse for the freedom  
    of the observations  
Which in my double capacity of friend of literature and  
    literary men,  
And clerk of the literary market, bound to protect the public  
Against unsound, unwholesome or fraudulently made-up intel-  
    lectual food,  
I have felt it my duty to make on your, to me at least, very  
    new and original work,  
A work which, crude and imperfect as it is and full of marks  
    of a beginner's hand,  
Affords to the practised critic's eye indubitable evidences of  
    a latent power

Sure to break forth as soon as the favorable opportunity  
presénts itself

And astonish the world perhaps with a second — I was  
going to say Don Júan,

But, as I hate hyperbole and love to be within the mark,  
I'll say — with a second Thalaba or Antient Mariner or Ex-  
cúrsion;

Glorious consummation! which the kind Fates have, no doubt,  
in résérve for you

If in the meantime you 're content to live upon hope, and  
don't too much economize mídnight oil.

[HEIDELBERG, July 26, 1855.]

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“OBÉY;” said Majórity ónce to Minórity;  
“To be súre,” said Minórity, “fór thou 'rt the stróngest.”  
“Not becaúse I the stróngest am,” ánswered Majórity,  
“But becaúse I 'm the wísest, it 's thíne to obéy.”  
“Right again,” said Minórity hiding a slý smile,  
“Wise men álways were númerous, foóls always féw.”

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

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BEWÁRE how you attempt the world to cheat,  
Lést yourself súffer by your own deceit:  
Yoú cheat the wórld; back from the world to you  
Retúrns your lie and you believe it true.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 9, 1855.

"SEE before thee," said Hópe, "where the pleásant light  
yónder,

More bright every móment, dispérses the dárkness."

But Feár cried: — "Bewáre! for the light but looks brighter  
Becaúse, on all sides round, the dárkness so déépens."

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

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WITH pállid lip quívering and fiery eye fláshing,  
Wrath rúshed on his víctim and brándished the knife;  
But Pity with noíseless step stóle up behínd him  
And wrénched the blade fróm him and smíled in his fáce.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, April 1, 1855.

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PÁST TIME 's déad and gone, and búried, and the réquiem  
sung óver her;  
FÚTURE TIME 's not bórн yet, and whó knows how úgly she  
may be?  
So give me a kiss, sweet PRÉSENT, and let 's háppy be togéther —  
Óne, two, three, and begin again — thou 'rt the girl for my  
money.

HEIDELBERG, July 25, 1855.

## HAMLET.

THE king of Denmark 's mürdered by his brother;  
The bróther dons his crown, marries his widow;  
Nó one suspects the deed, till at deep midnight  
The ghóst, in suit complete of burnished steel,  
From purgatory comes and fires sulphureous  
To tell his son, young Hamlet, the whole story,  
And rouse his youthful blood to similar deed.  
The prince falls into a mighty, towering passion,  
And hates mankind, and wishes he was dead,  
And damns his uncle, and will surely kill him,  
Nót at his práyers, for not to heaven he 'd sénd him,  
Bút in the midst of some unfinished lust  
Fall on him and direct to hell despátch him.  
Slów on the hot resolve follows the deed  
Límping, for wisely thus the youth bethinks him:—  
“Hów, if my wicked uncle kill me first,  
Mé ere I him? where then were my revenge,  
The credit and the glory of this deed,  
The duty to my parent and my parent's  
Unhappy ghost, my piety toward heaven,  
The example to the world, and to my mother  
The lash of scorpions, wielded by her son?  
For í 've no son to whom if í were murdered  
Mý ghost might come to hie him on to murder  
Mý murderer; and if I had such son,  
Hów can I know he would believe my ghost?  
Which gives me róom to think: what if this ghost  
I saw last night were not my father's ghost,  
But some malignant spirit sent from hell

With lies to tempt me to my uncle's murder.  
So charily, good Hamlet; softly tread;  
Tést the ghost's tálé, and táké care of thy head.

And so most careful cautious of his head  
Hámlet goes mad, for kings suspect not madmen,  
And many a wise and many a mad thing says,  
Wise at this móment, raving mad the next;  
And, lighting by good fortune on a pack  
Of strolling players, sets about to teach them  
With such consummate skill their proper art  
Thát you are tempted to accuse dame Nature  
Of having by some blunder made a king's son,  
Whén she had taken in hand to make a player.  
Pláywriter, next, and manager become,  
The versatile youth into his players' play  
Intécalates the scene of his father's murder.  
The uncle blenches; the ghost's credit 's stamped;  
But, láck a day! the unlucky birdcatcher,  
Júst as he thinks he has but to bag his bird,  
Falls into his ówn springe and is bagged himself,  
And off to England à la Bellerophon packed;  
But not before in one of his feigned fits  
He has killed his truelove's, sweet Ophelia's, father,  
Táking him for the king, and her chaste ear,  
His ówn Ophelia's innocent, chaste ear,  
With ribaldry polluted and audacious,  
Counterfeit madness, till he drives her mad,  
And in a pond, poor soul! she drowns herself,  
Singing lorn ditties, and one true heart adds  
Tó the long count of trué hearts cracked by love.

Meantime not idly in his cabin chewing  
The tedium of his voyage sits young Hamlet,

But, seizing occupation pat at hand,  
The seal breaks of his uncle's missives — reads,  
And to the deep consigns, his own death-warrant,  
And with a ready, fair, and clerklike hand,  
For he 's a clerk too, writes out the death-warrant  
Of his escort, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern;  
Forges the king's sign manual, and affixes  
The royal seal; and, having scarce taken time  
To palm upon his escort the forged packet,  
Jumps into a boarding pirate and is carried  
Sólus to Dénmark back; bidding God speed  
And safe return home, to the two brave youths,  
The interesting Danish Siamése twins,  
Good Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern,  
Who, holding on their voyage, and delivering  
To England's majesty the fraternal missives,  
By England's majesty have their heads instanter  
And without further ceremony chopped off —  
Hurráh for Éngland! móre power tó thee, Hamlet!

The first act of our story with a ghost,  
A grisly ghost, began; come with me now,  
Kind reader, that is if thou 'rt not afraid,  
Into a chúrchyard where good Christians lie  
Waíting the final trump to rise to glory.  
Hére in his splenetic mood arrives young Hamlet,  
And standing on the edge of the deep grave  
That 's waiting for his injured, sweet Ophelia,  
Begins to crack jokes with the base grave-diggers,  
Make puns, say witty things, and moralize  
Át the expénsé of frail humanity's relics,  
Till the corpse comes; then down into the grave  
Leáps in the desperation of his sorrow,  
And, collared on the coffin by the brother,

Blusters and tugs and spouts and wrestles hard  
Till the crowd come between and part the mourners.

Adjourn we now to royal palace-hall,  
And gay assembly met to adjudge the prize  
To him who best knows how to wield the small sword,  
Ophelia's brother, practised well in France,  
Or our dear nephew, all-accomplished Hamlet.  
Look sharp now to thyself, thou that wouldest kill  
With thine own hand thine uncle; for there's poison  
Upon thine adversary's rapier point;  
And if, victorious, thou escape the point,  
A poisoned chalice stands by to refresh thee.  
But stay — what's this already? in the name  
Of heaven, and of the ghost and thy revenge,  
Thy wisdom and thy mumming and thy madness,  
The bloody arras, sweet Ophelia's pond,  
And the two heads of thy once College friends,  
Lopped off instead of thine by courteous England,  
What's this I see already? not thine uncle's  
But thine own blood upon a poisoned rapier  
And streaming down thy doublet: make haste, Hamlet; —  
And there thy mother drinks death from the cup  
For thee no longer necessary, who  
Hast but five minutes' life — make haste, and wrest  
Out of thy murderer's hand the poisoned point,  
And turn it on him; bravo! now thine uncle;  
Bravo again! 'twere pity thou'dst forgot him.

And now die happy; thou'st at last achievèd  
This most magnanimous, meritorious deed;  
And though, plain truth to tell, a little slowly,  
And somewhat in the manner of a thing  
A while forgotten then remembered sudden,

Yet with so little risk to thine own bones,  
Béing thyself already in those clutches  
Which from all further earthly harm protect,  
I own thou 'st put me into a sort of puzzle  
Which crówn first tó award thee; of hot valor,  
Ór of hot válor's base antipodes,  
Sneáking discretion; I 'll e'en home and sleep on 't.  
Meanwhile, inexplicable, unintelligible  
Compound of incongruities, Good night.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); April 28, 1855.

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## ROMEO AND JULIET.

BRAVE, courteous, handsome, clever, gallant Romeo  
With all his heart and soul loves Rosaline;  
Shé is the pôlestar of his longing eyes,  
The haven of his hopes and aspirations,  
His dream by day, his vision all the night,  
The book in which he reads perpetually  
The loveliness and excellence of woman.

Being fond of pleasure this same Romeo goes  
A-masking to the house of Capulet,  
Where for a Montague to be seen is death,  
So hot the feud between the two old races,  
And falls slapdash o'er head and ears in love  
With fourteen-year-old Juliet, the host's daughter,  
Whó with like pássionate suddenness on him  
Doáts on the instant, seeing behind his visor  
The properest, fairest, and discreetest man,

Nót in Veróna only, but the world,  
And kicks against the chosen of her parents,  
The County Paris, will have none but Romeo,  
And Romeo must and will have; dutiful child!  
Ánd for fourteén of most miraculous wisdom!  
And nothing headstrong! only will be married  
Off hand to the acquaintance of five minutes,  
The enemy of her house, the pledged to another;  
Módest withal and chaste! though a proficient  
In filthy language, and right roundly rating,  
Éven on her wedding day, the slow approach  
Of closely curtained, “love-performing” night.

But sour is still near sweet, and rain near sunshine,  
Sórrow near pleásure, near the rose a thorn,  
And out of this same merry masking comes  
Not love alone but fierce and deadly quarrel:  
Týbalt, the fair one’s cousin, spies behind  
The réveller’s mask not Cupid’s laughing eyes  
Bút the curled moústache of a Montague,  
And, taking fire, comes to a brawling match  
And rapier thrusts with devil-may-care Mercutio,  
And makes short work of him, and in requital  
Ís himself máde short wórk of by hot Romeo,  
Who forthwith must to banishment in Mantua,  
Fár from Veróna, far from love and Juliet.

Meantime the parents, ignorant that their child  
Is theirs no longer, and that among Christ’s  
Osténsible ministers there has óne been found  
To affix Christ’s signet to the stolen compact,  
Préss upon Romeo’s wedded wife Count Paris,  
And fix tomorrow for the wedding day;  
Miss pouts, and hangs her head: is quite too young,

Too innocent, too tender yet for marriage,  
And will not till she 's forced; would rather die,  
Take poison, stab herself, do anything  
A high souled girl of fourteen dare to do  
The truth to hide and the first crime to double.

Is there no help, no help in the wide world  
For maid so hardly used — for wedded wife?  
Ayé to be sure there is, while there 's a priest;  
That same friár Laurence knows an herb of power  
To impárt for twó days death's cold, pállid semblance  
Trackless upon the third day disappearing  
Before returning health and bloom and vigor.  
This herb drinks Juliet, and the wretched parents  
And County Paris on his wedding day  
Greét not a bride and daughter but a corpse,  
Which the next night with tears and sad array  
They lay in the tomb of all the Capulets.  
The next night after, with sweet smelling flowers  
To deck his bride's untimely grave, comes Paris  
And there falls foul of — whom? the ghost of Tybalt?  
Nó, but the bánished Montague that made  
Týbalt a ghost — the banished Romeo prowling  
At midnight round the tomb of Capulet —  
And dráws upon his enemy and falls  
And dying begs a grave beside his bride.  
Now if thou 'dst know what business in Verona,  
What business at the tomb of Capulet,  
Had Romeo, when he should have been a-bed  
And snug asleep in banishment at Mantua,  
Please ask friar Laurence didn't hé send for him  
To come and from her temporary tomb,  
Her parents and Verona and Count Paris,  
Beár in his arms away his wedded wife.

"Aye, that I did," the holy friar will answer,  
"And had agreed with wrenching iron there  
Myself to meet him, and a second time  
Consign the Capulet's child to the Montague."  
And true the answer of the holy friar,  
But nót comes Romeo therefore, not to snatch  
A living Capulet out of Capulet's tomb,  
But to entomb there a dead Montague,  
Námely himsélf; for which be these two reasons:  
First the miscarriage of the friar's true message,  
To come post haste to unbury living Juliet;  
And next the carriage by eye-witnesses  
Of the friar's lie, that on her wedding night  
Juliet was laid a stiffened corpse beside  
Her cousin Tybalt in the Capulets' tomb.  
Thérefore comes Romeo, for in the name of love  
And sober sense, and piety toward heaven,  
And fortitude and magnanimity  
And common prudence, how could Romeo live,  
Júliet being déad, his five minútes' acquaintance,  
And, counting-in the two days she is dead,  
Now nearly three whole days his wedded wife?  
How coúld he live? and if he killed himself  
In Mantua there, how was the world to know  
'Twas all for Juliet's love he killed himself?  
So Romeo, being in earnest, buys real poison,  
And being in haste moreover, hires post horses,  
And that same night, first having as we have seen  
Despatched poor Paris, dies Felo de se  
And kisses with his dying lips dead Juliet,  
Whó, the next instant opening such bright eyes  
As make the whole tomb look like a lighthouse lantern,  
And seeing, upon óne side, her dead husband,  
And on the other, her dead bridegroom lying,

And not far off her cousin dead and rotting,  
Thinks 'twere not far amiss she too should die  
Were 't but for the sake of such good company,  
And being besides in so convenient place,  
And draws out of the sheath her husband's dagger  
And sheathes it in her bosom, there to rust,  
And dies outright. The watch seize friar Laurence  
And let him go again; and théré 's an end;  
And more 's the pity, seeing there was never  
Of perfect truelove a more perfect model,  
Never a story of more pleasant woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 4, 1855.

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### THE TEMPEST.

FAR in a désert island in the midst  
Of the Méditerránean lived, long years ago,  
A wrinkled, withered hag, called Sycorax,  
With Caliban her son, an uncouth savage  
And worshipper, like her, of Setebos,  
Whoever Setebos was. The old witch died  
And Caliban reigned alone in the desert island,  
When one day in a leaky boat arrived,  
With his books of magic and his infant daughter,  
Milan's Duke, Próspero, expelled his duchy  
By his usurping brother, Antonio,  
And turned adrift; black day for Caliban,  
Whó, as a matter of course, is robbed of all,  
And civilized, and taught a new religion,  
And made to fetch and carry for a master

And for his master's daughter, sweet Miranda,  
Now growing to a woman, and at last  
A woman grown, who of no other men  
Knóws in the wórld but Caliban and her father,  
Thóugh I 'll not swear she has never heard of spirits,  
Her father being a sorcerer, and dealing  
Lárgely with creatures of that Natural Order,  
Dárkening the sun by their means, raising storms,  
And doing with equal ease all possible things  
And all impossible. Especially  
One Ariel was his favorite, a blythe spirit  
Whom, when he came to the island first, he found  
Pégged in a clóven pine — “A spirit pegged!”  
Aýe, to be sure, for Sycorax was a witch,  
And witches can as easily peg spirits  
Ínto cloven pínes, as tapsters can peg spiles  
Ínto beer bárrels — and théré the spirit was howling,  
And writhing to get out, now twelve whole winters,  
When Prospero came, and, the dead witch defying,  
Widened the pine-tree rift and let him out.  
Another twelve years and we find the spirit  
On board the king of Naples' ship in the óffing,  
Fríghtening the king of Naples and his friend  
And protégé, the usurping Duke Antonio,  
Now playing Jack o' lantern on the mast,  
Now running up and down the shrouds like wildfire,  
Now firing squibs and crackers in the cabin,  
Bút in the lóng run quite goodnaturedly  
Sáving them all from foundering in the tempest;  
He had broúght upón them by his master's orders,  
And sound and dry into his master's hand  
Delivering both the usurper and the king,  
Ánd the king's drunken jester, drunken butler,  
And handsome son; of whom Miranda chooses,

After a game at chess, the last for husband,  
The wedding ceremonial being however  
Deferred, for want of a priest, till safe return  
Of the high contracting Powers to Christendom  
With the drúnken jester and the drunken butler,  
And wicked brother Antonio freely pardoned  
Without his even so much as asking pardon  
Or promising amendment or saying thánk ye;  
And so breaks off, a little abrupt, the story,  
Leáving us to surmise how they got home,  
And wondering often whether they took with them,  
Or there behind them left, poor Caliban;  
And as for Ariel who can't well refuse,  
Háving supplied the storm that brought it thither,  
To find fair weather for the ship returning,  
Hé 's to have leáve, this last turn served, to go  
And shift for himself and keép clear for the fúture  
Of witches, cloven pines, and Dukes of Milan.

Lórd, what delight the enactment of this story  
By fúll grown men and women gives to children!  
And how I laughed, when I was seven years old,  
At all the queer things staggering Trinculo said,  
And hid my head when Caliban crawled out,  
And peeped again when it was Ariel flying,  
And wondered why 'twas nót at blindman's buff  
But chéss the king's son and Duke's daughter played,  
And hated the bad duke, and loved the good one  
With his enchanter's wand and long, striped coat!  
Alás, those happy days of seven years old  
For mé are fled, and with them fled, for me,  
Tom Thumb and Cinderella and The Tempest!

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY; May 15, 1855.

## KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THE king of England meets the king of France  
And shákes hands with him in a field near Ardres; —  
The Duke of Buckingham 's accused of treason,  
Triéd and condémned, and séts off in a barge  
For Tówer Hill, there to have his head chopped off; —  
Kátharine of Árragon, poor virtuous queen!  
Has hér trial toó, and, being repudiated,  
Diés brokenheárted in Kimbolton castle; —  
Proud Wolsey blooms and ripens in the sun  
Of royal favor till a cloud between  
Hím and the sún comes, and he droops and fades  
And shrívels up, and begs a little earth  
And leáve to lay his bones in Leicester Ábbey,  
And dies at eight p. m. and goes to — heaven; —  
The king sees Anna Boleyn at a ball  
And takes her out to dance, and kisses her,  
And gives her Kátharine's wárm place in his bed; —  
The yoúng queen's coronation is a sight  
Ángels look down upon from heaven with envy:  
The prayers, the benedictions, holy chrism,  
The ball and sceptre and the bird of peace,  
The happy crowds of gaping, wondering faces,  
The anthem and the full choir and the organ,  
The battle-ax-men and the halberdiers,  
The golden circlet placed by England's primate,

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Upon the fairest of the six fair brows  
Whose happy fortune 'tis, one after th' other,  
To please for a while the taste of scrupulous Henry;  
And, not least gazed at of the brave assembly,  
The heretic doctor, placed for his heresy  
At the head of all the bishops and archbishops,  
The same good man who, give him time enough,  
Sháll, in the sight of some of those there gazing,  
Abominate and abjure his heresy;  
Nay, far more curious and delectable sight!  
Abominate and abjure his abjuration; —  
A lying-in comes next, with cake and caudle; —  
And thereupon a christening, where the same  
Half-heretic doctor gossips, and foretelling  
The blessings kind heaven has in store for the baby,  
Ignóres, with true prophetic skill, the blessings  
The sáme kind heáven has in stóre for the báby's móther  
Ánd the wise próphet's self. So ends the story,  
And what do you think it 's called? the unfortunate duke?  
Or good archbishop? or bad cardinal?  
Or meeting of their highnesses at Ardres?  
Or Kátharíne's divorce? or Anna Boleyn's  
Woóing, or lying-in, or coronation?  
Or happy Christening of Elizabeth?  
Nó; but it 's cálled, after the peg on which  
The nine odd scraps are hung, King Henry the Eighth.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND); May 18, 1855.

“HERE I gó up and dówn, hop, hop, hóp,  
And from mórníng till níght never stóp  
Picking seéds up and filling my cróp;  
And though I ’m but a spárrow, and thou  
A míghty great mán, I allów,  
I woúld not change wíth thee, somehów.”

“For a thíng of thy size,” answered I,  
“Great ’s thy wísdom, I ’ll néver dený,  
So to líve on the sáme way I ’ll trý,  
As I líved years befóre thou wast hátched,  
Or the bárn, thou wast hátched in, was thatched;  
Pert spárrow, I hópe thou art mátched.”

“Very wéll,” said the spárrow; “let bé;  
Hadst thou nót looked uncívil at mé,  
I ’d no wórd said uncívil to theé,  
For we ’re bróthers alike, after áll,  
Though you mén, have the fáshion to cáll  
Yourselves gréat and us, poór sparrows! smáll.”

HEIDELBERG, July 31, 1855.

## AUF WIEDERSEH'N!

Auf Wiederseh'n! politer word  
I doubt not there might be,  
Could one but of politeness think  
When taking leave of thee.

Auf Wiederseh'n! then, dearest girl,  
Since from thee I must part —  
Auf Wiederseh'n! not from the lips  
But from the sad, sad heart.

HEIDELBERG, July 28, 1855.

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## TO

HOFRATH SÜPFLE AND HIS DAUGHTER EMILIA;

ON OUR LEAVING CARLSRUHE, AUG. 16, 1855.

ADIEU! kind friénds; and, by these idle rhymes  
Or by the hour reminded, think sometimes  
Of the two strángers, widely wandering pair,  
With whom ye pleased your evening walks to share,  
Gláddening their one short week in still Carlsruhe,  
But sáddening — ah, how saddening! their adieu.

TO PROFESSOR GRATZ

LIBRARIAN OF THE GRAND DUCAL LIBRARY, CARLSRUHE.

ON MY LEAVING CARLSRUHE, AUG. 16, 1855.

FAREWELL! and happy live till thou and I  
Meet once again beneath a summer sky;  
Should that day never come, then happy die —  
Even while I say Farewell! the minutes fly.

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AUGUST the Twenty Third, in Tübingen,  
I paid a visit to the poet Uhland,  
Whó with some fórmal courtesy received me,  
And néxt day at my lodgings left a card.  
Móre wouldst thou knów of Uhland? páy him a visit  
Ánd, if thou 'rt áble, make more out of him  
Than that he is a little, ugly, wiry,  
Wrinkled, hard-visaged man of eight and sixty,  
Who, jilted of his Muse, sits all day long  
In his stúdy, moping over Lord knows what,  
And little recks of friends, and less of strangers,  
And báthes of summer mornings in the Neckar.

Walking from BEILSTEIN to WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG); Sept. 3, 1855.

TO DOCTOR EMANUEL TAFEL,  
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AND LIBRARIAN IN THE UNIVERSITY  
OF TÜBINGEN.

ON MY LEAVING TÜBINGEN, AUG. 31, 1855.

LEARNING and leisure, and a gentle mind  
To works of charity of itself inclined,  
Visions \* of Good and Beautiful and True  
Hiding the real, sad, suffering world from view,  
Are bounteous heaven's munificent gifts to thee —  
Enjoy them, and of all men happiest be.

---

“SO théré ’s an énd!” said I, and from the grave  
Turned homeward, sorrowful, my lingering step,  
And down beside the cradle sat and wept,  
Then, having wept my fill, went out and labored  
And with eased heárt returned, and eat and slept,  
And róse next day and labored, wept and slept,  
And rose again next day and did the same,  
And évery dáy the sáme did, till the last;  
And nów, the last day come at long and last,  
I weep because it ’s come and ends my weeping.

STUTTGART, Sept. 1, 1855.

\* Doctor Tafel is a zealous disciple of Swedenborg’s, and has written much and amiably and eloquently, but as it appears to me, without any vis consequentiae, in support of that religionist’s doctrines.

## LUCEM PEROSUS.

NÁKED, and for the plunge prepared, I stood  
Upón the déep pool's steep and silent brink,  
And, having thought a brief farewell to home,  
Kíndred and friénds, hopes, joys, and pains, and fears,  
Leáped like a fróg into the yielding water,  
Whích with a wélcome gurgling filled mine ears,  
And mouth and nose and eyes, and stopped my breath,  
Ánd I became as though I had nót been born;  
And mén set úp a stone to mark the spot,  
And cárved a deáth's-head and cross bones upón it,  
And the reproáchful wórds FELO DE SE;  
And woúld have killed me téen times, if they coúld,  
Ráther than ónce have lét me kill myself.  
Pity their creed 's not trué, else I 'd come back  
Anights, and scare them as they lie abed  
Thinking of ghóst and héll-fires and the damned,  
And súicides in deep, black, dismal pools,  
And héáven's revenge, and their own naughtiness  
Whích from their Gód even in their prayers they hide,  
In vain. Let be; their creed 's their punishment.

Walking from THEMAR to SUHL, in the THURINGIAN FOREST; Oct. 3, 1855.

WHÝ so shý of deáth, sweet ínfant?  
Deáth 's but óne long, lásting húsh-ó,  
Ánd the gráve a deeþ, deep crádle  
Húng with bláck cloth ánd white línen.

“Í 'm not tired yet óf my córals,  
Cándy, cákes, and mílk and hóney;  
Ín the gráve Mammá won't pét me,  
Nór Papá bring mé new pláy-things.”

Jóyous strípling, whý so shún death?  
Deáth 's no crábbed, soúr precéptor,  
Wákes thee nót of eárly mórnings;  
Ín the gráve 's one lóng vacátion.

“Ín the gráve 's one lóng vacátion,  
Bút no díce, no bówls, no ténnis;  
Deáth toasts néver ín Champágne wine  
Lízzy's lóve or Bélla's beauúty.”

Mán of rípe years, whý so dreád death?  
Ín the gráve there 's nó more trouble,  
Deáth keeps wáatch and léts not énter  
Pain or lóss or feár or sórrow.

"Ín the gráve there is no trouble,  
Bút there 's álso nó enjoýment,  
Deáth keeps wáatch and léts not énter  
Pleásure, prófit, hópe or hónor."

Feeéble, tóttering, weáry óld man,  
Whý from Deáth's kind hélp recoil so?  
Seé! he spreáds a sóft couch fór thee;  
Cást thy stáff awáy and lié down.

"Gládly woúld I Deáth's kind hánđ take,  
Ánd upón his sóft couch strétch me,  
Díd no démons roúnd it hóver,  
Díd no níghtmares its sleep trouble."

Démons, níghtmares haúnt not thát bed,  
Soúnd its sleép, sound, soúnd and dreámless;  
Láy thine heád down ón the pillow,  
Clóse thine eýes now, ánd — all 's óver.

Walking from SUNL, in the THURINGIAN FOREST, to OHRDRUFF; Oct. 4, 1855.

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ACÚTE, obsérvant, witty and profound,  
Goéthe, the wórldly wise, dwells in my brain;  
Bút to my heárt of hearts, with all thy faults,  
I téke thee, géntle, noble-minded Schiller,  
And with thee móurn, not mock, humanity.

Walking from LUDWIGSBURG to BEILSTEIN (WÜRTTEMBERG); Sept. 2, 1855.

"TÉLL me, Quíntus," ónce said Virgil,  
Ás he wálked in Róme with Hórace,  
"Whát think'st thou of my Enéis?  
Whó can júdge so wéll as Quíntus?"

"Fór the cómplimént I thánk thee,  
Thoúgh I ówn I scáree desérve it,  
Cléver Públius," ánswered Hórace;  
"Thoú shalt heár my plain opínion:

"Thíne Enéis is a greát work,  
Wórthy mátc of Grécia's greátest,  
Roúnd the Róman Hómer's témplex  
Bínds a wreáth of bay perénnial.

"Wíder thán of Róman Eágle  
Sháll the flight be óf Rome's Épos,  
Viéwed with wónder bý unbórn tribes  
Óf all clímates tóngues and cólors."

"With the fúture," ánswered Vírgil,  
"Lét it bé as Jóve and Fáte will;  
Ít 's enóugh for mé, my Quíntus,  
Tó have pleásed the Róman Píndar."

OHRDRUFF, near GOTHA; Oct. 4, 1855.

ÁSK me not whát her náme was — it's small mätter  
Aboút a náme — but ásk me whát hersélf was,  
Ánd my whole bésting, bürsting into teárs,  
Ánswers: "She wás" — good Gód! and is't she *wás*?

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG); Sept. 4, 1855.

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SHE néver in her whóle life wrote one stánza,  
She knéw no Greek, no Látin, scarcely French,  
She pláyed not, dánced not, ság not, yet when Death  
His árms about her thréw, to teár her fróm me,  
I would have rásomed her, not Orpheus-like  
With mine own song alone, but with *all* song,  
Músic and dánce, philosophy and learning  
Were éver, or to bé were, in the world.

GOTHA, Oct. 12, 1855.

THEY sáy I 'm óf a Propaganda school  
And woúld have áll men measure by my rule,  
Ánd they say trué, perhaps; but then the rule,  
I 'd háve them measure by, is: THERE 'S NO RULE.

WÜRZBURG (BAVARIA), Sept. 29, 1855.

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INTO two clásses áll men í divide,  
The oppréssed on thís, the oppréssors on that, síde;  
Lét them change námes and places as they will,  
Oppréssors and oppréssed I find them still.

Walking from SUHL to OBERNHOF in the THURINGIAN FOREST; Oct. 4, 1855.

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### IN FRÄULEIN JULIE FINCKH'S ALBUM.

HEILBRONN, SEPT. 19, 1855.

PLEÁSANT it ís to journey on and on,  
Obsérving still new lands and peoples strange,  
But fár more pleasant on a spot to light  
Which with so friéndly courtesy receives us,  
Thát we stop shórt and sáy: — “Why one step further?”

## PROVIDENCE *versus* CHANCE AND FATE.

THE ship struck on a rock by accident,  
And sank, and all on board were lost but two,  
Whom in the longboat of th' illfated vessel,  
Almost by miracle, a kind Providence saved.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 3, 1855.

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NO wonder, reáder, that from all I say  
Thou túrn'st with clósed eyes and closed ears away,  
Fór in this point at least all men agree,  
That eách will teacher, none will learner, be.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 13, 1855.

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## INSCRIPTION FOR A LUCIFER-MATCH BOX.

(I)

PROMÉTHEUS' feát to thine was but a patch,  
Glórious invéntor of the lucifer-match!  
Thou steál'st not fire, but mák'st it fresh and new;  
Ánd, what even Heáven forgót, hid'st it from view.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 20, 1855.

ON my bed  
Down my head  
Laid like lead,  
Clothes tucked in  
Under chin,  
I begin  
Not to sleep,  
But to weep  
And watch keep,  
Wondering why  
I don't die  
Instantly,  
And down low,  
Sad and slow,  
To Styx go,  
There to moan  
Faithless Joan  
Away flown,  
Flown away,  
Would not stay,  
Lack a day!  
Well, let be!  
Plain I see  
'Twould kill me

Só to lie  
'lone, and sigh  
Heigh ho! heigh!  
Rosalind  
's fair and kind;  
Wasn't I blind  
To prefer  
Joan to her?  
I aver  
I would not  
Give one groat,  
Stir one jot,  
Joan to save  
From the grave;  
Beauty's slave  
Though Fate me  
Doomed to be,  
Still — d' ye see? —  
Shé left mé  
Full and free  
Liberty  
This one's noose  
Tó refuse,  
Thát one's choose.

Só revolved  
And resolved,  
Thé case solved,  
Driéd mine eyes,  
Stilled my sighs,  
Up I rise  
Át gray day,  
And my way,  
Fresh and gay,

Táke toward kind  
Rosalind.

With stout mind,  
Shown by nip  
Óf my lip,  
Ánd firm grip  
Óf my stick,  
Í pass quick  
Thé hayrick,  
Whére, close bý  
Joán's house, I  
Used to lie  
On the ground,  
Watching round  
Sight or sound  
Óf Joan nigh.

“Bye! good bye!  
Joan,” said I;  
“Ás thou me,  
Í leave thee,  
Tó live free,”  
And a look,  
Turning, took  
Of the brook  
Ánd grass plat  
Ánd flower knot  
Ánd thatched cot.  
Thé fresh sun,  
His day's run  
Just begun,  
Clad with bright  
Ruddy light  
Tower and height,

And the green  
Leaves between  
Glancing sheen,  
Every ray  
Seemed to say: —  
“Please, Sir, stay.”  
“Stáy! not I;  
Bye! good bye!  
Joan,” cried I,  
Ánd, “Heigh hó!”  
Sighed, and slow  
Turned to go.  
Wás’t echó  
Answered: — “hó!”  
I don’t know,  
Bút, turned round  
At the sound,  
There I found,  
By my side,  
In her pride,  
Joan, my bride.  
Wasn’t I blind  
Rosalind,  
Though she ’s kind,  
So to her  
To prefer,  
And aver  
I would not  
Give one groat,  
Stir one jot,  
Joan to save  
From the grave?  
Beauty’s slave

Whén Fate mé  
Doomed to be,  
Mistress she  
'ssigned me none  
But mine own  
Peerless Joan.

TÜBINGEN, Aug. 28, 1855.

POET.

THESE vérses reád, and, having read, tell me  
If nót as good as Horace's they be.

CRITIC.

As goód as Hórace's! my dear Sir, no;  
Hórace wrote his two thousand years ago.

POET.

Had míne been writ two thousand years ago,  
And Hórace's today, hadst still said No?

CRITIC.

Nó, by no meáns; then thou hadst been the rule,  
And í had learned thee off by heart at school.

POET.

Alas, alas, the tyranny of Fate!  
Bétter not bórн at áll, than born so late.

CRITIC.

Pátience; thou 'rt tíme enough; each has his date,  
Some eárlier, later some, but all must wait.  
Two thóúsand years hence thou perhaps shalt be  
Greáter than Hórace — Why so stare at me?

POET.

I 'm thinking if two thousand years work so,  
Whát will four thousand do; I 'd like to know.

CRITIC.

Undo all that two thousand years had done,  
And leáve thee as thou 'rt now, by all unknown;  
Ór, if thou 'rt Fórtune's special favorite, raise  
And moót the question in some score of ways:  
How many poets were there of thy name,  
Ánd to thy vérses which has the best claim,  
Or hárk in with some future Wolfius' cry  
That thou and thy existence were a lie,  
Fór to créate such noble works required  
Some twénty bards at least, and all inspired.

POET.

Thén there 's no wáy to be for ever known,  
And cónsecrate the world to come mine own.

CRITIC.

And if there were, what were 't but vanity  
When ónce the coffin lid has closed on thee?

POET.

So bé it. Come, Múse, let 's not throw pearls away,  
Or pípe for those who won't the piper pay.  
We 'll pleáse our noble selves; I thee, thou me;  
Ánd for itsélf let shift posterity.

Walking from WEINSBERG in WÜRTTEMBERG to WÜRZBURG in BAVARIA;  
Sept. 25 — 29, 1855.

"Immer am widrigsten bleibt der Schein des Monds und der Sterne,  
Nicht ein Körnlein, bei Gott! weckt ihr unpraktischer Strahl."

JUSTINUS KERNER.

THIS wórlد 's so fast progréssing I do nót despair to séé yet  
Three thíngs, that now run áll to waste, turned tó important  
úses:

There 's first of all the sínging birds, it goés to my heart to  
heár them

Straínning their little throáts and lungs to nó conceivable  
púrpose;

Teách them to sing a régular tune, and sóldiers could march  
tó it,

And cóst of fife and drúm be spared as wéll 's of fifer and  
drúmmér.

Then thére 's the moon- and stár-light bright, that, áll the  
livelong night through,

On hill and vale and seá and plain Heaven só profusely  
squánders,

I 'd like to know why it might not be in réservoirs collécted,  
And úsed in manufactoryes at hálf the cost of gás-light.

But wind 's the thing that 's wásted most, though wind 's  
more worth than jéwels,

And át the State's expénsé should be, by fórcing pump and  
béllows,

In cópious streams, to évery house, suppliéd all day and  
níght long,

To keép it clear from dúst and smoke and chólera and féver;

And every man should pay a fine that's of the crime convicted,  
Of wasting wind in foolish talk or blowing the church organ,  
But women's mouths should still be free, and weathercocks  
and windmills,

And ships of every size and rig, and members of both Houses.  
If God's so good my life to spare until I see these changes,  
I'll die content, not doubting but things will go on improving  
Until at last the whole wide world's exactly as it should be.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 9, 1855.

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THE coachman drives, the horses draw, the carriage carries  
Dives,

Who sits inside and rolls at ease, secure from wind and weather;  
But Dives' nights are restless, he has no appetite for dinner:—  
“Discharge your coachman, Dives, sell your horses and your  
carriage,

And on your two legs trudge it, under every wind and weather,  
And, *créde mi expérto*, as a top you'll sleep all night sound,  
And hardly wait for ended Grace, to fall upon your dinner.”

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 7, 1855.

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WOULDST thou convince the doubting world thou'ret truly  
And from thine heart repentant thou'st not married,  
Marry; repentence is best proved by penance.

HEIDELBERG, August 1, 1855.

THERE are two sisters; one with bright,  
Gay, laughing eyes, full of delight,  
And outstretched hand and warm embrace,  
And joy-irradiated face,  
And step alert, and such sweet voice  
As makes the hearer's heart rejoice.  
No company is to my mind  
In which I don't this sister find.

Never in this world was seen  
Maiden of more opposite mien  
Than th' other sister: sobs and sighs,  
Drooping lids and tearful eyes,  
And heavy footstep, lingering slow,  
Unwilling, yet prepared, to go,  
And handkerchief white-waving still,  
And prayers to Heaven to avert all ill.  
Never long, be it where it may,  
When I meet this maid I stay,  
But right-about face, and away.  
\*\*\* Come they call the cheerful maid,  
FARE \*\*\* the melancholy jade;  
Both in one house live and attend  
The coming and the parting friend,  
One opens, and one shuts, the door;  
Thou know'st them both — Need I say more?

GOTHA, Oct. 11, 1855.

**“Et grato remeat securior ictu.”**

IN Róme's old dáys of glóry, when a cítizén thought fit  
A wéll desérving sláve, of free gráce, to mánumít,  
He cálled the várlet tó him, and, bídging him stády stánd,  
A smárt slap ón the cheék dealt him with ópen hánđ,  
And saíd: — “Thy freédom táke and wíth it my last blów;  
Much goód may théy both dó thee; there — thou art freé to gó.”

And I 'm sórry I wasn't bý, when, defýing áll beliéf,  
A Brítish prínce a kníght made out of a loín of beeáf: —  
“Get up, Sir loín,” he saíd, with a flát slap óf his knífe,  
And wórhier kníght made néver the goód prínce in his life.

GOTHA, Octob. 14, 1855.

## MUSINANDO.

POET.

O thou who all things here belów understandest,  
From whóm Heaven hides nothing, who seést into Cháos,  
Far Límbo, dim Púrgat'ry, Tártarus deép,  
Who delíghtest thy friénds to instrúct and enlighten,  
Who néver forgéttest and mák'st no mistákes,  
Have I leáve, in the Státe's name, O Múse, to put tó thee  
Some few quéstions statistic concerning thysélf?

MUSE.

I 'm no friénd of statistics — revived Inquisítions —  
Th' old sérpent crept báck in the guíse of a lámb;  
But no mátter, the Státe has a right to commánd me;  
Proceeéd with thy búsiness and lét me be góing.

POET.

First of áll, with a viéw to idéntificación,  
The Státe asks thy náme.

MUSE.

Asks my náme! let me think —  
Eutérpe, Melpómene, Érato, Clío,  
Terpsíchore, Polýmnia, Uránia, Thalía,  
Aéde, Callíope, Mélite, Mnémé —  
Choose which thou lik'st best — one 's as goód as another —  
Perhaps nóne quite corréct, but I ánswer to áll.

POET.

That 's the fírst point dispósed of. Now, whát 's thy religion?

MUSE.

Like the Státe's, it depénds upon tíme, place and fáshion;  
Long Págan, then Christian; Mahómmedan néver,  
Never Mórmon or Jéwish, though with tíme 'tmay be eíther.

POET.

That 's the sécond point séttled. Now, whére wert thou bórн?

MUSE.

In Beótia my foés say, my friénds say in Heáven;  
My own mémory though lóng doesn't gó quite so fár.

POET.

Then thou 'rt óld?

MUSE.

Why perháps — I don't knów — I 'm not súre —  
Can't one háve a good mémory withoút being óld?  
Must the Státe know a lády's age júst to an hoúr?  
No; I 'll nót be cross-quéstioned — I 've néver been úsed  
to it —

And thou too, Mr. Poet, to máke thyself pártý!  
Whither 's gállantry, chívalry, coúrtesy fléd?  
It 's the Íron Age cóme back — Et tú, Brute, tú!  
Fare thee wéll; happy live; serve the Státe; keep progréssing  
Like the blínd grinding horse that thinks góing round 's  
prógress —

POET.

For Gód's sake, Muse, lísten —

MUSE.

Farewéll! we are twó.

POET.

She 's góne — I 'll go áfter — but whére shall I find her?  
Whither túrn to look fór her? her dómicle whére?  
Fool! that míght'st to that quéstion have hád her own ánswer  
Hadst thou deált but a líttle more gíngerly wíth her  
And nót touched her áge till thou 'dst leárned her abóde —  
As it stánds in the schédule: ABÓDE — CALLING — ÁGE —  
Wise schédule! well, hélp there was néver for spílled milk;  
So pátience, as Máro says, "Ét vosmet rébus  
Serváte secúndis;" i. e. in plain prose:  
The dear gírl when she cómes next perháps may be sófter —

I 'll depénd on thee, Máro, for whó ever bétter  
Than Máro the maid knew, or quéstioned her clóser,  
Or gót her to téll more, or — wórse kept her sécrets?  
Not quite faír — not quite faír — thou 'st been scúrvily treáted,  
Poor Múse, I must ówn; and if thou but cóm'st back  
And talk'st kindly wíth me, and thís once forgív'st me,  
I swear by Parnássus I 'll néver to mórtal  
One syllable útter of áll that has háppened,  
Or ásk thee from hénceforth one pérsoneal quéstion;  
Let the Státe, if it will, do its ówn shabby búsiness,  
Or sóme one, more fitted than I, find, to dó it;  
I 'll be nóné of its pímp — See! I teár up the schédule —  
There she cómes! welcome báck! that 's my ówn darling girl!  
So býegones are býegones, and ónce more we 're friénds.

CARLSRUHE, Nov. 26, 1855.

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### THE ASTRONOMERS.

It chánced as I pássed by my bárn one fine évening —  
Few barns have so spléndid a viéw to the Wést —  
I sáw, side by side on the hálf-door perched cózy,  
My cóck and my hén and a síx-weeks-old chicken.

As I stoód looking át them, and théy at the súnset  
That was paínting with góld me and thém and the bárn,  
Says the hén in reply to a quéstion the chicken  
Had júst put: — “I 'll téll you, my deár, all aboút it:

“The sun séts in the Wést; then beneáth the round eárh //  
Goes acróss to the Eást and there ríses agáin;  
His rísing makes dáy and his sétting makes níght,  
And só he goes circling for éver and éver.”

"No, Mammá," said the chicken, "just hear me explain it:  
The sun when he sets stops a short while to rest him,  
Then turns, and goes straight back the same way he came,  
But you can't see him going the night is so dark,  
And so he goes posting, like mail coach or steam train,  
To and fro on the same line for ever and ever."

"You're both fools," said the cock, "not one inch the sun  
budges,

But the earth on itself keeps round turning incessant,  
Like a little boy's top or an old housewife's spindle;  
The side that turns towards the sun thinks the sun rises,  
The side that turns from the sun thinks the sun sets,  
And so it goes twirling in sunshine and shadow,  
And twirls us all with it for ever and ever."

As he spoke the sun set and they broke up the council,  
And up to their roosts flew, one after another,  
And in to tea went, and told the whole story,  
But no one believed me — all said I was joking,  
And only the more laughed the more I protested,  
Till at last I took huff and went up to roost too;  
And my cock from that day forth they called Galileo,  
My chickens the Conclave, my old hen the Pope.

Walking from HERRENBERG to CALW (WÜRTTEMBERG), Nov. 3, 1855.

WELL to get through this world there's one receipt:  
Kindly the bitter take, cautious the sweet.

GOTHA, Oct. 11, 1855.

INSCRIPTION  
FOR A LUCIFER MATCH BOX.

(II)

Who can say what the consequence had been,  
Subtle invéntor of the Lucifer match,  
Had Heáven but taken care in box like thine  
To híde from every prying eye its fire!  
Perháps Prometheus had not yet been sent  
To Caúcasus; Cranmer's right hand and left  
Not expiated contradictory crimes,  
Nór with Joan's áshes Rouen's stones been smutted;  
Ephésian Dian's temple still had stood;  
Swine, kíne, and pretty lambs died natural deaths,  
And thou and I our stomachs' cravings stilled  
With innocent, bloódless cucumber and salad.  
But Heáven cares móre to punish than prevent:  
Prométheus rued in Caucasus' ice his theft;  
Dian was shórn of her Ephesian glory;  
Witches and saints and heretics were sublimed;  
And bútchers, bákers, cooks, tobacco smokers,  
Artillery, gás, and steám o'erran the world.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 22, 1855.

CLEVER people are disagreeable, always taking the advantage of you;  
Stupid people are disagreeable, you never can knock anything into their heads;  
Idle people are disagreeable, you must be continually amusing them;  
Busy people are disagreeable, never at leisure to attend to you;  
Extravagant people are disagreeable, always wanting to borrow of you;  
Saving people are disagreeable, won't lay out a penny on you;  
Obliging people are disagreeable, always putting you under a compliment;  
Rude people are disagreeable, never stop rubbing you against the grain;  
Religious people are disagreeable, always boring you with points of faith;  
Irreligious people are disagreeable, no better than Turks and heathens;  
Learned people are disagreeable, don't go by the rules of common sense;  
Unlearned people are disagreeable, never can tell you what you don't already know;  
Fashionable people are disagreeable, mere frivolity and emptiness;  
Vulgar people are disagreeable, don't know how to behave themselves;

Wicked people are disagreeable, you 're never safe in their  
cómpany;

But no people are so disagreeable as your truly good and  
wórthy people —

Slop-committee water-gruel, without a spice of wine or nútmeg,  
Mawzy mutton overboiled, without pepper, salt, or müstand.

Walking from TÜBINGEN to HERRENBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Nov. 2, 1855.

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RIGHT for yoú 's wrong for mé,  
If by different rules wé  
    Right and Wróng chance to meásure;  
Good for mé 's bad for yoú,  
If we dóñ't the same viéw,  
    Both, of pain take and pleásure.

CARLSRUHE, Nov. 11, 1855.

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“STOP! stáy! let 's consider!” cried Irresolútión,  
And hung báck till the boát drifted oút of his reách;  
But Dáring leaped in and laid hóld of the rúdder,  
And steéred himself sáfe to the ópposite bánk.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 3, 1855.

SUMMER 's góne — fled awáy with his lílies and róses,  
Long mórnings and évenings, and deép glowing noón;  
But lamént him not thou, for see yónder where Aútumn,  
Crowned with córn ear and víne branch, approáches to greét  
thee.

Autumn 's góne — fled awáy with his víne branch and córn  
ear,  
And has léft not one poppy in áll the bare fiéld;  
But lamént him not thou, for see yónder where Winter  
To the snúg house and joýs of the fireside invítes thee.

Winter 's góne — to the bleák, frozen Nórth has retreáted;  
The fireside 's desérted, the snúg corner émpty;  
But lamént thou not thérefore, but oút to the greén bank  
Where Spring 's strewing violets, and líst to the thróstle.

Spring 's góne — and his violets are chóked on the greén bank,  
The thróstle's song 's sílent, the thórн 's no more white;  
But lamént thou not thérefore, for séé where with lóng days  
And wreáths of fresh róses young Súmmer comes báck.

Walking from POPPENHAUSEN to UNTERPLEICHFELD (BAVARIA), Oct. 20, 1855.

## MARBACH.

I lóvé thee, Márbach, in the sun there lying,  
Vine clád, upon the Neckar's peaceful bank,  
And lóved thee ere I sáw thee or thy náme heard,  
Theé that gav'st býrth beneath yon humble roof  
To the lóftiest minded of Germánia's pöets.  
I lóvé thy chúrch too with its perpendicular  
Roóf of red tíles and gay, enamelled steeple,  
That, from across the way, looks down upon  
The crádle of thy nursling; and, as here  
I lié at eáse stretched in thy walnut shade,  
On this bright, sunny day of late October,  
And lísten to the murmur of thy Neckar,  
Blénding melódious with thy vintage song,  
Think how a húndred years ago those sounds  
Féll on th' awákening ear of infant Schiller,  
And sigh and to mysélf say: Roll on, Neckar,  
Anóther hundred years, and from thy banks  
To Ánna Liffey's banks perhaps shall come  
Sóme one acquainted with my song, and ask  
“Was hére his cradle?” and being answered “Yes,”  
Shall also ask to see where lie my bones.

MARBACH (WÜRTTEMBERG), Oct. 26, 1855.

ÓVER hill and plain and valley  
Onward as I travel aimless,  
Often, toward the close of evening,  
To my secret self I thus say: --

"Yonder see the same sun setting  
Nearly where he set last evening,  
Yonder, grown a little larger,  
See the same moon silent rising.

"Thou too 'rt grown one whole day older  
Than thou wast at this hour last night,  
But thou 'rt not grown one day wiser,  
And still less grown one day better.

"What though Titus, what though Cato  
Had in thy case mourned a day lost,  
Heart, rejoice, and count each hour won  
That no wound inflicts in passing."

Walking from GIEBELSTADT in BAVARIA to MERGENTHEIM in WÜRTTEMBERG,  
Oct. 22, 1855.

I.

*She.*

TÉLL me nót how múch thou lóv'st me,  
Lóve by wórds was néver méasured,  
Bút look kindly ánd I 'll soón know  
Without wórds how múch thou lóv'st me.

Lét me séé thine eýe grow bríghter  
Át my cóming ánd thy líd droop  
Íf I bút talk óf depárting  
Ánd I 'll knów how múch thou lóv'st me.

Whén thou síngest, whén thou pláyest  
Síng and pláy those áirs alóne which  
Thoú hast heárd me sáy I like best,  
Ánd I 'll knów how múch thou lóv'st me.

Wálk no roáds but thóse which í walk,  
Choóse no flówers but thóse which í choose,  
Háve no friénds but thóse whom í have,  
Ánd I 'll knów how múch thou lóv'st me.

Lóve me ánd thou neéd'st not téll it,  
Lóve that 's tolíd 's alreády léss love ;  
Lóve me ánd thou cánst not híde it,  
Lóve me ánd I cán't but knów it.

*He.*

I 'LL not tell thee how I love thee,  
 Love by words was never measured,  
 But look at me thou, and tell me  
 Dost thou not see how I love thee —

Dost thou not mine eye see brighten  
 At thy coming, and my lid droop  
 If thou but talk'st of departing —  
 I 'll not tell thee how I love thee.

I no songs sing, I no airs play,  
 But those songs and airs thou lik'st best,  
 When thou 'rt absent I am tuneless —  
 I 'll not tell thee how I love thee.

I no roads walk which thou walk'st not,  
 Choose no flowers but those thou choosest,  
 Have no friends but those whom thou hast —  
 I 'll not tell thee how I love thee.

How I love thee I 'll not tell thee,  
 Love that 's told 's already less love;  
 How I love thee I can't hide,  
 Ere I knew it myself thou knew'st it.

TÜBINGEN, Oct. 28, 1855.

## ANNIVERSARY OF SCHILLER'S BIRTHDAY.

STUTTGART, NOV. 10, 1855.

THIS day is Schiller's birthday; there 's rejoicing  
In Stuttgart from the highest to the lowest;  
All Württemberg rejoices, king and court,  
Láic and priést; the squáre before Old Pálace  
Is ódorous of flowers strown round his statue;  
Children his náme lisp, and the very bells  
That cáll on Súndays to the house of prayer  
Are this day éloquent wíth the náme of Schiller.  
Silence, vile soúnds! false flowers, grow pale and wither!  
Húsh, children! let no tongue pronounce his name,  
Th' expátriated fugitive's, whose bones  
Sánctify Weimar's earth, whom ye disowned,  
And from among ye sent to seek a poor,  
Hard earned subsistence in a foreign land,  
Becaúse he wóuld not have his free thoughts scissored,  
And from another cog what he should say.  
Hé has his túrn now and disowns thee, Stuttgart,  
Disówns thee, Suábia; bids ye keep your honors,  
Úseless to him, reproachful to yourselves;  
He wás yours; yé despised him, wóuld not háve him;  
In vain ye claim him now — he is the world's.  
And yét ye did no more than other Stuttgarts  
And Württembergs have done to other Schillers,  
No móre than, from all time, the seized of power  
Háve done, and tó all time will do, to those  
Who dáre to toučh or even so much as point at  
The íncohérent rúbbish, silt and offal,  
Which únderlie the lowest foundation stone

Of all power, and may any day give way  
And slip from underneath, and down falls power  
Amid the loud hurrahs of those who take  
The ruins to erect with them a like  
Proud, towering structure on like dunghill basis  
Permanent perhaps a while, but sure at last  
To rot and stink and ooze and slip away  
From underneath, and down, as old tower fell,  
Falls new tower headlong, amid like hurrahs,  
Curses, and thanks to God, and hymns of triumph.

Thirty nine birthdays Marbach's son had counted,  
Ere far Ierne from my mother's womb  
Received me first, and to his fate had bowed,  
And yielded up, resigned, his painful breath,  
And his eyes closed upon the sweet daylight  
And his own radiant fame, as my seventh year  
By the hand took me, and, beside the lap  
Of Watts and Bärbauld placing, bade me listen  
For the first time to sweeter sound than lark's  
Or thrōstle's song, the numbers of the poet.  
Then other years came and to other laps  
Led me successive, and mine ear drew in  
Eager the various lore, and I grew on  
To be a man, and in the busy world  
Mixed with the busiest, and toiled hard for bread,  
And for vile gold, alas! and rank and honor,  
But never at my busiest did I quite  
Forget my seventh year, or not now and then  
At early morn, late eve, or deep midnight,  
Retired and all alone, entreat to hear  
Numbers melodious — Goldsmith's, Scott's or Pope's,  
Spenser's or Shakespeare's, or divinest Milton's.  
Late late, and almost last, fell on mine ear

His earnest tones whose agitated heart  
In Weimar's grave from my seventh year lay mouldering;  
Late, but not too late, came those earnest tones,  
Nor with a livelier Weimar voice unblended,  
Nor dissonant with Maro's long loved strain,  
T' adjure me from the world and consecrate me  
For ever after solely to the Muse;  
Whose I have been since then, and whose to be  
I would cease never while my lips have power  
To utter Maro's, Milton's, Schiller's name.

[CARLSRUHE, Nov. 20, 1855.]

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\* OUT of the grave I took for love thy body,  
My best beloved! and burned it to a cinder;  
Forgive me, that for love I treated thee,  
As a bigot pope for hatred treated Wicliffe.

CARLSRUHE, Nov. 17, 1855.

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GO to, that think'st of Time as of a thing  
Outside, and independant of, thyself;  
Thyself art Time, runn'st through thy various phases —  
AM, WAS, HAVE BEEN, SHALL BE — and com'st to an end.

CARLSRUHE, Nov. 6, 1855.

\* See DIRGE FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLXII. IN MY BOOK.

## ADVICE.

UNLESS thy friend is wise advise him not,  
For no man takes advice unless he 's wise;  
Unless thy friend 's unwise advise him not,  
For only the unwise require advice;  
And if thy friend 's unwise enough to need,  
And wise enough to take, advice, advise him  
Only in case thou 'st wise advice to give,  
And for thy wise advice no thanks expectest.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

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## TO JUSTINUS KERNER, THE SUABIAN POET.

CORPOREAL darkness failed to quench the ray  
Of vision intellectual in the soul  
Of Milton, Homer, or Tiresias old,  
Or chill the warm pulsations of *thy* heart,  
Tender, imaginative, pensive Kerner.\*  
Ah, what a song had thine been, hadst thou pitched it  
More to the subject's, less to the monarch's ear!

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 9, 1855.

\* Kerner is 69 years of age, and, owing to a cataract on either eye, can scarcely see either to read or write.

ÁS in the printed volume every piece,  
Só in the mighty úniverse itself  
Évery existence, lies between two blanks.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 20, 1855.

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### DIE WEIBERTREUE.\*

VERZEIHE, Weinsberg! schön sind deine Trümmer,  
Und lieblich grün im Sommer ist dein Berg,  
Doch schöner noch ist mir der Weiber Treue,  
Die mitten auch in Winterkälte grün.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 4, 1855.

\* The ruins of the castle of Weinsberg, on a beautiful vine-planted hill immediately outside the town, owe the name by which they are at present known, viz. Die Weibertreue, to the following legend, or, it may be, true history. In the wars between the Welfs and Hohenstauffens in the year 1140, the Hohenstauffens besieged the Welfs in the castle of Weinsberg. The Welfs, reduced to extremities, surrendered at discretion, requiring only that their women should have permission to leave the castle, taking with them as much of their most valuable possessions as they could carry on their backs. The condition having been agreed to, the women walked out, carrying the men on their backs, and thus — for they were chivalrously allowed to pass through the lines unmolested — saved the lives of the garrison and earned for the scene of the exploit the title of Die Weibertreue. Bürger has a poem, not a very good one, on the subject.

RECHTS steht der Aberglaube, Alles glaubend;  
Der Skepticism, der gar Nichts glaubt, steht links;  
Inmitten schlagen sich der Gläub'gen Schaaren —  
Ich schaue zu und freu' mich des Spektakels.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 14, 1855.

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DER Abergläub'ge glaubt zu viel,  
Der Skeptiker zu wenig,  
Drum schliess' ich mich den Gläub'gen an,  
Wann diese alle einig.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 14, 1855.

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MUTTER.

WARUM, mein Kind, sehn'st du dich so nach Oben?

KIND.

Auf Weiteres wird Alles hier verschoben;  
Es giebt, Gottlob! kein Weiteres dort oben.

GIEBELSTADT, near WÜRZBURG, Sept. 29, 1855.

## TÜBINGEN.

BETWEÉN the Neckar- and the Ammer-Thal,  
On the dividing hill, lies Tübingen,  
Dirtiest of cities; on each side, a marsh.  
Hére I behéld the Suabian Alma Mater  
Sitting in filth; and of the poet Uhland  
Móre than the outside stróve in vain to know;  
Ánd in Duke Úlrich's castle oft at tea  
With philanthropic, Swedenborgian Tafel  
Friéndly discussed the spirit-seeer's lore;  
Ánd on the Spitzberg botanized with Sigwart;  
And in th' Old Collége Natural-History Hall  
Póred with numbed fingers over petrified  
Pre-Ádamite Conchylia, Ichthyosauri,  
And foót-tracks, in the sand, of birds and beasts,  
Lórds of this wórld ere it was made for man;  
Ánd on the Oésterberg with Vischer strolling  
Tálked of the Beaútiful as if our walk  
Had been along th' Ilissus, not the Neckar,  
And áll too láte bethought me that if his,  
How much more my, esthetic soup required  
To have been well thinned ere sérved up to the public.

Yé who in dístant lands have heard the fame  
Of Tübingen, the protestant, the learned —  
Of Tübingen, the nursery of Melanchthon —

Of Tübingen that saw its scrupulous despot  
Protést against a pópe's sale of a pardon,  
Ánd, at the sáme time, bring into the market,  
Ánd to his peóple weigh against hard cash,  
Thát which is láwful mérchandize as little  
As is God's gráce — a license to be free —  
Yé that in dístant lands have heard this fame,  
Provide yourselves with smelling salts, I advise ye,  
Ére ye come híther; put on respirators,  
Green góggles and strong boóts; and when ye come,  
Don't lodge where I lodged, in the Golden Lamb,  
Besíde the Rathhaus in the Market Place,  
Whose breákneck stairs and in-swagged floors still show,  
Beneáth the lást two cénturies' dirt, the footmarks  
Of Crúsius' scholars crowding, after lecture,  
To eát, drink, ránt, and break more heads than Priscian's;  
Here lodge not, wárned, but to the Traube go,  
Ópen your púrse-strings wide and live genteel;  
And on your way to Neckar bridge ye may,  
I think, withoút offence at Uhland's door  
Loók, if so cúrious, but not knock or ring;  
And shoúld some chánce throw Fichte's son across ye,  
Hé is the man to answer ye the question  
Why sóns of wise men are so often — wise;  
And Táfel 's at your service, should ye neéd aught,  
And rích the library and well conducted;  
Ánd the few paíntings in New College Hall  
May pleáse the nót fastidious; and be sure  
Ye séé the lóng rows of Professors' portraits  
And óver hápless Frischlin's drop a tear,  
And blúsh that ye are men; and take a turn  
Amóng the cánés in the Botanic Garden;  
Ánd in the Reáding Room inquire the news;  
And stáy not lóng, remembering health is precious;

I staid ten dáys — too long — then northwest turned  
Up th' Ámmer-Thál toward Calw my wandering step,  
And snúffed a purer air, and waved adieu  
To Úlrich's Cástle, Rathhaus, Colleges,  
Oésterberg, Spízberg, hóspitable Tafel,  
Th' outside of Úhland's door, and Tübingen.

Walking from CALW to LIEBENZELL (WÜRTTEMBERG), Nov. 3, 1855.

"IN the náme of Gód we bín'd thee to this stake,  
In the náme of God heap fagots up aboút thee,  
In the náme of God set fire to them and búrn thee  
Alíve and crýing louíd to heáven for súccor,  
And thús prove to the world the truthfulness  
Of our own creéd and how it mollifies  
And fills with chárity the human heart,  
And that thy creéd 's as blasphemous as false,  
Th' invéntion of the Devil, and by God  
Permitted to his enemies and those  
Who have no mílk of kindness in their breasts."

Such words heard Húss and Latimer and Ridley,  
Jérôme of Prágue and Cranmer and Socinus,  
And súch words, reader, thou shouldst hear tomorrow,  
Hadst thou but coúrage to stand up against  
The dóminant creéd, and were that creed less safe,  
A trifle léss safe, less securely seized  
Of its hónors, pówers, immúnities, and weálth.

Walking from LIEBENZELL (WÜRTTEMBERG) to LANGENSTEINBACH near  
CARLSRUHE, Nov. 4, 1855.

## CASSANDRA.

“UNGRÁTEFUL,” said Phoébus,  
“That scórnest, repéllest,  
Th’ embráce of Apóllo,  
The kiss of a Gód!  
Be it só — I ’m contént —  
But thou gó’st not unpúnished,  
And Heáven ’s not less míghty  
To cúrse than to bléss.

“Disdaínful, begóne!  
And that nó one for éver  
From hénceforth may crédit  
One wórd thy mouth útters,  
I condémn thee, Cassándra,  
To speák always trúth.  
Begóne! and as lóng as  
Thou lívest, reméber  
Thy críme and mine íre!  
Proud mórtal, thou ’rt doómed.”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

"WHAT 's the reáson, Prométheus," once saíd Epimétheus  
As he pút his hand tó to assíst the man-máker,  
"That whén into wáter I thrów these two soúls here  
The little one sínks while the big one goes floáting?"  
"I 've júst given the big one a doúble propórtion  
Of vánity's light, airy gás," said Prométheus;  
"Specífical líghtness, you knów, makes things floát."  
"Yes, I knów to be súre, Prom," repliéd Epimétheus,  
"But máy I ask whý you have givén to the twó souls  
This sáme airy gás in so different propórtions?"  
"The big one 's a greát man's soul," ánswered Prométheus,  
"The little one belóngs to an évery day chúrl."  
"Is the gás good or bád, minus, plús, or indifferent?"  
"Bad; and júst because bád, given in doúble propórtion  
To the greát soul to bríng it down tó the juste milieu."  
"Why máke the soul greát, first, and thén fine it dówn?  
Were 't not símpler to máke it juste milieu at ónce?"  
"Can't álways be dóne, Ep; the wheél turns out sómetimes,  
In spíte of my bést care, one gráter one meáner;  
And I 'm fórced, that I máyn't have stepchíldren and chíldren,  
To téake off or ádd, patch with mínuś or plús.  
Now for mínuś I find nothing hándier and pátter,  
And that eásier amalgamates wíth the perféctions,  
Than this weightless, elástic, intángible gás,  
Which possésses moreóver the síngular vírtue  
That, no máttter how mích I pump ín, no one éver

Cries "stóp!" or complains that I 've given him too múch;  
And, more wónderful still, it's no mátter how bádly-,  
How hálf-made, a chúrl may drop oút of the wheél,  
The first whíff of this gás at once mákes him contént,  
Makes him cértain I 've néver put oút of my hánds  
A more finished, more faúltless, more élegant créature;  
Well pleásed with himsélf, he 's well pleásed with his máker,  
I 'm praísed, and he 's háppy, and áll goes on ríght.  
Cut óff, or but stínt, the supplý of this gás,  
And my wheél 's at a stánd, or we 're in insurréction."  
"Thou tell'st wónders; canst wíth a small sámple oblige me  
Of the mágical stúff to try ón my dumb créatures?"  
"Thou shalt nót have one oúnce — what a wórld we 'd have óf it  
Were both mén and beasts vain! No, upón the great lándmarks  
Thou must nót lay a finger; beasts must still remain béasts,  
Gods be Góds and men mén; and withoút the stuff thou  
Hast with thy children léss care and troublé, beliéve me,  
Than í, even with áll its best hélp, have with mine."  
No móre said Prométheus but ón with his wórk went,  
And tó his beasts, thóughtful, retúrned Epimétheus.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 18, 1855.

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O INSCRÚTABLE jústice and mérey and wísdom!  
Unabáshed in thy fáce looks the ápple, the sinner;  
The ínnocent peár droops its héad, bears the sháme.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 28, 1855.

WHÍTHER in such húrry,  
Moúntain streámlét, téll me,  
Dówn the hill-side rúshest?

“Tó the mill thou seést there  
Yónder in the válley;  
Hást thou ány méssage?”

Ónly téll Lisétta  
Thát thou sáw'st me cóming —  
Gó! make háste! God bléss thee!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

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TO JUSTINUS KERNER,  
THE SUABIAN POET,

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

As hé, who, travelling westward, sees with joy  
The spléndors of the evening sun reflected  
Éven from the cold clouds of the distant east,  
So happy hé, who, from his seventieth year  
Back-loóking, sees the morning of his days  
Refúlgent with the brightness of his evening.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 18, 1855.

WHAT 's this? a cóffined córpse? no, ráther say  
An óld, worn oút clock in its lacquered clóckcase,  
The maín spring bróken, motionless the hands,  
The dial inexpréssive, clapper silent  
And néver móre to signalize the sad  
Or joýful hoúr's arríval or departure.

Walking from GIEBELSTADT in BAVARIA to MERGENTHEIM in WÜRTTEMBERG,  
Oct. 22, 1855.

HE.

THE caúse I 'd fain knów  
Why thou 'rt álways so slów  
    When thou 'rt cóming to mé;  
My feét leave behínd  
The speéd of the wínd,  
    When I 'm góing to theeé.

SHE.

Nay naý, it 's not só;  
It 's thou that art slów  
    When thou 'rt cóming to mé,  
I 'm arríved even beforé  
I have léft my own doór,  
    When I 'm góing to theeé.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

## BAWSINT MALKIN.

It háppened once upón a time as Jénny Dobbs was milking  
Bawsint Málkin in the cówhouse, and no móunner of harm  
was thinking,

Bawsint Málkin gave a súdden rout as if some Spirit posséssed  
her,

And kicking with her hind foot spilt the milk about the  
cówhouse.

Now the kick came most unlúckily just át the very móment  
The pail was nearly fúll and Malkin's údder nearly émpty,  
So it 's nó great wonder Jénny Dobbs was nót exactly quite  
pleased,

And let Báwsint Malkin knów it with a thúmp on her hind  
quárter

And sóme such words as "Wicked beast" and "bád drop  
always ín ye."

Now Jénny's cow had sénce enough and thús she answered  
róuting,

And woúld have said in Jénny's speech had Jénny Dobbs  
been Bálaam: —

"Keep óff your hands; the milk was mine, I hág the right  
to spíll it;

It 's yoú are wicked, yoú that have the dróp of bad blood  
ín you,

Who kill my calf and drínk my milk, and tie me by the  
heád here,

And wait but till my údder 's dry to séll me to the bútcher."

So Báwsint Malkin's roúting meant and Jénny for her paílful

Of spílt milk had a lésson got, had shé but understoód it.

Walking from GOMMERSDORF to BRETTACH (WÜRTTEMBERG), Oct. 23—24, 1855.

HIS máster deád, poor Snap with troubled eye  
Looks eárnest in my face and asks me: Why?  
“Ásk me not, Snáp; thou know'st as much as I.”

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 7, 1855.

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GOÉTHE, thou sáy'st a póem was néver goód  
Unléss 'twas wrítten ón some pát occasión —  
Agreed: thy poems are legion; for how many,  
Sáy, on a pót's faíth, hadst pát occasión?

Walking from BRETTACH to WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Oct. 24, 1855.

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### TO A POET

ABOUT TO WRITE IN A LADY'S NEW ALBUM.

WHAT! spoil the lády's album with thine ink,  
The beautíful, new álbum! Sir, just think:  
Those vélum pages so superbly bound  
Unsúllied as they stand are worth a Pound,  
Filled with the riffráff of the poet's thought  
They 're wéll sold at an auction for a groat.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 3, 1855.

## CESAR AND CASSIUS.

“Téll me, Július” — ónce said Cássius  
Ás he wálked in Róme with César,  
Chátting úpon várious tópics,  
Ánd they bóth as yét were yoúng men —

“Thou’ rt a wíse lad, ánd I ’m léss shy  
Tó enquiíre of theeé than Cáto —  
Whíther, whén it leáves the bódy,  
Thínk’st thou, Július, doés the soúl go?”

“Soúl go, Caius?” ánswered César,  
“Soúl go wíthout límbs or bódy?  
Soúl have vóluntáry mótion  
Without móving ápparátus?”

“Wéll, perháps I ’ve úsed too stróng word,  
Ánd what goés must bé corpóreal,  
Bút it feéls, the soúl feels, Július,  
Áfter it has léft the bódy?”

“Tó be súre; feels without sénses,  
Seés withoút eyes, heárs withoút ears,  
Smélls withoút nose, tástes withoút tongue —  
Whát ’s come óver theeé, good Caius?”

“Í had bétter háve asked Cáto,  
Thou ’rt so hárð upón me, Július,  
Bút thou ’lt nót dený the soúl knowss  
Áfter ít has léft the bódy.”

“Knóws withoút brain, meán’st thou Caíus ?  
Knóws withoút nerves ór sensórium ?  
Knóws, though knówing ’s bút impréssion,  
Ór dedúction fróm impréssion ?”

“Wéll, I cáre not, só thou gránt’st me  
Whát I think thou ’lt gránt me, Július,  
Thát the soúl survíves the bódy,  
Líves on ín a wórld beyónd this.”

“Líves, thou meán’st, althoúgh it hásn’t one  
Próperty to lífe belónging,  
Thoúgh it doésn’t move, thoúgh it doésn’t know,  
Thoúgh it doésn’t feel, thoúgh it — doésn’t live !

“Í ’m contént, and wish thee áll joy,  
Caíus, óf the rích revérson ;  
I’ll take thís world, thou the néxt take ;  
Whát think’st óf the bárgain, Caíus ?”

Óf the bárgain whát thought Cássius,  
Íf his gráve smile shówed not thát day,  
Ín the Cúria, lóng years áfter  
Ón the Ídes of Márch, his steél showed.

CARLSRUHE, Nov. 41, 1855.

INSCRIPTION  
FOR A LUCIFER MATCH BOX.

(III)

PROMÉTHEUS' théft in these dry chips lies hid:  
Woúldst thou convínced be, rub one on the lid.

WEINSBERG (WÜRTTEMBERG), Sept. 22, 1855.

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OTHÉLLO sáys: Thy púrse is trásh;  
Trúst in thy goód name, nót thy cásh.  
But í say: Thý good name 's but trash  
íf in thy púrse there ís no cásh.

GIEBELSTADT near WÜRZBURG, Oct. 21, 1855.

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SO many máps, guides, signposts point the way  
Tó the next wórld, I scarce can go astray  
Thís side the fróntier; but, the barrier past,  
And firm foot sét on the strange soil at last,  
I 'm ín a fix, whither to turn, what do,  
So inexpérienced I, all round so new —  
Óh for some trústy Murray in my hand,  
Some Réd Book *in*, not *to*, the unknown land!

GOTHA, Oct. 12, 1855.

AS I wálked by the hédge  
Of my ówn Truelove's gárdén,  
An hóúr before súnset  
One fíne summer évening,  
And thóught of my Lóve,

I sáw through the hédge,  
Where the házel was thinnest,  
Something whíte in the árbour,  
And stoód still and listened,  
And wished 'twere my Lóve.

Nothing stírred but my heárt;  
I drew neárer, still listening,  
And neárer and neárer,  
And hálf through the hédge pressed,  
And sáw 'twas my Lóve.

The lóng, streaming gólden rays  
Lit up the árbour,  
And painted more rósy  
More dámask than éver  
The cheék of my Lóve,

As thére without bónnet,  
Her heád on her árm laid,  
Her árm on the táble,  
In the rústic chair sítting  
Slept Líddy, my Lóve.

I could seé her breast héaving,  
Almóst hear her breáthing;  
In her láp lay the nósegay  
Which eárly that mórnинг  
I had sént to my Lóve.

How it háppened I scárce know  
Or whát 'twas that háppened,  
But, in óne minute áfter,  
I foúnd myself steáling  
Awáy from my Lóve;

Back steáling on típtoe,  
As noíseless as shádow,  
Or flý that had júst sipped  
And fléw away líght from  
The líps of my Lóve.

I míght have staid lónger,  
I míght have pressed hárder,  
I míght have more noíse made,  
She had still not awákened,  
Sly Líddy, my Lóve!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 9, 1855.

## QUIVIS AND QUILIBET.

### QUIVIS.

QUILIBÉT! Quilibét!  
That so hónorest Schíller,  
So Vírgil adórest,  
Quilibét! tell me whý  
Thou 'rt so míghty unlike both.

### QUILIBET.

Ask Hórace why wásn't he  
The ditto of Vírgil;  
Ask Goéthe why wás he  
The ópposite of Schíller;  
Ask the Neédle why ísn't it  
The Póle which it points to;  
Ask Dámon why hásn't he  
The feátures of Phillis;  
And thén come and ásk me  
Why I on the pipes play  
And leáve horn and trúmpet  
To Vírgil and Schíller.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 13, 1855.

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PLEASURE líves not one instant — expíres in the bírth;  
The róse which thou 'st júst plucked, see! ís it not bróken?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 18, 1855.

“GIVE us beauty — we care not for strength —  
Messieurs poëts and painters and sculptors.”  
Fair and softly, good friends, know ye not  
That without strength there never was beauty?

There may without beauty be strength,  
And I need not of Polyphe me tell ye;  
But strength's the substratum of beauty,  
And Apollo's as strong as he's handsome.

“But to Vénus, weak Vénus, what say'st thou?”  
Again, my good friends, fair and softly;  
See where blooming, strong, healthy and wellmade,  
Up the garden walk, bounding, comes Nanny.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

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EVERY thing tells on crime; the prince that kissed  
The miller's maid was through the village hissed,  
For his black cloth the gentleman betrayed;  
And in the palace lackeys at his back  
Tittered to see the white upon the black,  
And whispered: — “Pretty is the miller's maid.”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

## A QUEER FELLOW.

THERE was ónce a queer féllow  
Who, áll his life lóng,  
Walked, stood, dánced, sat or láy  
On the tóp of his gráve;  
He plouúghed it and hoéd it  
And dúg it and sówed it  
And reáped it and mówed it,  
And gáthered his hárvest  
And thréshed it and eát it  
And bréwed it and dránk it,  
And mérrily líved,  
And mérrily líved  
On the tóp of his gráve.

And his són did the sáme,  
And his són's son the sáme,  
And his sóns' sons for éver,  
They áll did the sáme,  
And, as lóng as they líved,  
Walked, stood, dánced, sat or láy  
On the tóp of their gráve,  
And plouúghed it and hoéd it  
And dúg it and sówed it  
And reáped it and mówed it,

And gáthered their hárvest  
And thréshed it and eát it  
And bréwed it and dránk it,  
And mérrily líved,  
And mérrily líved  
On the tóp of their gráve.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 7, 1855.

THE sún shines ón me áll the dáy,  
The moón and stárs the lívelong níght;  
How lóng, hardheárted! múst I práy  
For óne blink óf those eýes so bríght?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 7, 1855.

TO William, half in jest and half in earnest  
Said Róse, one day: — “On which side lies the heart?”  
“For óthers í can’t sáy, Rose,” ánswered William,  
“But my heart ’s álways on the side next thee.”  
“But when I ’m far away — far fróm thee, William —  
On which side thén beats thy deserted heart?” —  
Said Róse arch smíling — “thát I ’d faín know, William.”  
“That question,” replied William, “none can answer  
So wéll as Róse herself, who never leáves me  
Bút she takes wíth her too this foolish heart.”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 15, 1855.

MAN 's a hámmer, thou sáy'st, made to hámmer hard náture  
Into áll sorts of témpers, shapes, sizes and fáshions —  
May be só; but, for my part, I think he 's an ánvil,  
And náture a hámmer that keéps battering ón him;  
If you ásk, for what púrpose? I ówn I don't knów.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 11, 1855.

---

SHÁDOW 's néver fár from súnshine,  
Níght is néver fár from dáy,  
Pain treads ín the stéps of pleásure,  
Néver ís the whóle year Máy.

Súnshine 's néver fár from shádow,  
Dáy is néver fár from níght,  
Pain is fóllowed still by pleásure,  
Snów makes nót the whóle year whíte.

Móg's perpéтуal síghing tíres me,  
Még's etérnal smíle 's as bád;  
Gíve me Móll who 's álways chánging,  
Nót long mérry, nót long sád.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 16, 1855.

## JARVIE TIME.

JARVIE Time! Jarvie Time!  
Thou who áll this long mórrning  
So cráwl'dst at a snail's pace —  
Whom I coúldn't get for práyers  
Or for lóve or for móney  
To sháke thy reins brísker  
Or cráck thy lash loúder  
Or whíp thy nags smárter —  
What 's come óver thee now?  
Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

What 's come óver thee now,  
In the still of the évening,  
When I 'd fain look aboút me  
And táké my convénience  
And dráw my breath eásy,  
That thou sétt'st to to gállop  
As if thou wert stríving  
To óvertake Gílpin  
Or cátch the last traín?  
Jarvie Time! Jarvie Time!

Hast thou nó taste for beatý?  
Just loók round aboút thee:  
How smiling the lándscape!  
How pleásant the évening!  
The fólks all how háppy!

What is it that aíls thee?  
What meáns this hot háste?  
Jarvie Tíme! Jarvie Tíme!

That 's the Blué Bell we 're pássing,  
The doór stands wide ópen,  
The hórses' trough 's reády,  
The lándlady 's fámous  
For cóld pies and wíne;  
And the lándlady's daúghter —  
O Járvie, the daúghter!  
Let thy poór, smoking cáttle  
Draw breáth for a móment;  
We 'll arríve soon enóugh,  
Jarvie Tíme! Jarvie Tíme!

Art thou deáf? art thou bóthered?  
Or hást thou a súp in?  
Or árt thou gone quíte mad?  
Or ís 't a mere frólic? —  
But I séé it 's in vaín all,  
Plain wáste of breath tálking;  
So this ónce take thine ówn way,  
This ónce — but, by Jéhu!  
Thou 'lt have leárned to go eásy  
And mínd what 's said tó thee,  
Ere inside thy háckney  
Thou cáttch me agáin,  
Jarvie Tíme! Jarvie Tíme!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 9, 1855.

THAT mán 's worth millions, but that man 's unworthy;  
That wórthy man, there, 's scarcely worth a groat;  
That man worth míllions is a man worth knowing,  
Bút he 's a mán unworthy of thy friéndship;  
That wórthy man is worthy of thy friendship,  
Bút that same wórthy man is not worth knowing;  
Só, till he 's sómething wórth, it makes small difference  
Whéther a mán is wórthy or unworthy;  
And whén he 's sómething worth it makes small difference  
Whéther a mán is worthy or unworthy,  
So rárely do the wórthy get their due,  
Ánd the unwórthy get their due so rárely.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

---

HE.

AS lóng as thou faíthfully lóv'st me,  
I prómise I 'll trúly love theeé.

SHE.

And í to love theeé will cease néver  
Even thóugh thou shouldst ceáse to love mé.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

## EXPERIENCE.

(II)

"**E**xperience is a better teacher, friend,  
Than lecturer or book; learn from Experience."  
Yes; but Experience writes in hieroglyphics,  
Which to explain needs lecturer and book.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

## AD CONSCIA SIDERA.

NIGHT séntinéls that seé me creép  
Tó my Lóve while óthers sleép,  
Téll not ón me: whát I dó  
's no únaccústomed sight to yoú.

Óther reáson Sól had nóné,  
Márs and Vénus tó tell ón,  
Bút that tó his cýes was néw  
Whát 's mere mátter of coúrse to yoú.

Ón your sílence í relý,  
Faíthful wáatchmen óf the ský,  
Ánd that yoú 'll let nó one prý,  
Let nó one prý —  
“Híst, Love! híst!” — All 's right; good býe.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 7, 1855.

---

IF thou wouldst pleáse the Góds thou must contrive  
To lét them knów thou 'st nót the bést side out;  
If thou wouldst please mankínd thou must not lét them  
Suspéct thou 'rt óne jot better than thou seem'st.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

"Einstweilen bis den Bau der Welt  
Philosophie zusammenhält,  
Erhält sie das Getriebe  
Durch Hunger und durch Liebe."

SCHILLER, Die Weltweisen.

SO it 's húnger and lóve keep all góing —  
Very wéll, that 's a sécret worth knówing;  
But methíinks this great wórld were a ráre show  
Without móney to máke the old máre go.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

---

HE 's not a wíse man thinks much of the past;  
A mán that 's wíse thinks little of the future;  
There ís no présent, only past or future,  
Theréfore a mán that 's wíse, though álways thinking,  
Thinks little about présent, past, or future.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 16, 1855.

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#### INSCRIPTION

FOR THE DOOR OF A CLUB ROOM.

IF thou 'rt as bád as wé, walk in, we pray;  
If bétter — Sir, we wish thee a good day.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

J E H U.

SEE where ón the coáchbox seáted,  
Reíns in léft hand, whíp in right,  
Jéhu úp hill cáreless chírrups,  
Dówn hill caútious hólds all tight.

Évery whére there ís a Jéhu,  
Ón the lánd and ón the seá,  
Ín the cóttage, ín the pálace,  
Sóme one still to crý: wo! geé!

I 'm a Jéhu; géntle reáders,  
Yoú 're my spánking foúr-in-hánd;  
Tsít! tsit! óff we gó at gállop —  
Wó! draw úp! so! steády! stánd!

Sónnie toó, he ís a Jéhu,  
Wíth his láshes ánd his tóp;  
Ánd belów there ís a Jéhu;  
Ánd abóve — “Good póet, stóp!”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 13, 1855.

HE.

FAREWÉLL for éver, ánd sometimes a sigh  
Heáve when thou think'st of him beyónd the seá.

SHE.

Farewéll for éver, ánd if thou must sigh  
Whén thou of mé think'st, think no móre of mé.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

---

MODEST, míld, unpreténding, obsérvant, invéntive,  
The pén goes befóre, finds and points out the wáy,  
Measures, cálculates, pláns, pioneérs, counts expénses,  
And is léft, for rewárd, to its ówn conscious mérit.  
Fierce, insolent, rúde, devastáting and cruél,  
The swórd swaggers áfter, hacks, héws, stabs and sláshes,  
And géts all the laúrels and boóty and praise.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 19, 1855.

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CICERO.

ALL the goód which we séé in this wórld proves God's goódness.

CESAR.

To be súre! and his bádness is próved by the bád.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 15, 1855.

ARABÉLLA my sóng read,  
And saíd 'twas mere wáter —  
Ah, whý hadn't I coúrage  
To téll Arabella,  
She hád but to sing it  
To túrn it to wíne!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 11, 1855.

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TO FRÄULEIN EMILIA SÜPFLE,

CARLSRUHE, NOV. 19, 1855.

I 'm so ánxious to knów whether yoúr bad tooth 's bétter,  
I cán't put off wríting till my bad tooth 's bétter,  
But sénd me word ónly that yoúr bad tooth 's bétter,  
And you sénd me a chárm will make my bad tooth bétter.

---

SEE yónder stáley, spreading treé,  
Loáded with frágrant flower and fruit,  
And neither for its own behoof —  
Whát is it like? alás! a pót.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

TWO ángels, séparate or together, páy me  
Occásional vísits; of the fállen crew óne,  
The óther, of the race that still stands úpright.  
Hídeous the fáce, and térrible to hear  
The voice and foótstep óf the fállen one coming,  
And while he stáys; but beautiful his hindparts,  
And sweétest músic his depárting step,  
And sweéter still and sweeter, as more distant.  
The óther's fáce is lovely, and the sound  
Of his approaching step more than the hum  
Of hóney-gathering beeé delights the ear,  
Or sóng of lárk or note of early cuckoo,  
But ódious to the eye his hinder parts,  
And on the ear jars his departing step.  
Neíther stays lóng, nor long remains away;  
Neíther the óther lóves, and though they come  
Sometimes together, oftener they come separate.  
Alike in wínter's cold and summer's heat,  
By dáy and night alike, they pay their visits,  
No léss when I 'm awake and up, than when  
In béd I lie wrapped in the arms of sleep.

After I 'm déad and búried I shall have  
The company, *they say*, of one for ever,  
Of which they knów not, and from that hour never  
Of the óther hear the voice or see the face —  
*They say!* — Poor soúls! they know not what they say;  
Once dead, farewéll for ever to both angels!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 24, 1855.

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THOU hátest monótony — Right;  
Unifórmy still more thou hátest —  
Right again; but remémber, Louisa,  
Thou 'rt engáged to be márried tomórrow.

“Just becaúse I monótony háte,  
Just becaúse unifórmy still more  
I háte and have áll my life háted,  
I 'm engáged to be márried tomórrow.”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 13, 1855.

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## UNDER A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR

IN THE FIFTYSIXTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

THE outside rínd, grown brown and chapped by time,  
Télls you the kérnel has just reached its prime.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

FORGET néver to hóld thyself évenly bálanced,  
Thou that skátest Prospérity's smoóth ice alóng;  
Where the ice is the thíckest the fáll is the hárdest,  
And where thínnest the ice, Ah! the wáter is néar.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

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WELL! great póets don't álways the bést sense indíte!  
I have júst read in Goéthe this wórld won't go right  
As lóng as there 's wine or women ín it — \*  
Just as if without wine  
I could possibilità díne,  
Or withoút Mary Ánne live one mínuete.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

---

WHAT a píty thou 'rt chíldless! thou 'dst beén a kind párent  
To the wórst of thy chíldren. "Why? or hów know'st thou  
thát?"

Don't I seeé thine indúlgence even tó thy worst faúlts,  
For no reáson under heáven but becaúse they 're thine ówn?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 27, 1855.

\* "Gäb's nur keinen Wein  
Und keine Weiberthränen!"

GOETHE, Stossseufzer.

## PROMETHEOMASTIX.

### CHORUS OF PROMETHEUS'S CHILDREN.

#### STROPHE.

WE forgét what 's behind us,  
Can't séé what 's before us,  
And aboút what 's aroúnd us  
            Know little.

#### ANTISTROPHE.

The élements o'erpówer us,  
Fierce pássions devoúr us,  
We must dié, yet to dié fear  
            And trémble.

#### EPODE.

So join áll to praise him who  
Could wíser and bétter  
And háppier have máde us,  
            And — didn't.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 15, 1855.

#### *From the oeuvres.*

“THERE it ís, Ma!” said Cúpid, showing Vénus a thórñ  
He 'd got out of his thúmb with much póking and squeézing;  
“Who 'd have thought such a smáll thing could gíve so much  
            troúble?”

“Art thou só very bíg then,” said Vénus, “thysélf?”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 10, 1855.

NÓ! no! nó! I 'll nót beliéve it,  
Thoú 'rt not Liddy, thé same Liddy  
Whóm long yeárs agó I só loved,  
Woóed and wón and máde mine ówn of.

Seé! thy cheék is brówn and wríkled;  
Liddy's cheék was smoóth as vélvet  
Ánd as frésh a white-and-réd as  
Máy's unfólding ápple-blóssom.

Liddy's hair was lóng and aúburn,  
Thý hair 's thín and shórt and grizzled;  
Liddy's teéth, what róws of fine pearls!  
Thíne, these fíew odd pégs of bóxwood.

Liddy's voice was like the linnet's,  
Óf the córncrake's thíne remínds me;  
Liddy stépped like fórest wild doe,  
Thoú thy ánkles hást in sháckles.

NÓ! no! nó! thou 'rt nót that Liddy,  
Nót the yoúng man's gáy, young Liddy;  
NÓ! no! nó! thou árt the óld man's  
Bétter, wíser, deárer Liddy.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 14, 1855.

## OPTIO JULIANI,

WHILE JULIAN WAS A YOUNG MAN CONFINED IN THE CASTLE OF MACELLUM BY ORDER OF CONSTANTIUS, AND THERE, RIGOROUSLY SECLUDED FROM THE WORLD AND ESPECIALLY FROM ALL ACCESS OF HEATHEN PHILOSOPHERS AND PHILOSOPHY, RECEIVED AN EXCLUSIVELY CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

SEE JULIAN. EPIST. AD ATHENIENSES, AND AMMIAN. XXII. 5.

I wísh to God I hád been born some húndred years or thoúsand  
Ere Chríst came down to fríght us with his stóries of the Dévil,  
And pén us up, like silly sheep, undér the care of shépherds  
To guárd us well from ghóst and fiend and sheár us for their  
troúble:

Then í 'd gone down to Cháron's wharf led by the hand by  
Hérmes,

And wíth the obolus in my mouth fared jóllily Styx óver,  
And, stréached at ease upón the grass in háppy, old Elýsium,  
Enjoýed myself in rátional talk with Sócrates and Pláto,  
And hád small loss of heáven and hell, the saints and the  
Millénnium.

Walking from LIEBENZELL to LANGENBRAND (WÜRTTEMBERG), Nov. 4, 1855.

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“WHEN think’st thou will áll men be óf one opínion?”  
As soón as in áll the world thére ’s but one mán.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

UNPHILOSOPHICAL YOUTH.

I TÉNDERLY lóve thee, and plédge thee my tróth,  
And sweár before Heáven to change néver.

PHILOSOPHICAL MAID.

Sheer nónsense thine oáth, if thou meánest thou 'lt néver  
Do the impóssible thing, change thysélf;  
And sheer nónsense no léss, if thou meánest that never  
Shall the ádequate ou'tside force chánge thee.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 29, 1855.

PHILOSOPHICAL YOUTH.

I SWEÁR what I knów, that I ténderly lóve thee;  
What I dón't know I dón't swear, to lóve thee for éver.

UNPHILOSOPHICAL MAID.

Swear nót that thou lóv'st me, I knów it alreády,  
But sweár what I dón't know, thou 'lt lóve me for éver.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 23, 1856.

## L O V E.

Two things there áre called lóve: th' intérnal feéling,  
Íninstinct or pássionate ímpulse, dirus ámor,  
Ánd the extérnal object, alma venus,  
Which róuses in the mínd its slúmbering ámor.  
In áll the outward world there 's not one object  
But may awáke in some one mind its ámor,  
And for the nónce be of that mind the vénus,  
The Laúra of that Petrarch; till the mind,  
Chánged from within, or 'tmáy be, from without,  
(For either or both ways all minds are always,  
Mórning and noón and níght, sleeping and waking,  
Súmmer and wínter, álways álways changing)  
Ópens the doór no lónger to the call,  
Or, if it ópens, ánswers: Nót at hóme;  
Upón a joúrney, sick or déad is ámor.  
But nót upon a joúrney, sick or dead  
Is ámor, but at hóme, snug, and still ready  
To ánswer joýful to its vénus' call,  
Províded ónly 'tis its venus calls,  
And nót that which has ceásed to be its venus.

Awáy then with the vów of love perpetual,  
Or bé the ónly thing which chángeas nót,  
Though áll the tíme thou 'rt thát which changes móst,  
In áll this líving, ánd, or 'twére not líving,  
Perpétually résstless, chángeing wórld.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 26, 1855.

## B E A U T Y.

THERE áre two beatíes: óne the extérnal kalon;  
The óther the sweet séntiment of beauty  
Raísed in the mínd by that extérnal kalon.  
In áll the multitudinous variety  
Of mínds and óbjects in this infinite world  
There 's nót a mínd but finds some beauteous object,  
There 's nót an óbject but finds some one mind  
In whích to excite the sentiment of beauty.  
Go tó! go tó! ye small philosophers,  
Teáchers of pósitive beatúty, who know nót  
That whátsoever raises in one mind,  
One síngle mind, the most uncultivated,  
The séntiment of beatúty, thát is beauty  
As trúly as was ever Plato's kalon.  
Vain, vain, your legislation; ye cannót  
Set up a Rene court to say what 's beauty,  
And díctate to the mínd how it shall feel.  
Máke, if ye pleáse, societies to adore  
This or that beatúty, and be ye the priests;  
Mínd is abóve your sects, and forms of faith,  
And what it beautiful or ugly *feéls*,  
That beautiful or ugly *is*, despite ye.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 26, 1855.

O THÉLLO first lóved Desdemóna, then hated;  
In bóth he was ácted on, ácted in neíther:  
He went dówn on his kneés and vowed álways to lóve her;  
Fool, that knéw not to lóve was to súffer, not dó!  
He swóre with uplifted hand, álways to háte her;  
Fool, that knéw not to háte was to súffer, not dó!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 29, 1855.

“PUT thy faíth in the míracle, friénd;  
Unimpeáchable wítnesses mány  
Testifý to its trúth.”  
Shall I thén from the móúth of anóther  
Accépt that as fáct, which I woúldn’t  
From mine ówn eyes accépt?

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 25, 1855.

THE émbryo in the wómb or newlý bórн  
Has nó mind — scárce even stúff enough to máke one;  
The frágrance is not shut up in the bud  
But by the búd formed gradual, as it opens.  
The mínd 's the éffluence of the perfect body,  
The esséntial frágrance of the fúll blown flower.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 31, 1855.

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"Und er wirft ihr den Handschuh ins Gesicht."

SCHILLER, Der Handschuh.

AND só into Kúnigund's lóvely fáce,  
Sir Delórges, thou thréwest the glóve!  
Must thóú be ungállant becaúse she was báse?  
Kunigúnd had small lóss of thy lóve.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 14, 1855.

MAN with sagacious fórethought pénétrates  
Ínto the sécrets of the days to come,  
Hólđs with reténtive memory the past,  
And áll things round him to his use adapts  
With wónderworking wisdom, skill and power,  
And reígns on éarth, a God; until perchance  
A pín his finger prick, or a cold wind  
Blów in his fáce, and then, poor man! he dies,  
And sádly goes to heaven — to reign again.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 12, 1855.

---

MAY I bég to ask whý thou préférrest me, Múse!  
To so mány who 're wíser and bétter?  
“I don't knów; I 'm not súre; but I 've heárd people sáy  
That truelóve 's of truelóve the begétter.”

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

TO THE DEPARTING YEAR 1855.

FAREWELL! and though thou tak'st not with thee all  
The weight of sorrow thou brought'st with thee, coming;  
But tak'st instead some of my bodily strength,  
Some of my latest dark hairs and skin's freshness,  
Yet go in peace; for thou hast left untouched  
My nobler part, and what thou 'st taken from me  
In th'ew and color, paid me in my child,  
I cannot say with an illiberal hand.  
Go then in peace; I'll think of thee at times,  
Perhaps at times regret thee — fare thee well!

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

## TO THE COMING YEAR 1856.

THOU 'rt wélcome, stránger! enter, and the place  
Fill, while thou stáy'st, of thy depárted brother;  
Not whólly goód was he, nor whólly bád,  
A míxture like mysélf of strong and weak,  
Of wórse and bétter; but no more of him,  
He 's góne not to return, and thou com'st now  
With thy fair prómises of perfect goodness.  
Well well, we 'll see; thou too shalt have thy trial,  
And when we come to part that will be knowledge  
Which nów 's no more than mingled hope and fear;  
Meanwhile step ín, and lét 's be bétter acquainted.

CARLSRUHE, Dec. 30, 1855.

ÁRT thou háppy? loók not báckward  
Ón the jóys thou 'st léft behind thee;  
Árt thou háppy? loók not fóward  
Tó the énd of áll joy cóming.

Árt thou wrétdched? théñ look báckward  
Ón the paín thou 'st léft for éver;  
Árt thou wrétdched? théñ look fóward  
Tó the énd of áll pain cóming.

Árt thou háppy bóth and wrétdched,  
Loók aboút thee, roúnd on áll sides;  
Whát seest thoú but óthers like thee,  
Wrétdched pártly, pártly háppy?

Wíthout Háppy thére 's no Wrétdched,  
Wíthout Wrétdched thére 's no Háppy;  
Thére 's a trué Heaven ánd a trué Hell,  
Ánd thou hást them bóth alreády.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 5, 1856.

## ON READING GOETHE'S ELEGIES.

Fie, Goethe! I knew nót until today  
Thou wast given to migrate out of thy fair palace  
And táké thy lódgíng in a filthy sty —  
Fie, Goethe! from henceforth we 're less good friends;  
And yét ere now I have at times suspected  
Thou wást not áll gold, often missed in thee  
The cláng of the pure metal, often spied  
The dusk hue of the copper at thy rim.  
Perháps even thérefore art thou the more current,  
For nót who has féwest faults or greatest virtues  
Álways most pleáses, but whose mind to ours  
Clósest assimilates; perhaps even therefore  
Hast thou attrácted só the nót too fine  
Discérning, or requiring, princely eye,  
And by the princely eye been so attracted —  
*A sócio nóstitur, and like to like —*  
And in more coúrts than Weimar's have been blended  
The ódours of the sty and the parterre.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 6, 1856.

## THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR: — “The Last Rose of Summer.”

’Tis the first rose of súmmer, shy peéping half-blówn,  
And scárcey quite súre yet, the cóld winter ’s góne;  
Fear nóthing, new’ cómer; there ’s nó danger nígh —  
Every dáy the air ’s sófter, and bríghter the ský.

Thou shalt nót long hang lónely, shalt nót long thy bloóm  
Singly spred to the sún, singly shéd thy perfúme,  
For I séé yonder cóming, like theeé fresh and fair,  
Thy sísters in clústers to adórn the partérre.

With thérm bloom togéther, with thérm fade and dié;  
And só, lovely róse, may my heárt’s friends and I,  
When we ’ve háppy togéther the lóng summer pássed,  
Togéther drop ínto the eárth’s lap at lást.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 8, 1856.

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## INSCRIPTION FOR A LAMP.

YE álmost máke a Gód of Sól,  
Who bút by dáy gives light;  
What wórthy praise have yé for mé,  
Who ínto dáy turn night?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

THE agitating problem — which of all  
Imáginalbe forms of government  
Is súrest, háppiest, permanentest, best,  
Ánd to what fórm of government will áll men  
Give trúest, reádiest, joyfullest adhesion —  
Thou sólvest ónly on the day on which  
Thou sólv'st the previous question, which the form  
To évery individual assures —  
“Most háppiness?” No, I ’m in downright earnest.  
“Most liberty?” If thou must jest, jest on.  
“I ówn, I ’m at a loss; go on, I ’m dumb —”  
Most ábsolute control over the actions,  
Wórds, and most sécret thoughts, of all the rest.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 14, 1856.

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FROM blank nóught to the wómb, from the wómb to the crádle,  
From the crádle to schoól, and from schoól to the mill —  
There to grínd, till it ’s weáry, bread, hónor, or ríches —  
To the sick chamber thén and sick béd, and at lást  
To a bóx and the blánk nought from which first it cáme.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

OF threé dear maíds, whose lóvely fáces  
You 'd sweár were borrowed from the Graces,  
Whích I like bést 'twere hard to say,  
So pérfect each one in her way.  
There 's Mary Anne, delightful girl!  
With cheeks of róses, teeth of pearl,  
Laúghing blue eýes and auburn hair  
And súch a winning, witching air —  
Poór, inexpérienced heart, beware,  
And, ere thou 'rt quite caught, look elsewhere;  
Loók at Matilda's form and mien,  
Where upon earth were lovelier seen?  
Matilda's step, Matilda's voice —  
Wéll, it 's a crúel thing a choice.  
Ah! could I but my heart divide  
Each should of one half be the bride.  
Cástles in Spaín! and if I could,  
And if I dáre, think'st thou I would,  
And nót keep óne whole thírd for theé,  
Sly, róguish, bláck-eyed Emily?  
What! won't a third do? cóme, don't pout,  
Thou shalt the whóle have; time about,  
My whóle, whole heart impartially  
I 'll give to each one of the three;  
Each day a different queen shall reign,  
Each day I 'll wear a different chain;

Tomórrow I 'm Matilda's ówn,  
Next day, dear Mary Anne's alone,  
Todáy, I 'm thíne, sweet Emily,  
Todáy, do whát thou lík'st with mé,  
Todáy I líve for ónly theeé.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 21, 1856.

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CRITIC.

BAD vérses, Sir póet; there néver were wórse.

POET.

I 'm sórry to heár it; but déal with these géntly,  
Next time I 'll do bétter.

CRITIC.

You fláttér yoursélf.

POET.

Nay, I 'm quíte sure — for, néxt time, I 'll gét you to hélp me.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 28, 1856.

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HERE I ám, your thimblerígger, kind géntlemen and ládies;  
Put your móney down; now guéss; see! it 's an émpty thímble.  
“You cheat! you scamp! you tramp! you vágabond! you  
swíndler!”

Try your lúck again, good friénd; see thére! this tíme you 're  
wínnér —

Who 's cheát and scámp and trámp, now, and vágabond and  
swíndler?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 20, 1856.

WHEN every one óf us has gót his just rights,  
And the price of land 's fixed at three hálfpence an ácre,  
And breád is for nóthing and bútter for léss,  
And lácqueys and járvies drive ín their own coáches,  
And hoúsemaids hold dráwingrooms, streétsweepers lévees,  
And the clérk and the séxton wear láwn sleeves and mitre,  
And évery one teáches and nóboby leárns,  
And bóys áre all grówn men, and mísses all ládies,  
We 'll joín heart and hánd some fine mórrning togéther  
And lay hóld on that wicked witch, óld mother Náture,  
And pélt her with rótten eggs, dúck her and souíse her  
Till she criés out "Peccávi!" and sweárs by St. Símon,  
Louis Blánc, and Mazzíni, to expél from her grámmár  
All degreés of compárison — goód, bad, and míddling,  
And hígher and lówer, and greáter and smáller —  
And from thénceforth for éver in áll her domínioms  
Have áll things as équal as éggs in a básket,  
Or peás on a tréncher, or haírs on a pig's tail,  
And gíves us a plédge that she 's dównright in cárnest,  
By abolíshing, instantly ánd on the spót,  
The absúrd and invídious and áristocrátic,  
Oppréssive distinction of right hand and léft.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 3, 1856.

THE great Róman dictátor, his báldness to híde,  
Bound his témplex with laúrel; thou, wíser, dictáte not,  
And thy báldness to híde thou mayst spáre even the laúrel.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 1, 1856.

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ALL Césars since Július have wórn the laur'l wreáth.  
Becaúse bald like him? or becaúse the laur'l wreáth  
Has the vírtue to cóver more eýesores than báldness?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 1, 1856.

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COME, my friénds, let 's enjóy the good thíngs of this wórlد,  
Eat our roást, crack our jóke, take our eáse, drink our bóttle,  
And be right jolly féllows, true soúls, friendly bróthers,  
Bottle nósed, copper cheéked, hanging lípped, and bald páted,  
Round paúnched, oily skinned, gouty foóted and hánded,  
Coarse mínded, fine pálated, chóleric, and shórt breathed,  
And to dié on a súdden and quite fill the cóffin.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 5, 1856.

## POET AND PROSODIAN.

PROSODIAN.

BAD iámbics, Sir Póet. In pláce of this tróchée  
Thou hast hére in thy firſt place, please pút an iámbus,  
And át the line's énd amputáte without mércy  
That hálf-foot supérfluous.

POET.

Nay; áren't they both beáuties?

PROSODIAN.

To be súre; but not thérefore the léss against rúle.

POET.

What rúle 's above beaúty?

PROSODIAN.

The líne can't be scánned.

POET.

And neédn't; I wríte, not for scanners, but readers.

PROSODIAN.

'Twere wéll readers scánned every líne which they reád.

POET.

When they dó, I 'll begin to make régular feét;  
Until thén I 'll contént me with beautiful verses.

CARLSRUIHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

SO hére 's at lást the lóng expécted létter!  
What néws? How áre they áll? alíve or déad?  
Háppy or sórrowful? Ah! hé who fírst  
Receíved, and bróke the seál, and reád a létter  
Fróm his far ábsent friénds, needed more courage,  
Hórace,\* than hé who fírst in a frail boat  
Trústed his lífe upon the uncertain waves.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 31, 1856.

ON róll the yeárs, leaves wíther and leaves grów,  
Suns rise and sét, and winds alternate blow,  
Moist follows dry and heat succeeds to cold,  
Our síres are in their gráves and we grow old;  
Inquíre not whý: enough for thee to know  
It is and wás and will be álways so;  
Wise-seeming quéstions still were folly's mask,  
Turn happier thou, and ply thy daily task.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

\* "Illi robur et aes triplex  
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci  
Commisit pelago ratem  
Primus."

Hor. Od. I. 3.

“HEÁVEN, I thánk thee fór this fine night;”  
Máry saíd, as, fróm her wíndow  
Loóking oút, she sáw the deép sea  
Plácid shímmerring ín the moónlight;

Máry’s thoúghts are óf her William  
Hóme retúrning fróm the Índies: —  
“Át yon fúll moon is he gázing,  
Ás the mídnight déck he páces?”

Máry ’s góne to béd and sleéps sound  
Whén she has práyed a práyer for William;  
William’s sleép that níght is soúnder  
Át the bóttom óf the ócean.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 18, 1856.

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OF all flówers in the wórld, pretty daisy, to mé  
Thou ’rt the deárest and sádest,  
For alóne of all flówers in the wórld, pretty daisy,  
Thou déck’st Anna’s gráve.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 26, 1856.

JOY and sórrow are équally pássive; forced ón thee  
Irresístibly bóth from withoút; be consistent  
And cáll neither súffering, or súffering call bóth;  
The difference betweén the two súfferings is ónly  
That thou líkest the óne, and the óther dislikest.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

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TWO things there are which you may safely say  
When with your friend you meet: "It 's a fine day"  
And "Hów do you dó?" The news to ask or tell  
You may too venture should you know him well.  
Each fúrther word is dágnerous, if you 'd sleep  
Soúndly at níght, and deár friends deár friends keép.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 22, 1856.

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THE cléver mán the rúle makes, which the foól,  
Chíldish obéying, spénds his life at schoól.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 17, 1856.

## THERE IS NOT IN ALL CHEAPSIDE.

AIR: — “The Meeting of the Waters.”

THERE is not in all Cheapside a teapot so neat  
As that teapot round which night and morning we meet;  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the shine of that teapot shall fade from my heart.

It is not that art o'er that teapot has shed  
Her deepest of purple and brightest of red;  
'Tis not the soft odours that from it distil,  
Oh no! it is something more exquisite still;

'Tis that saucers and cups on the board are displayed,  
Cream, sugar, and butter, and toast ready made,  
And that never so dear even my dearest to me,  
As when we're all happy together at tea.

Sweet Dálkey-Lodge teapot, how calm could I rest  
Beside thee in thy pantry with those I love best,  
When tea-drinking morning and evening shall cease,  
And our hearts, like thy tealeaves, are mingled in peace.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 9, 1856.

Tó a spléndid fúrnished hál!  
Yoúr grammárian 's thé door-keeper,  
Hás the látchkey ín his pócket,  
Shúts and ópens ás you bíd him,  
Bút himsélf sets foót in 't néver.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

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“MIGNIONÉTTE in a bóx! Faugh! it smélls of the city —  
It 's ónly in mignionette béd I find frágrance.”  
Very wéll: but to mé mignionétte in a bóx  
Than mignionette bórder or béd 's twice as frágrant,  
For whén I look át it I think of the bóx  
Of sweet mignionétte in my Máry Anne's wíndow.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

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“DO,” said pért, little, witty, tart Isabel ónce,  
“Do, I dáre thee, an épigram máke upon mé.”  
“Don't dáre me,” said í; “'twouldn't bé the first tíme,  
I 'd an épigram éven on an épigram máde.”

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 3, 1856.

## THE NEW "BARD'S LEGACY".

AIR: — The Bard's Legacy.

WHÉN in déáth I shall cálm reclíne,  
Oh! beár my wáatch to my místress dear;  
Téll her I róse when it pointed Nine,  
On évery morning all round the year.  
Bid her not shéd one tear of sorrow  
To súlly a gém so precious and bright,  
But a pócket of crímson velvet borrow,  
And háng it beside her bed every night.

Whén the líght of mine eyes is o'er,  
Táke my spécs to Optician's Hall,  
And lét the porter that answers the door,  
Shów them to áll that happen to call.  
Then if some bárd, who roams forsaken,  
Should bég a peep throuúgh them in pássing along,  
Oh! lét one thought of their master awaken  
Your wármest smile for the child of song.

Keép this ínkottle, now o'erflowing,  
To wríte your létters when I 'm laid low;  
Néver, Oh! néver one drop bestowing  
On ány who hów to write don't know.  
But if some pále, wan-wasted scholar  
Shall díp his goosequill at its brim,  
Then, thén my spirit around shall hover,  
And hállow each jét black drop for him. -

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 9, 1856.

## WISE TOO LATE.

SHE blúshed, and yét I did not count it Y,  
Nor É though on the ground she bent her eye,  
Nor S althóugh she sighed when she said NÓ —  
Foól! that knew nót that maids still spéll YES só.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 26, 1856.

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## LIBERTY.

“THOU knów’st not what liberty is,” to me saíd  
A red démocrat ónce, with a sháke of his héad;  
“I ’m not súre that I dó,” replied Í, “but let ’s séé:  
It ’s that thou mayst whatéver thou lík’st do to mé,  
Whilst Í am prévented by imprisonment and fine  
From dóing to theeé what to dó I ’d inclíne.”

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 14, 1856.

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JOHN ’s nót to my mínd, I abóminate his lýing —  
But Willíam ’s far wórse with his nóthing but trúth.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 22, 1856.

“WÉLL, the wórld makes bút snail’s prógress!”  
Thús to Thómas ónce said William,  
Ás from chúrch home, ón a Súnday,  
Árm in árm they wálked togéther.

“Hów is ’t pósible the wórld should  
Máke fast prógress,” ánswered Thómas,  
“Whíle we reár our chíldren úp in  
Thé same érrors wé were reáred in,  
Whíle we teách our chíldren, William,  
Nót the trúths our líves have taúght us,  
Bút the liés we wére brought úp in?”

“Áh, poor chíldren!” ánswered William,  
“Lét them spórt their hoúr of súnshine;  
Tíme enóúgh they ’ll leárn the bláck truth,  
Tíme enóúgh be wíse and wrétcched.”

“Véry wéll; but whíle succéssive  
Génerátions spénd their whóle líves  
Stíll unleárning thé same fálsehoods,  
Hów ’s the wórld to máke fast prógress?”

CARLSRUHE, March 2, 1856.

A FORGÉT-ME-NOT gréw by the side of the broók  
Where Máry went dówn with her pail to fetch wáter;  
She laíd down her pail, plucked the flówer, heaved a sígh,  
And till she came báck for 't that dáy had no wáter.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 7, 1856

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Der gelehrte Arbeiter.

Nimmer labt ihn des Baumes Frucht, den er mühsam erziehet:  
Nur der Geschmack geniesst, was die Gelehrsamkeit pflanzt.

SCHILLER.

WRONG! as óften, my Schíller; the gárdener enjóys more  
In digging and féncing and plánting and wátering,  
Than the finest taste éver enjóyed in the fruít.  
We áll look with pleásure at Téll on thy cánvas,  
But thíne was the rápture of pútting him thére.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 2, 1856.

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“Dira cupido.”

THOU woúldst be háppy and know'st not that *would* —  
*Would*, *would* alóne — keeps thee from being háppy.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 24, 1856.

LÍTTLE children, take it kindly  
Whén your párents flóg and chide ye  
Fór each lié they cátch you télling —  
Little children múst not téll lies.

“Bút big peóple óften téll lies;  
Whý mayn’t wé do like big peóple?”  
Júst because ye are little chíldren,  
Ánd don’t knów how tó beháve yet;

Dón’t know hów yet tó discrimináte  
Whích are ríght and whích are wróng lies,  
Whích lie ’s dágnerous, whích lie sáfe is,  
Whích from Gód comes, whích from Sátan.

“Bút our párents álways sáy to us: —  
‘Yé must néver néver téll lies.’”  
Tó be súre; no párents like to  
Háve lies tóld them by their chíldren.

Évery lié ye téll your párents,  
Tó your párents ís an ínjury;  
Hów can théy their chíldren rúle, if  
By their chíldren hoáxed and cheáted?

“Só when wé have léft our párents,  
Ánd are grówn up mén and wóinen,  
Ánd our liés no móre can hárñ them,  
Wé may téll lies like grown peóple?”

Nót a doubt of it; thére ’s no hárñ in  
Dóing whát ’s done bý your párents,  
Núrses, teáchers ánd relátions;  
Íf ’twere wróng they woúld not dó it.

“Máy we sáy we ’re nót at hóme then,  
Ás mammá says whén she ’s dréssing?  
Máy we sáy we have gótn a heádache,  
Whén we are ónly oút of húmour?

“Whén a friénd comes ín to seé us,  
Máy we smile and seém quite háppy,  
Ánd the móment hé has his báck turned,  
Sáy we scárce could beár the sight of him?”

Yés yes, áll this ánd as múch more,  
Twíce as múch more, yé may dó then,  
Ánd your chíldren, if ye háve any,  
Flóg for líng, át the sáme time.

“Shócking! shócking! wé ’ll not dó it;  
Eíther wé oursélves will speák truth,  
Ór at leást we will not púnish  
Thém for dóing whát oursélves do.”

CARLSRUHE, March 9, 1856.

"Quam satus Iapeto, mistam fluvialibus undis,  
Finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta deorum."

THE wíse son of Jápet made mán in God's ímage —  
Japet's fár wiser grándson made Gód in his ówn.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 25, 1856.

TOWARD hope's beácon far- gleáming acróss the wild wáters  
Thou that cleávest with stróng arm and stoút heart thy wáy,  
Swim ón and fear nóthing; thou súpp'st with thine Héro,  
Or the deeþ sea provídes thee with súpper and béd.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 24, 1856.

FROM my heárt to my heád, from my heád to my hánd,  
From my hánd to my pén, from my pén to my páper,  
From my páper to týpes, and from týpes to more páper,  
To thine eýes then, and heád, and at lást to thine heárt —  
Dost not wónder, sweet reáder, this roúnd-about wáy  
From my heart to thy heart was éver found oút?

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 2, 1856.

HE diéd, and the emáncipated soul  
Flew úpward, úpward, till it came to — héll's gate;  
Whére it was tóld, that, háving left at night,  
It shouúld have góne down, nót have móunted úpward,  
For heáven, abóve all dáy, by níght was dównward.  
Bút the soul béisng ethérial coúld not sínk down  
Throuúgh the thick dénse air, and but hígher róse  
The móre it strúggled to fly heádlóng dównward.  
Só in compássion héll's gate-pórter stówed it  
In neigbouring Límbo with unchrístened chíldren's  
Ínnocent hélpless spírits, súicídes,  
And soúls which, like itsélf, had góne astráy,  
Thére in asýlum sáfe the tédious tíme  
To whíle as bést it míght till móther chúrch  
Decided hów at lást to be dispósed of  
Convénient Límbo's chúrch-perpléxing spírits.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

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EVERY day thát I líve adds tó my knówledge  
And fróm my coúrage tákés; so whén I have coúrage  
It 's of no úsc to me for wánt of knówledge,  
And whén at lóng and lást I 'm fúll of knówledge,  
I cáannot úse it, béisng in wánt of coúrage.

CARLSRUHE, March 21, 1856.

ONCE on a time a thousand different men  
Together knelt before as many Gods  
Each from the other different as themselves  
Were different each from each, yet didn't fall out,  
Or cut each others' throats amidst their prayers —  
"Stop there! that never happened, or, if it did,  
'Twas by a miracle; or if it happened  
Really and in the way of nature, tell me  
How, where, and when, what kind of men they were,  
What kind of Gods — didn't even the Gods fall out?"  
Not even the Gods; I'll tell thee how it was;  
But art thou trusty? canst thou keep the secret?  
"Yes yes." Then in thine ear: the thousand Gods  
Had all the selfsame name; so every God,  
Hearing no name invoked except his own,  
Believed that every man of all the thousand  
Worshipped him only; while each one of all  
The thousand worshippers, hearing no name  
Except his own God's name invoked, believed  
That every one of all the whole nine hundred  
Ninety and nine worshipped no God but his;  
So all the thousand men together lived  
In love and peace, as holding the same faith,  
And of the thousand Gods not one was jealous.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 13, 1856.

HÓNEY hére and wórmwood thére —

But nót as eách man wishes —

Hóney hére and wórmwood thére

Are oúr altérnate díshes.

CARLSRUHE, March 10, 1856.

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I DÓ not wónder I 'm so often told  
That the soul is immortal, grows not old;  
So many people, looking inwards, find  
Ín their old bódies a still childish mind.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 5, 1856.

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I HÁTE him, the líar, who with feigned words deceives me,  
And doúbly I háte him, the cléverer líar,  
Who, thát I may nót call him líar, deceíves me  
Withoút words — by sílence or gésture or loók.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 13, 1856.

## POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

CAN you tell me who was it didn't care for the stage,  
Didn't care for the church, didn't care for his tailor,  
And in his whole house hadn't so much as one razor?

FRIEND.

Why, all the world knows, he that wrote Misopogon.

POET.

No; he that wrote —

FRIEND.

Sir, I didn't wish to affront you.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 26, 1856.

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I 'VE chosen a bad title, I am told;  
Poems philosophical cannot be sold.  
Well! next time I'll a better title choose,  
And call my poems PHILOSOPHIC NEWS.  
And if that also fail, why then, next time  
I send into the world a roll of rhyme,  
Mum! of philosophy, and mum! of Muse —  
Who will not buy THE TELEGRAPH'S LATEST NEWS?

CARLSRUHE, March 21, 1856.

“TRÚST in God’s próvidence,” the oýster saíd  
Júst as the drélder pácked him ín the boát;  
“Trúst in God’s próvidence,” agaín he saíd  
Júst as the knífe prised ópen his strong coát;  
“Trúst in God’s próvidence,” third tíme he saíd —  
Ánd the plump oýster ’s dówn the bíshop’s throát.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

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I THÁNK thee nót for lóve or ádmirátiún,  
For lóve and ádmirátiún bóth are pássions,  
Both súfferings fórced upón thee wíll-ye níll-ye;  
Nor thánk me thou if í admíre and lóve thee,  
For ón me toó are fórced alike both passions,  
I being a mére autómaton ín the mátter,  
And túrning tó or fróm, as I am pulled.  
So sáys not every lover, but so acts,  
Means so with évery présent to his místress,  
And só, althoúgh she sáys not, meáns each fair one  
That at the loóking-glass adjústs her ríbbons.

CARLSRUHE, March 12, 1856.

ÍF thou wouldst séé a pássion tórn to tátters  
And évery tátter tórn agaín to tátters,  
Íf thou wouldst séé the únderstánding outraged,  
Ánd the extravagant and impóssible ácted  
As mild and módest Náture's ówn commánds,  
And eánst look steádily upon a bédlam  
Let loóse and rámping — gó, read Schiller's RÓBBERS.

CARLSRUHE, March 6, 1856.

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## CHURCH RECRUITING SERGEANTS AND RECRUIT.

### FIRST RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Exámíne nót, but táké it ón my wórd;  
To exámíne ís a críme which Gód will púnish.

### SECOND RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Exámíne, sít the trué out fróm the fálse;  
Éven for that púrpose hás God gíven thee réason.

### RECRUIT.

To choóse betweén ye wére to bég the quéstion;  
Gíve me a bóx and díce here, ánd I 'll thrów for 't

CARLSRUHE, March 14, 1856.

SUNSET,

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 28, 1856.

He 's góne, the world's glówing, magníficent Gód!  
And léft till tomórrow the cáre of his reálms  
To his púny vicegérents, the pále moon and stárs.

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PUBLISHER TO THE AUTHOR.

WHAT! a póet and nót superstítious!  
'Twon't dó, 'twon't go dówn, they can't beár it;  
Go, wríte metaphýsics, and leáve them  
To psálms peniténtial and Póllock.

CARLSRUHE, March 12, 1856.

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IT 's a véry fine thíng to be súre, I don't doúbт it,  
To have fíne parks and hoúses, fine cárriages, hórses,  
Fine sérvants, fine fúrniture, pántries and céllars,  
Fine páctures, fine státues, fine jéwels, fine pláte,  
Fine connéxions, fine vísitors, évery thing fine,  
But í 'll live less fine — be so goód to allów me —  
And leave óthers the grándeür and spléndor and cáre.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 6, 1856.

## PHILOSOPHUS AND PHILARGYRUS.

PHILOSOPHUS.

TREASURES of unsunned gold!

PHILARGYRUS.

Where? where? Oh, where?

Show me the place; I'll dig and with thee share.

PHILOSOPHUS.

Here, read this book; Gods, that the precious prize  
Should lie till now unspied by mortal eyes!

PHILARGYRUS.

No word of it here; in vain through all the book,  
From leaf to leaf, from page to page, I look.

PHILOSOPHUS.

Why, it's in every page and every line;  
Each word's a signpost pointing to the mine.

PHILARGYRUS.

I don't like riddles and still less like jokes.

PHILOSOPHUS.

My mine of gold you take then for a hoax;  
And so it is, if, to a man of sense,  
Between a mine of gold, real difference,  
And the high lesson this book's leaves unfold:  
How to live happy without mine of gold.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 27, 1856.

CICERO.

How goód must bé the áuthor óf all goódness!

CESAR.

And Óh, how greén the sówer óf all gráss!

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 19, 1856.

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## TRUTH.

THERE is no trúth but móral truth, th' accordance  
Óf the expreßion wíth the inward thought;  
And óf that trúth there 's fróm its véry nature  
No júdge but óne — the útterer himself.

Esséntial truth, th' accórdance of th' expression  
With the thing's sélf, varies with every judgment,  
John's júdgment finding perfect accord there  
Where William's finds but discord, or at best  
Áccord impérfect; and not John's alone  
But William's júdgment too gainsaying Hugh's,  
Hugh's Edward's, Edward's Joseph's, and so on,  
Ón without énd as long as there 's a júdgment.

Go tó! go tó! then, thou that seék'st esséntial,  
Ábsolute trúth; thou hast it at this moment;  
Nay, hadst it when an infant, when a boy,  
As súre as thou shalt have it at fourscore;  
Nor to thy júdgment of fourscóre shall seem  
One whít more false the judgment of the boy,  
Than to the bój the judgment of fourscóre.

To each age, sex and circumstance and station  
Its own particular judgment how accord  
Thing and expression; and that judgment's truth —  
Truth to the individual — and the measure  
By which, and which alone, he estimates,  
Or can by possibility estimate,  
The truth or falsehood of his neighbour's judgment.

Go, reader, then, and to thy moral truth  
Tenacious clinging, as to thy dear Palladium,  
Thy honor, sacred duty and thy God,  
And when men talk to thee of truth essential  
Ask them what is it, where is it to be found;  
And if they tell thee, here or there or yonder,  
Away in the pursuit, and thou shalt never  
From that day forward want a pleasant pastime,  
A game for ever right before thee flying,  
For ever near, but never, never caught.

CARLSRUHE, Febr. 5, 1856.

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### TO MY LOST ONE.\*

As long as I had thee, thou dearly loved flower,  
The year was to me sweet spring, summer, and autumn;  
As soon as thou droopedst and witheredst away,  
Ah! then came the cold frozen winter and storm.

CARLSRUHE, Jan. 14, 1856.

\* See page 181 of this volume and DIRGE FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII.  
in MY BOOK.

#### C O R R I G E N D A.

- Page 14. Line 7 from bottom, instead of delirium read Delirium,  
Page 98. Last line, instead of EAST. read WEST.  
Page 118. Last line, after that and after advancement supply comma.  
Page 149. First and second line, instead of Éven read Even  
Page 173. Line 3 from bottom, *dele* comma.  
Page 197. Line 2 from top, after sún and after séts supply comma.  
Page 204. Line 9 from top, after pláyest supply comma.  
Page 237. Line 9 from bottom, instead of future, read future;

C A I N,

A S O L I L O Q U Y.

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## C A I N,

### A S O L I L O Q U Y.

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IT 's done. Now let me reflect on it. Methinks it looks somewhat different already. I 'm almost sorry I did it. I *am* sorry; very, very sorry. If I could but undo it! Alas! alas! never, never to be undone. Terrible condition! Better not have been born! Why then did I do it? Let me think. What made me do it? Something must have made me do it. Myself could not make myself do it. Myself make myself! Impossible. Then what made me? Let me think. It was this hand did it. What made this hand do it? I made this hand do it. Yes; I made, caused this hand to do it. "I" is my will. My will made, caused this hand to do it. It is the act of my will; that is, of myself; my own voluntary act. I willed it. But what made me will it? In the same way as something must have made my hand do it, something must have made my will will it. A desire made my will will it. Yes; a desire, an emotion. I felt it here. An impulse stirred my will, an instinct, a passion. I felt something stir my will, make my will will it. Cursed something! Cursed impulse, passion,

desire, whatever it was! But what made this impulse, this passion, this emotion, this desire stir my will; make my will will it? How should I know? It was not my will stirred this passion, this emotion, this desire; but this passion, this emotion, this desire stirred my will; made my will do the act. But this passion, this emotion, this desire was not made by itself; therefore must have been made by something else, something antecedent; and that something antecedent was not made by itself but by something antecedent; and so on; each antecedent something by something antecedent still; how far? Till we come to a God? What God? My father's God? Could my father's God make himself? Could any God make himself? Impossible. Therefore beyond a God, beyond my father's God, beyond all Gods. Each antecedent something by something antecedent still, till we come to what? To nothing? No; for out of that antecedent nothing there could come nothing. Therefore each antecedent something, out of something antecedent still, and so on, for ever, without end. Then there is no end. Is that possible? Yes; for as there is space beyond space, and space beyond space, and space beyond space, and no space beyond which there is not yet space; and as there is time beyond time, and time beyond time, and time beyond time, and no time beyond which there is not yet time; and as there is number beyond number, and number beyond number, and number beyond number, and no number beyond which there is not yet number, so there is thing beyond thing, and thing beyond thing, and thing beyond thing, and no thing beyond which there is not yet thing. It follows then that I could not help doing the deed; for my will did it, and my will was made do it by something which was made to make my will do it, and so on, for ever. My will was but a link in a chain, at one end of which was the deed and at the other end, what? no other end; but the chain stretching away and away and away into the infinite

distance, beyond the vision of the mind even when strained to the utmost, and with the most painful exertion. But how does it happen that a chain, infinite and unending on one hand, should be limited and have an end at the other? The chain is only a-making at that end; the act of the will which is now the end of the chain being to be followed by its act or consequence or thing, and that act or consequence or thing by another act or consequence or thing, and that by another, and so on, into the infinite future. And thus the chain extends out of view on both sides; is equally without beginning and without end.

But if the act was necessary and could not be helped, whence this remorse? why do I accuse myself of it? why does Conscience reproach me for having done that which I could not but do? Let me see. This remorse too must be caused. What causes it? I don't know. I can't see. Let me examine again. Is it real? Does Conscience really reproach me? First, what is Conscience? what more than feeling, sentiment? nothing more. I have a feeling that reproaches me, that says: — "Cain, you should not have done this." Let me see if I can answer that feeling, if I can reason with it. What does it say? "Cain, you should not have done so." Let me try what I can answer: — "I could not help it; something made, caused me to do so." Is Conscience content with that answer? is the feeling silenced? Yes, the feeling is silenced; it says no more "you should not have done so;" it is answered; I *should* do what I was *made* or *caused* to do, or rather there is no *should* or *should not* in the question; it is simply *must*. That is a happy thought; Conscience is answered, torments me no more. But stay: it is not silent yet; it is speaking again: let me listen; what can it be saying now? It is apologising, excusing itself: it says: — "Cain, my accusation was founded on the belief that you could have done otherwise. I now perceive that you could not. I now

perceive, what I never perceived before, that you do not command your will; that your will is commanded for you; caused to act by your passion, your emotion, the impression made on you; and your passion, your emotion, the impression made on you, caused again by your constitution, education, and circumstances at the moment. Your defence is good. I withdraw my charge, and pray forgiveness." Well then; Conscience accuses me no more; I feel remorse no longer; and yet I am unhappy; less unhappy than before, but still very unhappy. Why? let me try to find out wherein my remaining unhappiness consists: It is not remorse; what then is it? It is regret; deep, deep regret; sorrow for what I have done. Can I not silence this sorrow, as I just now silenced my conscience? Let me justify myself to my sorrow, as I did to my conscience: — "Sorrow, torment me not; I could not help it, I was made to do it." What answers Sorrow? "I torment thee, not because thou didst that which thou shouldst not have done, but because thou didst the deed at all." "I was made to do it. I could not help it." "I torment thee because thou wast made to do it." "Unhappy man that I am, tormented because I was made to do the deed! better unborn!" "Yes; it is thy misfortune to have been born to do the deed; done, I must torment thee for it. Thou wast born to be tormented by Sorrow. But tell me why didst thou do the deed?" "A feeling, a passion, an emotion moved my will to do it." "And that feeling, that passion, that emotion whence?" "From my physical constitution, my nature, my education, my circumstances at the moment; from Adam my father, and Eve my mother, and from the maker or cause of them both." "And canst thou not now tell whence I also come, and how it is as necessary Sorrow should torment thee, as it was necessary Will should do the deed? I too am an emotion, a passion, an instinct derived from thy physical constitution, thy nature, thy education, thy parents, and their maker, and the maker

of their maker, and so forth." "Then why camest thou not in time, that I might not have done this deed?" "As well mightest thou ask why did not the pain of the burn come in time to prevent the child from putting its hand into the fire. It is the constitution of thy nature." "Unhappy constitution! Cruel, cruel tormentor that tormentest me only when it is too late, when the deed is done, and the torment useless!" "Useless with respect to the past deed, but most useful with respect to the future." "But the future deed will be as necessary as the past." "Certainly; a similar desire or passion will produce a similar deed; but the similar desire or passion, before it can produce the similar deed, must be itself produced, and I prevent its production." "Blessed, blessed Sorrow, I thank thee; go on, go on; I will complain no more." And now let me consider again: I am sorry that I did the deed, and this sorrow is necessary or caused; as necessary, as caused, as the passion which caused the will to do the deed. What then causes this sorrow? To answer that question I must analyse my sorrow. What am I sorry for? For killing my brother. Why should I be sorry for killing my brother? Why? Is it because I have lost my brother; a good, kind brother? Yes; but my sorrow is greater than could have been occasioned by the mere loss of my brother. If he had been killed by a wild beast I would have equally lost my brother, but I would not have been equally sorry, I would not have sorrowed as I now sorrow. Am I sorry then because of the evil which has befallen my brother? Yes; but neither does that explain all my sorrow. I am sorrier than if he had died by the hand of another assassin, or been torn in pieces by a wild beast, yet the evil to him would have been the same. Why then do I sorrow more than for the loss I have myself sustained by my brother's death, more than for the evil which has befallen my brother? Why more? Let me think. My father and mother and sisters and every one who knows me will think worse of

me for what I have done. That is a great cause of sorrow. I have lost their good opinion for ever. That indeed is terrible. But why so terrible? I could not help it; the passion, which caused my will to do the deed, was caused. Will they not think of that, and forgive me? No; they cannot forgive me; it is impossible they should. They may indeed not inflict physical punishment on me, may not torture me, may not kill me, may not expel me from among them, but they cannot think of me as they did before. That is wholly impossible. They now know what they never knew before, that I am a man whose passion will carry him the length even of killing his own good and loving brother. How can any one ever love me more? It is impossible. I am a fallen man. But how fallen? Let me not imagine myself worse than I am. I am not fallen, for I was always the same; would have done the same thing the day before, or a week before, or a month before, or a year before, or twenty years before, if the same occasion had arisen. The same cause would have produced the same passion, the same passion caused the will to perform the same act. I am therefore no worse than before; nay the very same as before; am not fallen; only fallen in men's estimation. Then they estimated me too highly before; and should I sorrow that they now know the truth of me, that they are no longer deceived; know that I am a man unsafe to live with, to come near, to have anything to do with: a man whom they should either shun, or expel from among them, or kill? Should I sorrow for this? No; I should rather rejoice; rejoice that the truth is known of me; that my friends are no longer deceived about me; will be ware of me. That at least is a good consequence of my unhappy deed. If they had known it sooner the deed might have been prevented, and how happy had it been for me! my brother at least would still have been living. Their knowledge of me although too late to prevent that deed, is time enough to

prevent a similar. Let me then not sorrow that men have now that true knowledge of my character, which will prevent them from trusting themselves in my society for the future. They will shun me, or expel me, or kill me. Let me rejoice if they do. I cannot blame them if they do. They do it in selfpreservation. They are not safe near me. They now know they are not, and if they are wise will punish me; not out of wrath or vengeance, as I killed my brother; but to preserve themselves from me, and to deter others from following my example. But cannot I excuse myself to them? Let me think. Have I no excuse? Can I not silence their accusation as I silenced that of my own conscience? What did I tell Conscience? "I could not help it; my passion made my will do the deed, and my constitution, and education, and circumstances at the moment, caused my passion." This excuse satisfied my conscience, but did not satisfy my sorrow; will it satisfy men? Let me try: — "I could not help it. My will was made do the deed. I am not responsible. Ye cannot righteously either hate or punish me." What do they answer? "Villain, we hate thee and punish thee, not because of the deed, but because the deed was done, even as thou thyself sayest, by thy will, and thy will made to do it by thy passion, and thy passion caused by thy constitution and education and circumstances at the moment. We will not keep among us a man of such a constitution and such an education and such consequent passion. Begone from amongst us, and be thankful that we don't kill thee as thou didst thy brother." I have nothing to reply: out of my own mouth they condemn me. Better I had not been born! But is this all the cause of my sorrow? Has it no further cause? Let me see. Not only has this act of mine displayed to men my true character, but to myself; I sorrow to find myself such a man as I am: to think that even before this deed I was such a man as this deed has proved me to be. I shudder at

the very sight of myself, of what I have been even while no one, not even myself, so much as suspected it. My pride is humbled. I am a man of such constitution, such education, and such consequent passion, as wilfully to kill my own brother. "Wretch, hide thy face even from thyself. Happy for thee if men would kill thee before thou committest a worse act than even this! for as no one, not even thyself, could know beforehand that thy constitution, and education, and consequent passion, were such as would cause thee to commit this act, so no one, not even thyself, can know beforehand that thy constitution, and education, and consequent passion, are not such as to cause thee yet to commit an act even worse than this. Even by this one act how hast thou debased thyself in thine own eyes!" Let me console myself however with the reflection that I am no longer deceived about myself; that I know, better than ever I did before, my true character. Poor consolation! and yet something; for bad as it is to be base and vile, it is still worse to be base and vile, and believe myself noble and honorable.

Well then, is this the whole? The loss of my brother; the injury done to my brother; the loss of my own esteem, and of men's esteem, and the fear of men's vengeance. Is this the whole? Have I nothing more to lament? nothing more to fear? Will not my father's God punish me also? will he not send fiends to torment me, to haunt me day and night? That is a weighty consideration. Let me see. Let me consider it well. First of all, can he? To be sure he can, for he is almighty; that is his very name, what my father calls him. Resistance and escape are alike hopeless. He can punish me if he will. But will he? Let me see. To be sure he will, for he is a terrible God, as terrible as he is strong; given to passion and anger, even as I am myself; vindictive like a man; hates like a man; remembers like a man; judges and punishes as if he were

a man; and only differs from man in his greater strength, and never forgiving — for he is justice itself, must execute, cannot remit or forgive; else he becomes injustice. Terrible God! he will punish me; and men's punishment will be as nothing to his punishment, not only on account of his unlimited power and infinite sternness, but on account of his immutability. Men may after a time forget me and my crime, but my father's God never forgets; never softens; never relents; never, never; is the same yesterday, today, and for ever. His revenge therefore lasts for ever, for ever and ever; death which puts an end to all other sorrow is ineffectual to put an end to this; for this terrible, this malignant, this irresponsible despot drags me out of that death which closes the sufferings even of the beast of the fields, and infuses into me a new and everlasting life, for the sole purpose of tormenting me everlasting; of tormenting me everlasting for no good either to myself, or to himself, or to mankind, or to any one, or to any thing, but merely to indulge the malignancy of his own nature: me the work of his own hands; me to whom he gives the irresistible inclination and the power to do the very thing which he commands me not to do, the very thing to which he attaches his everlasting punishment. Tyrant, it was not I that killed my brother, it was thou that killedst him: where is my brother, tyrant? what hast thou done with him? The guilt is thine, not mine. I was but the club in thine hand: inflict thine eternal torment upon thyself. Cain, Cain, how spotless pure art thou in comparison with the monster — with the malignant, detestable, diabolical monster! But stay: whose God is this? Thy God, Cain? believest thou in such a God? worshippest thou such a God? prayest thou to such a God? humblest thou thyself to such a God? to the inexorable, to the immutable, to the malignant, to the sole cause of all thy sorrow? No, I 'm not a fool: he is not my God: he is my father's God. Let my father, if he

will, honor him, and pray to him, and flatter him, and wheedle him to let him back into paradise; let him coax him, if he will, to reconstruct and remodel his bungled and imperfect work, I will have nothing to say to him. I renounce and disclaim him. What have I to do with him? What do I know about him? Better for me if he had never existed. But for him I could not this day have been the murderer of my brother. But let me see. Does he exist? Is there really such a God? Most devoutly do I hope there is not. How happy for me, for my father, for all men, if there were not! Let me see; let me see. Where did he come from? Who made him? What good in him? What use in him? Better without him. But my father says, this world required a God to make it. But if it did, the God that made it required another God to make him, for it is quite as easy, nay much easier, to conceive this world existing without a maker, than its maker existing without a maker. Who knows when this world which we see and feel was not to be seen and felt? who knows *that*, I say? First show me that there was a time when this world which we see and feel was not to be seen and felt, and then come and ask me to imagine a God to make it. First show me that there was a time when there was no time, and then come, if thou wilt, and ask me to imagine a God to make time. First tell me at what time did this God of thine make time. If thou answerest, at such a time, then there was time before God made it. If thou answerest, at no time, then no time is never. Or where was this God of thine when he made space? — *where* was he when there was no "*where*"? Or where is this God of thine now? Is he any where? Yes, he is somewhere. Where then? In heaven. Why the change of abode? Why leave where he was before he created heaven? Nonsense, mere nonsense; absurdities which full grown men instil into children; bugbears with which they frighten them until at last they

begin to be frightened themselves. But let me think seriously of it. My will did this deed; and my passion made my will do it, and my constitution and education and circumstances at the moment made my passion; and something previous made my constitution and education and circumstances at the moment; and something else previous made that previous something; and so on beyond sight and prospect, beyond the mental horizon, away, away, into the infinite distance. And who knows what there may be in that infinite distance, away beyond the intellectual horizon? Perhaps some God as bad as, or worse than, my father's God. Some more malignant, more vindictive, more despotic tyrant than even he. No; impossible; for malignancy, despotism, vindictiveness, are not beyond, but within, the intellectual horizon; are here at our very hand; are caused; and it is their cause we want, something that shall explain them, that shall account for their existence and to find which something we must of course go away beyond them. Some good being then, some amiable, forgiving, merciful, wise being; some being, all wise, all good, all amiable, all perfect, such as my father tells his God he is, when he wants to cajole and wheedle him to his purpose. No, equally impossible; for it is the cause of this goodness, this amiability, this perfection, we want, and the cause must be away beyond the effect. It is not this thing, or that thing — this goodness, this badness — which we seek, but the cause of this goodness, this badness; something therefore which is no thing. That is my God; no thing, but the cause of all things; that which is neither good nor bad, nor high nor low, nor great nor small, but which was and is beyond and before all these things and every thing, and of which I know nothing, and of which nothing can by any possibility be known except the mere negative, the pure and absolute nothing.

And is this all I know? With all the force of my understanding can I arrive at no more? If at no more, at least at no less. Ignorance rather than error. The ignorant mind may receive knowledge, for the field is open; the erring mind cannot receive it, for the field is full, full of error. Foolish man, vain, foolish, wicked, and hypocritical man, would fain hide ignorance behind error. But who am I that talk of vanity and wickedness? I, the murderer of my brother? Yes, why not I? what is VAIN? what is WICKED? what but men's opinion of certain acts, and why not my opinion equal to another's? What is the murder of my brother but the killing of my brother? what makes the killing of my brother murder, and his killing of me, if he had killed me in his selfdefence, not murder? what but the opinion of men who declare that the act done with the one passion or instinct is murder, the act done with the other passion or instinct not murder? But where is the difference between the passions or instincts? What makes one better or worse than another? He offended me and my blood rose and I killed him. I offend him and his blood rises and he kills me. Where is the difference but in degree? that my blood rises quick, his slow? Men judge that it is for their advantage a man's blood should rise slow and not quick, and punish me and reward him. It is the judgment of men; nothing else. Were sheep to judge, it is my brother were pronounced the murderer, who kills them in cold blood; them who have never offended him. But killing sheep does no harm to men; and therefore men do not call him who kills them murderer, nor punish him. And so it is. Men are right, and I blame them not. They have made this rule among themselves; and I am one of them myself, and a consenting party to the rule. Sheep would do so if they could, and do so as far as they can. Lions and wolves do so. Every thing that lives does so, as far as it can; makes its rules according to what it thinks its greatest

interest, and calls observance of those rules right, and violation of them wrong. I have done this wrong, this great wrong; broken the rule made by my friends and species and self, and must bear the consequence. Dreadful consequence! Better not have been born! Death a thousand times better. What? death? yes, death a thousand times better; next best to not to have been born. Death then, death. My friends cannot frown on me there. Men cannot expel me there; cannot hate me there; cannot mark me there; cannot hunt me down there; cannot hie their God, their demon, upon me there. My sorrow cannot torment me there. There at least I am safe. My passion cannot rise again there; my blood boil again there; and make my will kill another man, murder another brother. Come then, death; sweet, gentle death, long and last oblivion, come; best, kindest friend of man, come; Oh! come, come, come.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY (IRELAND). Autumn of 1851.

*Gerry Goffin, Davy (Davy), Minard, P.M.*

# MENIPPEA.

CLOSE the book, reader, if to any fashion,  
Or sect, or creed, or theory thou 'rt wedded;  
Read on, if thou believest good may be  
Perhaps even there where most thou disapprovest  
— It may be even where most I disapprove —  
Not to please thee I wrote, please thou thyself.

1248  
6/1/93.

DRESDEN.

PRINTED BY C. C. MEINHOLD & SONS.

1866.

## DEDICATION.

### TO MOMUS.

HONEST God, who lovest candor,  
And wouldest not great Alexander  
Flatter, for his crown and scepter,  
Or the praise of his preceptor;  
Thou, to whom no altar blazes,  
Had I voice, I 'd sing thy praises;  
Having none, I lay my psalter  
Humbly down on thy cold altar;  
Take, and read it at thy leisure —  
It was writ for Momus' pleasure.

[DRESDEN, May 16, 1866.]

## UNDER A DEAD BUTTERFLY.

COLD, unbelieving sceptic, turn and see  
Here typified, Man's immortality.  
As through my various phases I have passed,  
— Egg, larva, pupa, insect — and at last  
Have died and to an end come, and no more  
Shall floweret sip, or through the bl<sup>ue</sup> sky soar,  
So Man when through life's changes he has passed  
And to his native dust returned at last,  
Out of that dust shall rise to heaven on high,  
To live with God himself and never die.  
Doubt no more then, but carve upon thy tomb  
A butterfly, the emblem of thy doom.

CARLSRUHE, March 25, 1856.

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THANKS, Fortune! that thou sent'st into the world  
So many accidents, cross-purposes,  
Malapropos, surprises, slips of tongue;  
Else never, never to this hour, had reached  
Once to mine ear, Truth's weak and stammering voice.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

THE pious Christian says the Turk 's quite wrong;  
The pious Turk says: wrong the Christian , quite;  
Thou , larger-hearted, each by his own rule  
Judge , and thou 'lt find both Turk and Christian right.

CARLSRUHE, May 15, 1856.

---

THIS infinite goodness which we see all round us,  
This infinite love and power and wisdom, whence?  
Why, isn't it plain even to the veriest child,  
From infinite goodness, love and power and wisdom?  
Nothing without a cause is ; so , of love,  
Love is the cause; and power, the cause of power;  
Goodness , of goodness; and of wisdom, wisdom:  
Listen, ye atheists; blush, and be convinced.

CARLSRUHE, March 17, 1856.

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"THANK thee, kind Providence," the cuckoo said,  
Dropping her egg into the blackbird's nest;  
"To thee, who so the blackbird's brood protectest,  
My little one with confidence I trust."

CARLSRUHE, May 15, 1856.

## THE FOUR HAPPY BEASTS.

“Vier Thieren auch verheissen war  
In's Paradies zu kommen.”  
GOETHE, West-Oestlicher Divan.

There are four beasts in paradise,  
Among the saints and houris,  
An ass, a dog, a wolf, a cat;  
There are these four beasts only.

The ass, he is the very ass  
Christ rode on, into Zion;  
His bed is of palm branches made,  
He 's held of all in honor.

The second beast in paradise  
The wolf is, of Mohammed;  
The wolf that killed the rich man's sheep,  
But did not touch the poor man's.

The little dog that slept so long  
And sound, with the Seven Sleepers,  
The third beast is, in paradise;  
He came there with his masters.

Abuherrira's pussy cat  
The last of the four beasts is,  
And lives on milk for lack of mice,  
And purrs about the Lord's feet.

I 've not been there, myself, to see  
That really, there, the four are,  
But Goethe has, and I 'm content  
To take it Goethe's word on.

CARLSRUHE, March 8, 1856.

THERE is a way to be by all beloved,  
And live a happy life and free from trouble:  
Give when thou hast, and give when thou hast not,  
And always give and give, and ask back nothing;  
And never see a fault thy neighbour has,  
Nor any virtue which thou hast thyself;  
And not even in the fashion of thy shóe-tie  
Differ one tittle from thy neighbour's judgment  
— Out of conviction, mind! not compliment —  
And never cease to instil into thy children  
The love of virtue for its own, dear sake,  
And to stray never from the path of honor  
And independent principle and truth,  
Not even to gain th' esteem of the whole, wide world.  
So shalt thou happy live, and, when thou comest,  
At last, to die, resign thy breath, contented,  
Without a doubt thy children will have sense  
To follow thy example, not thy precept.

CARLSRUHE, March 9, 1856.

---

I DON'T know which is worse, the Turk or Heathen;  
And yet — stay, let me see — the Turk is worse:  
The idol thou canst thrów down, smash to atoms;  
But how out of the temple drivest Allah,  
Th' invisible, th' intangible, the nothing?

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

"WHO 'll buy my poems? who 'll buy?"  
Through the lanes and markets I,  
Through the low ways and the high,  
All the livelong morning, cry;  
But no one comes to buy —  
Tell me the reason why.

"Let 's see a poem — O fie!  
You have got the EVIL EYE;  
None of your poems I 'll buy —  
Good bye, Sir Poet, good bye!"

"From your own self, you fly;  
It 's you have the EVIL EYE;  
I 'm but its painter, I.  
Of the truth since you 're so shy,  
Good bye, my friend, good bye!  
I 'll not sell to you, not I;  
Keep your money for a lie —  
Who 'll buy my poems? who 'll buy?"

CARLSRUHE, May 2, 1856.

---

"Omne tulit punctum."

THE pious man alone makes way with God;  
With Man, the pietist alone makes way;  
So be thou pietist and pious both,  
And, holding all the trumps, the whole game 's thine.

CARLSRUHE, May 20, 1856.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A DOG'S COLLAR.

DESPISE me not: I am as true  
And incorruptible, as you;  
Have whiter teeth, can sharper smell,  
Can run as quick, and fight as well,  
And, if all 's true that people tell,  
Haven't half your chance to go to Hell.

CARLSRUHE, April 20, 1856.

HUSH! not one word about it! here 's my child.  
Children must not hear what their parents think.

CARLSRUHE, March 30, 1856.

IF I said truth, forgive me, good, kind friend;  
'Twas a mere inadvertence, not design.  
I know the rules of life; am neither drunk,  
Nor fool, nor child, nor unbeliever simple,  
And if, at times, I blurt the awkward word,  
Repentance follows with her scorpion whip,  
And lashes, till he bleeds, the unhappy culprit.  
Forgive me then, truth 's its own punishment.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

## PROVIDENCE.

UPON that Providence rely  
Which feeds the spider with the fly.  
"But what if I should be the fly?"  
Upon that Providence rely  
Which sends the housemaid with the broom  
To sweep the spider out of the room.  
"But what if I 'm the spider?" Why,  
Upon that Providence rely  
Which sends the housemaid out to flirt,  
And leaves the chamber in its dirt.

CARLSRUHE, May 7, 1856.

THE king walked out,  
And looked about;  
    His heart was full of pride:  
The king walked in,  
And, by a pin  
    Pricked in the finger, died.

Ye laureates, sing  
The mighty king,  
    The just, the brave, the wise;  
But to the bier  
Come not too near —  
    It stinks, and gathers flies.

CARLSRUHE, April 6, 1856.

GO to! Go to! thou that believ'st thy soul  
Unborn, all perfect, and to live for ever,  
And feel'st it not each moment dying in thee,  
Each moment newly born — even as thy flesh —  
Till it 's as little like, at eighty years,  
That which it was at eighteen years or months,  
As the lank hair of eighty years is like  
The curls of manhood or the baby's down.  
Go to! Go to! I will not argue with thee,  
Thou who feel'st not thy soul's growth and decay,  
And still less argue with thee if thou feelest  
Thy soul grow and decay, and knowest not,  
To grow and to decay mean but — to die.

CARLSRUHE, May 1, 1856.

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RELIGION learns addition well,  
But is a perfect blockhead at subtraction;  
    Easier to add a hundred new,  
Than take one old saint from the calendar.

Well for the new saint! well for the old!  
And well for us, poor, pelting devils of sinners,  
    Who stand so much in need of friends  
At court, to introduce and recommend us!

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

NO statute against lying; why? because,  
How without help of lying make a statute?

ALITER.

No statute against lying; why? because  
Liars and lies, our lawmakers and laws.

CARLSRUHE, May 8, 1856.

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WITH memory short and understanding weak,  
And appetites fierce rampant as a beast's,  
And hideous outside, crippled and deformed  
— Hypocrisy and cruelty and pride,  
Malignancy and violence and imposture  
Oozing, redundant, out of every pore —  
Behold the Lord's elected, the redeemed,  
The newly born, the vessel of God's grace,  
The ethereal spirit that, in pure white robed,  
Shall sit enthroned beside the son of God,  
Judging the heretic, infidel, and heathen,  
Or, harp in hand, with choirs seraphic mingle,  
And raise th' accepted hymn, to the Most High.

CARLSRUHE, May 13, 1856.

I ASK no better omen of my lore  
Than that each reader, while he reads, should cry: —  
“Well said! well said! that could not be said better;  
But I, for all that, don’t agree with him;  
He is a queer, odd fellow; has strange notions,  
Of God, especially, and the soul, and heaven,  
And things of that sort; things so plain and easy  
That I have never found it necessary  
To enlarge the views I had of them when a child,  
A little, whimpering child of six years old.  
I wonder at him, for I know he is  
A good, well meaning man, and every time  
I say my prayers I pray God to forgive him  
And make him like the rest of us — amen!”

CARLSRUHE, May 23, 1856.

---

HAPPY and good, who well deceives his foes;  
Happier and better, who his friends deceives well;  
Happiest and best, who well deceives his children,  
Hides from them all he feels and thinks and knows,  
All the experience his long life has taught him,  
And, when he dies, behind him leaves them floundering  
In the same sea of lies, in which his own  
Kind parents, when they died, left him to flounder.

CARLSRUHE, March 30, 1856.

IT 's a holy whim, a holy whim;  
    Unholy! be thou still:  
It 's a holy whim, a holy whim,  
    Holy will have its will.

It 's Holy rules the earth and sea;  
    It 's Holy rules the sky;  
Of Holy we are still the slaves,  
    Whether we live or die.

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

---

UNLAMENTED, well deserving,  
By the vengeful hand of Verger  
Fell the portly, proud archbishop: \*  
Unlamented, well deserving,  
By the vengeful ax fell Verger.  
Bravo! bravo! so the wood 's cleared,  
And the heaven's light, heat and rain get  
To the grass, and make it grow up.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Febr. 8—9, 1857.

\* Siborn, Archbishop of Paris, while officiating in the church of St. Stephen of the Mount, in Paris, January 2, 1857, was assassinated by a priest, of the name of Verger, who was immediately arrested, and, with as little delay as possible, tried, convicted and guillotined.

MY country's language is the stone of which  
I have built myself a temple vast and solid,  
Where tribes and nations yet unborn shall seek  
And find me ever-present and propitious,  
Me, whom my countrymen not understanding,  
Despise, even as the Jews their holiest prophet,  
And, to false prophets only, lend an ear.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Febr. 23, 1857.

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O EVER-TRUNDLING Dresden, if so few  
Drive in thy streets, it 's not for want of wheels.  
What is it, then, that 's wanted, that so few  
Drive in thy streets, O ever-trundling Dresden ?  
Why, horses, to be sure! to sit and drive,  
Where women, men and dogs are always drawing.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 27, 1857.

---

FIRM to the truth adhere so long as thou gain'st by it,  
And never tell a lie but for thy profit.  
So shalt thou please God best, by men live honored,  
Avoid the martyr's crown, yet win the saint's.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 13, 1858.

I TOOK my dog with me, one day, to church,  
And, full of wonder that he did not worship,  
Said to him whén I cáme home: — “How is ’t, Tray,  
That you ’re not thankful to the God of all?”  
“What God of all?” said Tray; “the God who made  
Me and my fellows for the use of you  
And yours, not for our own use or enjoyment?  
Lick *ye* his hand, wag *ye* your tails to him;  
By your own showing *we* owe nothing to him;  
A devil had treated us as well or better.”  
So saying, Tray lay down upon his mat  
Growling, and I said — What hadst thou said, reader?

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 12, 1858.

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THOU, pious Christian, when thou diest bring’st with thee  
Into the heaven of heavens, thine earthly soul,  
With all its human knowledge and affections.  
I, when I die, cease wholly and need nothing;  
Bring with me nothing, not even thy farewell;  
But take thou mine, and sometimes even in heaven  
Think of me; sometimes to the recollection  
Of thy once déar friend spare some few short moments  
Of thine eternity of perfect bliss.  
Thou shakest thine head — well! well! I ’ll not insist;  
It was a foolish thought; forgive thy friend,  
And, in thy pure and perfect joy, forget.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Febr. 11, 1858.

UNDER A PICTURE OF  
MISS LOUISA GRACE'S DOG, ALÌ.

I NEVER go to church, I never pray,  
Never confess my sins, but, all the day,  
Follow my nose, do what me pleases best,  
Eat, drink and sleep, and leave to God the rest,  
Whom thou so busy keep'st with minding thee  
— Blessed, lucky chance! — he never thinks of me.  
Wouldst thou know who I am, Alì 's my name  
(Or Doctor Henry — it is all the same),  
Of cynic race, some say, and an ascetic;  
A stoic, sóme say; some, a peripatetic;  
But of whatever sect, whatever race,  
The trúe friend, still, of Miss Louisa Grace.

PISTOJA, April 7, 1858.

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— “Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousie:  
It is a green-eyed monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on.”

I WOULD not be Alì — not for the whole  
Wide world — with scarce a body and no soul,  
And two blind eyes, and snivelling nose, and tongue  
Out of a toothless mouth on one side hung  
Like a red clout. Talk of his pedigree  
And gentle blood! I would not be Alì  
— Not even for heaven itself — and to the side  
Of a proud mistress with a string be tied.  
What is 't to mé, shè has a lovely face?  
What is 't to mé, she 's called Louisa Grace?  
That she draws truer than Da Fiesole,  
Than Petrarch purer writes, what is 't to me?

That she steps Juno, smiles the Queen of Love,  
Coos sweeter in the ear than Paphian dove?  
I 'll nót trot at her side through mire and dust,  
Not pút up with her "Come!" "Go!" "Sir, you must;"  
Jump when she bids, and, when she bids, lie down  
Át her foot-sóle, half smothered in her gown.  
All may if he likes: a frée dog, I;  
A frée dog I was born, and free will die.

PISTOJA, April 8, 1858.

---

"Á FINE, hopeful boy, your Tommy;  
Always takes and holds the first place,"  
Tó an anxious father saíd once  
Á grave, feruled, wíse schoolmáster;

"But your Neddy, sir, I fíear me,  
Nó good óf him will come ever;  
Thére he stands, the lást boy always —  
Át the bottom of the whóle class."

Nów I dare not say schoolmásters  
Ever pút boys in wrong places,  
Though I 've sometimes stood, I ówn it,  
At the bottom of the whóle class,

Ánd you 'd wonder little Neddy  
Ventured even so much as línt it,  
Hád you seen those shaggy, bláck brows,  
Ánd the birch that hung not fár off: —

"Only be so good as sometimes  
Tó begin to count from mé, sir,  
Ánd you 'll find, perhaps," said Neddy,  
"Í 'm not always in the lást place.

"But as long as you begin your  
Count from favorite Master Alpha,  
Not a boy in school but knows that  
For poor Omega there 's small chance."

True the story, and a mere fact,  
Not a tale excogitated  
To discredit schools and teachers,  
Else, be sure, you had had a priest in it.

PISTOJA, April 10, 1858.

---

I SAW him pick it up; it was a rag  
Worth nothing, yet he picked it up and stowed it  
Away into his pouch, as thou wouldest gold.  
Misery was in his face, and in the act,  
And in the shame with which he strove, in vain,  
The act to hide. My very heart bled for him,  
And with mine eye I followed him until  
In, at a door more wretched than himself,  
Tottering and slow and sad, he disappeared.  
Twice, in my dreams, since then I 've seen his frail,  
Stooped, trembling figure; more than twice since then  
Have, to my waking self, hoped he was dead  
And out of suffering, and no longer, more  
Than ever impious atheist by his reasoning,  
Against God's goodness and God's providence,  
By the mere fact of his being alive, blasphemed.

PISTOJA, April 8, 1858.

## ADAM'S EPITAPH.

KIND Providence it was, that gave me life;  
Kind Providence it was, gave me a wife;  
Kind Providence it was, took from me both.  
To accuse a good, kind Providence, I 'm loath,  
But, in my simple judgment, he should either  
Have left both with me, or have given me neither.

Walking from LAVIS to DEUTSCHMETZ (SOUTH TIROL), April 28, 1858.

---

"THIS world's goods are dross and rubbish,"  
Said I to Religion, óne day;  
"Yet, methinks, thou 'rt never easy  
Whén thou 'st nót got á good sháre o' them.

"To be sure," answered Religion;  
"Just because they 're dross and rubbish,  
I endeavour to make up, in  
Quantity, the deficit in  
Solid and intrinsic value."

"Right," said I, "and I have twó birds  
Killed with óne stone, for I sée now,  
For the firſt time, why Religion  
Ís so well contented, always,  
With an infinitesimal portion  
Óf God's graces, for her ówn share."

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 23, 1860.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, but now I know it."  
Gay's Epitaph.

THIS life 's a jest, you wicked poet;  
Living, you thought so; dead, you know it.  
But what 's the next life, tell us. "Why,  
The next life 's serious, being — a lie."

KLOBENSTEIN, on the RITTEN, near BOTZEN, May 3, 1858.

ARRANT cheats, as all the wórlد knows,  
Hope and Féar are, ánd were always;  
Vagabonds of different sexes,  
Once, by chance, they came together.

Róund Fear's waist Hope threw his stróng arms,  
Kissed and pressed and coaxed and cuddled;  
Féar grew big, and in due tíme was  
Safe delivered of Religion.

Arrant cheats, as all the wórlد knows,  
Were, and still are, both the parents;  
Where 's the wonder if the daughter 's  
Twice as arrant cheat as either?

FLIRSCH, in the STANZER-THAL, TIROL, May 12, 1858.

THOU praisest, blessest, gloriest God:  
Why not? the child says, to the rising sun,  
Good Morrow! to the setting sun, Good night!  
And beats the naughty stool that fell and hurt him.

REUTI, in the RHEIN-THAL, CANTON ST. GALLEN, May 15, 1858.

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### MILES VETUS AND TIRO.

MILES VETUS.

HEAVEN is the land of bliss.

TIRO.

But where 's that land,  
That happy land? Oh! tell me, if thou lov'st me.

MILES VETUS.

Beyond the sea, above the sun and stars,  
Deep in the bowels of the solid earth,  
Or wheresoever 's the securest place  
And least accessible, there, there is heaven.

TIRO.

And when I 'm there at last, at long and last,  
Shall I be happy? tell me, tell me truly.

MILES VETUS.

Why, to be sure! — The bird stands to be caught,  
When once thou hast put the salt upon its tail.

MÖHRINGEN, on the DANUBE, May 25, 1858.

IF hé 's religious who believes in one  
Sole, single, all-sustaining Providence,  
Double, at least, must his religion be,  
Who has the happiness to believe in two:  
In number One, who fills Man's hungry belly,  
And number Two, who makes Man's belly hungry.  
But, with three-fold religion, blessed, is he,  
The pious man, who 'd, if he could, install  
A third, and still more needful, Providence,  
To balance th' other two, and to preserve  
Birds, beasts, and fishes from Man's hungry belly,  
And from each other's — filling up with grass,  
Or doing away entirely with, all bellies.

FORBACH, in the MURG-THAL, BADEN, May 30, 1858.

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## TOMMY AND NEDDY,

### CONTEMPLATING A CORPSE.

TOMMY.

DEAD as a dog!

NEDDY.

Ay, to be sure;  
Dead, and that 's all about it.

TOMMY.

But the soul, Ned?

NEDDY.

Why, up to heaven  
Gone, with the dog's; don't doubt it.

MALSCHI, néar CARLSRUHE, May 31, 1858.

"Caput rerum Roma."

BEING themselves of all the whole, wide world's  
Cruel, unscrupulous, hard-hearted tribes,  
The most hard-hearted and unscrupulous,  
The Romans conquered all the whole, wide world.  
What are they now, those haughty, conquering Romans,  
Who gáve laws to the Briton and the Mede,  
Who chopped the hánds off, of their Dacian captives,  
And, to amuse themselves and wives and children,  
Tortured to death the Christian in the Arena —  
What are they now? cameo-cutters, painters,  
Carvers of wood and marble, stucco-plasterers,  
Long-petticoated priests and slip-shod friars  
Mumbling prayers for bajocchi. And Rome's Caesar,  
— Augustus, Pater Patriae, Imperator —  
What is he now? a preacher, a confessor,  
A soul-absolver, dispensation-granter —  
A hobbling porter with a bunch of keys,  
Opening for those who well the knocker grease,  
Growling at beggars, threatening naughty boys  
That if about the door they keep such noise —  
Pshaw! leave him there: to thee or me, what matter?  
Rome 's dead and gone — that 's all; but, if it be,  
Another 's coming, or already come,  
For Man is Mán still, and the world 's the world,  
And as wide-mouthed, voracious pike, today,  
Breed in the Seine as ever bred in Tiber.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 20, 1858.

## LADY GOUT.

LADY Gout once caught a rich man  
By the foot, and pulled him to her,  
Saying: — “Come; lie down beside me;  
While we may, let us be happy.”

And the rich man was no Joseph,  
And lay down beside her, willing —  
Such things, many a time, have happened,  
Many a time, such things will happen.

Lady Gout the rich man’s hand caught  
In her hand, and warmly pressed it,  
Twined about his neck her lithe arms,  
Kissed and coaxed and hugged and cuddled;

Said, he was her only loved one,  
Her dear, only, one beloved one;  
Kissed him twenty times a minute,  
Fifty times a minute, kissed him.

To draw breath, the rich man struggled,  
And unlock her arms clasped round him  
Tight as ever round Laocoön  
And his two sons clung the serpents.

Lady Gout kissed only faster,  
Only closer hugged and cuddled —  
See the rich man, how he reddens,  
In the face, and swells and blackens;

Like a board upon a billow,  
How his bosom up and down heaves —  
Not for thousand times his treasures,  
Would I change lots with that rich man.

From between his lips the foam spews,  
And his eyes are glazed and staring,  
And his bosom heaves no longer,  
And his skin is cold and clammy.

It's a strong love doesn't from death turn;  
Lady Gout, all of a sudden,  
To corruption leaves one sweetheart,  
And her arms flings round another.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 5, 1858.

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## JULIAN AND GALLUS,

### IN THE CASTLE OF MACELLUM.

JULIAN.

LIKE, as an egg's, life's two ends to each other:  
Blind, helpless, speechless, at one end we enter,  
Not knowing where we are, or whence we come;  
Blind, helpless, speechless, exit at the other —  
Who has come back to tell us why or whither?

GALLUS..

Lazarus, for one.

JULIAN.

And what did Lazarus say?

GALLUS.

Nothing; seemed not to know he had been away.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, July 1, 1858.

So thou hast been at Delphi, yet not learned  
Thou 'rt not a baker, but a lump of dough  
Leavened with óne part pleasure, thrée parts pain,  
Kneaded, rolled out, and scored and pricked all over,  
Baked, sliced, chewed, swallowed, cast into the draught,  
Not doubting, all the while, but thou 'rt a baker.  
Go back to Delphi, fool, and say I sént thee,  
Not to consult the oracle but read  
The inscription on the shrine; go back to Delphi.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 22, 1858.

SHE was a gallant ship, that, many a day,  
Buffeted with the winds and ocean waves,  
But in the course of time, alas! grew crazy,  
And sprang a leak, and, in a hurricane,  
Foundered, and sank in thousand-fathom water,  
And no two boards of her remained together.  
No matter; weep not for her; the day 's coming,  
When from the bottom she 'll rise stately up,  
— New rigged and painted — not to sail the sea  
Or buffet with the stormy winds and waves,  
But float serene, above, in the blue sky,  
Beyond the clouds, in everlasting sunshine.  
Deplore not the wrecked vessel, but rejoice,  
And lóok out for her day of resurrection.

RINKLINGEN, BADEN, July 3, 1858.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL PUPIL AND MONITOR.

PUPIL.

An angel, that!

MONITOR.

Ay, to be sure! an angel;

Hasn't it the duck's wings stuck between its shoulders?

A little boy with duck's wings on his back 's

An angel; a great big one 's an archangel;

A head without a body, and with wings

Under its chin, one on each side, 's a cherub.

PUPIL.

And when I die, am I to be an angel?

Or an archangel? or a cherub only?

MONITOR.

None of the three; you are to be a spirit.

PUPIL.

But I 'll have wings to fly about, like them?

MONITOR.

No; what would spirits do with wings, who have neither  
Bodies nor heads, nothing at all to carry?

PUPIL.

How can they eat or drink, unless they 've heads?

Or come and go, unless they 've feet or wings?

MONITOR.

They neither eat nor drink, nor come nor go.

PUPIL.

And do they never talk at all?

MONITOR.

How could they,

Having no heads nor mouths nor tongue nor teeth?

PUPIL.

Then what do they do? what use in them at all?  
They can't even think or feel, not having heads.  
I'm sure I hope I'll never be a spirit;  
An angel or a cherub's well enough,  
Or an archangel, but, if I'd my choice,  
I'd just as soon be nothing, as a spirit.

WEINSBERG, WÜRTTEMBERG, July 7, 1858.

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CHRIST'S kingdom is of love, pure love alone;  
No touch of hatred has an entrance there.  
But, in his very nature, Man's compounded  
Of love and hatred variously proportioned:  
A drachm of love, here, to an ounce of hatred;  
Hatred a drachm, there, to a whole pound of love;  
But no one without hatred, if 'twere only,  
To hate the evil as we love the good.  
Into Christ's kingdom, therefore, being of love,  
— Pure love alone — no man shall find admittance,  
No man has ever found. What follows thence?  
Why, that Christ's kingdom is to Man a blank,  
A void, a cypher, a non-entity,  
A grain of salt upon a bird's tail thrown  
To make the bird stand still until it's caught.  
Be not your own dupes then, ye amiable,  
Simpleton pietists; on Christ's gate's written,  
Throw off the natural man ere here ye enter:  
That is to say, minus the figure of speech,  
For human nature, here, there's no admittance.

Walking from ZELL on the MOSELLE, to ALF, July 21, 1858.

ONCE upon a time a yóung man  
Had a tree he loved and cherished,  
Such a tree as yóung men often  
Have or may have — óld men, never.

Deep and firm, not to be shaken,  
In the ground this tree was rooted;  
Strong and straight the stem, and taper;  
Full of leaves and flowers, the branches.

Day by day the yóung man watched it,  
Cared it, day by day, and watered;  
Wondered why so slow the frúit came,  
Though it had so early blossomed.

Year by year the yóung man watched it,  
Cared and pruned, manured and watered;  
Still no fruit, no fruit at all, came;  
Only buds and leaves and blossoms.

Now the yóung man is an óld man;  
And his tree is dead and withered: —  
“It will bear fruit in the blúe sky,”  
Said the óld man, with his lást breath.

Tell me, reader, if thou knowest,  
What the name is of that strángé tree;  
In thy mind’s botanic garden,  
Hást thou a tree like it, growing?

Walking from ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, to GLENAGEARY,  
April 21, 1859.

MAGISTER.

THIS' bread 's my body, and this wine 's my blood:  
Eat and drink freely, they are given for yóu.

DISCIPULI.

Capital, both; but for our natural horror  
Of cannibalism, we 'd wish thou wert a giant.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 21, 1859.

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GOD'S will be done! God's will is always good.  
Let God take fróm me my whole worldly substance,  
To the last penny; let God plague and vex me  
With pains and blotches and all kinds of sores;  
Of sight and hearing, life itself deprive me;  
God's will be done! God's will is always good.  
But let my neighbour in like fashion tréat me,  
He is a rogue, a villain, my worst foe.  
Read me the riddle, reader, if thou canst:  
Why is the same thing good, at once, and bad —  
Bad at Man's hands received, and good at God's?  
Is it because in disrespect to Man,  
We call his áct bad, which is good being God's?  
Or is 't because, in compliment to God,  
We call his áct good, which is bad being Man's?  
Read me the riddle right, ingenuous reader,  
And thou shalt ever be my great Apollo.

Walking from BEETRICH to HONTHEIM (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 21, 1858.

THE LORD AND ADAM,

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

THE LORD.

-- FOR, dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

ADAM.

If dust I am, and shall to dust return,  
All 's right. I shall return to what I am.

THE LORD.

Thou 'rt quite too literal; I love a trope.

ADAM.

That 's more than I do. I must fairly own  
I don't like to have sand thrown in mine eyes.  
Why make that harder still to understand,  
Which, in itself, is hard? The plainest speech  
Pleases me most.

THE LORD.

He 'll not make a bad Quaker.

*aside.*

— And for thy sake the serpent too is cursed,  
Shall on his belly go, and eat the dust.

ADAM.

That 's a trope too, no doubt.

THE LORD.

Why, half and half;  
Trope, he shall eat the dust; but literal  
And matter of fact, he shall go on his belly.

ADAM.

Excuse me — on his back; for on his belly  
He goes at present and has always gone.

THE LORD.

Belly or back, 's small difference in a serpent;  
From either he 'll know how to bruise thy heel.

ADAM.

But I 'll go in a carriage, ride on horseback,  
Or, if I go on foot, wear leather boots.

THE LORD.

Literal again! It would have saved some trouble,  
To have put a few grains more of poetry  
Into the dull prose of thy composition.

ADAM.

It can't be helped now; but next time you're making  
A thing, like me, with an immortal soul  
— For I'm none of your dust, I'm bold to tell you,  
But an ethereal spirit in a case —  
'Twere well you'd make him with sufficient wit  
To understand your flights of poetry,  
Or, if not, that you'd talk to him in prose.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, April 17, 1859.

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DERVIS AND BIBLE-READER.

UPON their asses, mounted, with their wallets,  
Forgathered once, upon the road to Bagdad,  
A travelling Dervis and a Bible-reader.  
In broken French as they beguiled the way  
Goodhumored and polite, the missionary  
Observed the Dervis's right cheek and eye  
Swollen as with toothache, and, compassionating,  
Asked what was 't ailed him. "Toothache," said the Dervis;  
"For thrée nights past, not one wink have I slept,  
And every bit I eat, puts me to torture."  
"I praise thee that thou bearest with due patience  
God's castigating hand," replied the Christian;  
"Sin merits punishment, and man's a sinner."  
"And is that ass a sinner," said the Dervis,  
"That with thy cudgel thou layest on him so,  
Or wouldst thou only make him travel faster?  
I, for my part, bear patiently the toothache,  
Not as Heaven's retribution for my sins,

But, as thine ass bears patiently the cudgel,  
Because impatience would but make it worse.  
I 'd cure it, too, by drawing, had I only  
A dentist near me; which thou darest not do,  
Being bound, as a good Christian, not to kick  
Against thy sins' well merited chastisement —  
Bound not to disappoint and render void,  
By human wit, Heaven's well considered purpose.  
Hé is a rebel against Heaven's high state  
Who owns his guilt, yet lifts his parrying hand  
Against Heaven's bastinado. Christian! Christian!  
A petty, peddling Cadi is thy God,  
By the few good scarce willingly obeyed,  
Boldly at nought set by the many bad.  
By good and bad, alike, obeyed is Allah,  
The Moslem's God, and what he wills is fate.  
Therefore I cure, if curable, my toothache;  
Or bear with patience what must needs be borne."

Walking from HONTHEIM to MEHREN (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 22, 1858.

PAINTER, wouldest thou paint a young man,  
Paint him with his eye fixed steady  
On the rising sun, before him;  
At his back, paint mists and darkness.

In Hope's colours dip thy pencil;  
Put enough of bright, blue sky in;  
In the grass let lambs be frisking;  
Set on every spray a linnet.

Paint him smooth, erect and comely,  
With his horse and hounds beside him;  
On the right hand or the left hand,  
Not far off, must stroll a maiden.

Painter, wouldst thou paint a pendant  
For thy young man's finished portrait,  
Séé that old man, toward the ground stooped,  
On his pair of crutches leaning.

Clouds and darkness are before him,  
Shutting out all forward prospect;  
At his back the sun is setting;  
Winter's winds are howling round him.

Let thy lights be dim and misty;  
Dip in Memory's hues thy pencil;  
Leaden-coloured be the landscape;  
Deep and broad, spread out thy shadows.

Leafless trees put in the background;  
Rocks and stones, both sides the path, strew;  
In the foreground put a churchyard  
With the gate wide standing open.

On the same wall hang both pictures,  
With the same name superscribe both,  
— Thine or mine or any body's —  
And the words: RESURGET UTER?

Walking from HILLESHEIM to STADT KILL (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 24, 1858.

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HE that has lost his last tooth may bid bold  
Defiance to the toothache. He, blessed man!  
Who draws his last breath may defy all pain.  
So happily constructed is the world.  
Ingrates! that with so faint praise ye extol  
Your Maker's infinite beneficence.

Walking from HILLESHEIM to STADT KILL (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 24, 1858.

## A D R E A M.

I HAD a dream once, a strange dream,  
As in my bed I lay asleep  
At midnight, in the Villa Strozzi,  
Upon the Viminal, in Rome.

A man came riding on an ass;  
His head was bare, so were his feet;  
Nor other clothing had he on  
Than a shirt neither fine nor white,  
And a gray linsey-woolsey coat  
Made without lappet, seam or button,  
And with a cord girt round his waist,  
And, to his ancles, reaching down.  
Fair were his features, and his eyes  
Shone full of dignity and love;  
His hair fell loose upon his shoulders.  
Above him, in the air, two cherubs  
Held up, with one hand each, a crown;  
Alas! it was of thorns and bloody.  
Before him, on the ground, poor people  
Went strewing roses and palm branches;  
Before him and behind, went others  
Joyfully singing loud hosannas.  
As I looked wondering on, methought  
I heard a cry of: — “Cléar the way:  
Cléar the way for the Master’s servant:  
Cléar the way for his Holiness:  
Cléar, for his Mightiness, the way.”  
And the man mounted on the ass  
Drew to the róad-side, and stood still;  
And the poor people who were singing,

And strewing roses and palm branches,  
Drew up, on either side the road,  
Scarcely in time to avoid the troopers  
Who, from behind, at quick, rude trot,  
With drawn swords glittering in their hands,  
Came riding up, about a hundred;  
The dust rose from their horses' feet;  
And some among them cursed and swore,  
Others talked ribaldry, and one,  
Stopping, cried with a jeer: — “Thou fellow,  
How much to boot besides this horse  
Wilt thou take for that beast of thine?”  
Another, with his sword's point pricking  
The ass's side, cried: — “Come, my hearty,  
Fall in, and ride along with us;  
A merry life 's an outrider's  
Before the Holy Father's carriage.”  
“What 's that thou say'st?” scoffed loud another;  
“The rogue ride in our company!  
Ride thigh by thigh with gentlemen!  
I know a trick worth two of that —  
But there 's no time now — gallop on;  
His Holiness drives fast, today:  
Out of the way, ye vagabonds;  
Clear, for his Holiness, the way.”  
He said, and gave his horse the spur,  
And forward dashed; and all the troopers  
Dashed forward, raising clouds of dust;  
And up behind came, at the instant,  
A carriage drawn by six black horses,  
All foaming, snorting, caracoling,  
All matches, all caparisoned  
In gold and silver and stones precious;  
Their very shoes with silver plated.  
The carriage was a moving throne  
— Of polished chocolate panels, part;  
Part, plate-glass windows framed in gold —  
And bore the papal arms emblazoned:  
Keys, and a triple diadem.

Within, on crimson velvet cushions,  
In a complete suit of white satin,  
White frock, white cape, and white *beretta*,  
A portly personage sat lolling.  
From a gold chain about his neck  
Suspended hung, in gold and diamonds,  
The world's Redeemer on the cross.  
Outside his glove's forefinger glanced  
The diamonds of his signet ring.

To judge from his effeminate,  
Soft, flabby, hairless cheeks and chin,  
And meek, adjusted mien, decorous,  
It is a woman or a eunuch,  
Sexagenarian; but look deeper,  
And in that dark, voluptuous eye,  
The male's most cherished vices see,  
Pride, cunning, selfishness, ambition,  
And — paramour of all the four,  
Now separately, now together —  
Incestuous, prostitute Religion.

But stay — he 's sick — or what has happened,  
That in such haste he stops the carriage  
And, through the open window, holds  
So serious parley with the coachman?  
As thus I said within myself,  
And, curious, nearer drew, methought  
One of three liveried footmen opened  
The carriage door, and he within,  
Descending, knelt upon the ground,  
And, reverent, kissed the dusty foot  
Of him that sat upon the ass,  
And said: — "Hail, Master, Lord, and King!  
Look gracious down upon thy servant,  
And deign to make use of his carriage.  
It shameth him to see thee ride,  
Thus ill at ease, upon an ass,  
While he lolls in a cushioned carriage.  
Nay, be not angry, dreaded Lord,  
But get thee up into the carriage,

And I, as it befits the servant,  
Will mount the ass and ride behind."

"My father sent me, not to ride  
In cushioned carriages," replied  
The man upon the ass, severe,  
"But patiently to do the work,  
And bear the floutings, of a servant."

"Far be it from my Lord and King,  
Far be it," said the man in satin,  
And gently raised, and, with the help  
Of the three liveried footmen, placed  
The Unresisting in the carriage;

Then bade the coachman drive on slow,  
And mounted on the ass, and followed.  
Which when the people saw, some smiled,  
And some said: — "It 's the work of Satan."

And others shook their heads and said: —  
"Who ever saw so strange Palm Sunday?"

And not a few said in their hearts,  
The Holy Father, sure, 's gone mad.

And every one took up a pálm branch,  
And went, toward home, his separate way;  
And I, with strained and aching eye,  
Gazed after rider, ass, and carriage,  
Till, at a turning of the road,

All disappeared, and I awoke  
With chattering teeth, and hair on end;  
Cold, clammy sweat from every pore  
Oozing; my knees together knocking;  
And my heart fluttering in my breast,  
Like a bird in a fowler's trap.

I could unblenched have seen the sun  
Start from his sphere, the moon and planets  
Turn into blood, a comet's tail  
Sweep the earth's surface like a besom;  
But honor, more than in mere words,  
To Christ shown by the sovereign Pontiff,  
The Church's representative,  
The deputy of christendom,

Was such reversal of all law,  
All custom and morality,  
All piety and true religion,  
All decency and godliness,  
That I looked round about, to see —  
Not Christ, triumphant in the clouds,  
But Satan and a thousand demons;  
And listened — not for the last trump,  
But hissing snakes and amphisbaenas.  
But nothing came; no Satan, demons;  
No hissing snakes, no amphisbaenas;  
And, by degrees my heart's throb ceasing,  
And calm returning to my spirit,  
I rose, dressed, breakfasted, walked out,  
And paid a visit to a friend,  
And, up and down, along the Corso  
Paced, till I satisfied myself  
The world was wagging as it wagged  
The day before, and had wagged ever.  
So, when I went to bed, that night,  
I lay upon the other ear,  
And put my bible underneath,  
And of the world dreamt as it is,  
And was, when Christ was crucified,  
And will for ever be — Amen!

EDENVILLE, MOUNT-MERRION AVENUE, near DUBLIN, Octob. 20, 1858.

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"Os homini sublime dedit, caelumque tueri  
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."

REASON shines in his front erect, they say,  
And royalty, and empire o'er the beast.  
Why, to be sure! who doubts it? but look close —  
Malice prepense is strongest pictured there.

Walking from EDENVILLE to DUBLIN, Oct. 29, 1858.

## TOMMY AND HIS MASTER.

MASTER.

TELL me, Tommy, whát was it pút you  
Ín this mighty, towering passion,  
With your cheeks as white as paper,  
With your eyes, like lightning, flashing?

TOMMY.

Billy said I was a liar;  
That 's what put me in a passion;  
Í 'd have torn his very eýes out,  
Torn his heart out — if he hás one.

MASTER.

Billy's calling you a liar,  
Shóuld not put you in a passion;  
Passion is a bád thing, Tommy;  
Yóu should nót give way to passion.

TOMMY.

Should or shóuld not, Í couldn't help it;  
Billy's word it was that did it;  
I 'm as sorry as you cán be,  
Í was put into a passion.

MASTER.

Use your reason, and you will not  
Fall into a passion, Tommy;  
Reason 's cool and calm and placid,  
Never falls into a passion.

TOMMY.

To be sure, sir; but awáy flew  
Reason, at the word, "you liar!"  
And, in reason's place, came passion —  
I 'd have torn his very eýes out.

MASTER.

Thére the wróng was.

TOMMY.

Sir, I know it;  
"Twas a wróng thing, ánd I 'm sorry;  
But I could no more have helped it  
Than I could have stopped my héart's beat.

MASTER.

Ít was wrong, and ýou must therefore  
Be severely punished, Tommy;  
Bread and water for a whóle week;  
Ánd three pandies, night and morning.

TOMMY.

I deserve it, ánd I hópe 'twill  
Make my passion slower, next time;  
Make my reason not awáy fly  
Quite so quick, when I 'm called liar.

MASTER.

All right, Tommy; that 's a góod boy;  
And I 'm glad you 're so repentant.  
Go now ánd pray tó your Maker  
To forgive you for your passion.

TOMMY.

No, sir; never. 'Twas my Maker  
Gave me reason, both, and passion;  
Made the one so strong and sudden,  
Made so weak and slow, the other.

To suppose my Maker angry  
At my being what he made me,  
Is the same as to suppose he 's  
Passionate himself, or silly.

You mayn't like me as he made me,  
And may punish me to change me;  
I submit; it 's my misfortune  
— I myself don't think I 'm well made —

But my Maker cannot blame me;  
As he made me, so he has me.  
Why he made me so, I know not;  
That 's his business, none of mine, sir.

EDENVILLE, MOUNT-MERRION AVENUE, near DUBLIN, Sept. 16, 1858.

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### IRA DEUM.

FROM my youth up, I 've put small faith in judgments,  
And have been wont to see in the quick lightnings,  
And hear in the loud thunder, not the voice  
And quivering missiles of an angry God,  
But the reagency of inert matter,  
The workings of attraction and repulsion,  
The play of elements, the game of chance;  
Even at the top height of the storm, I 've scoffed,  
Presented my bare head, and bid it strike:  
But, seven church-steeples splintered in one night,  
The very bells fused, and the balls and crosses  
Flung from their pinnacles to lie in dunghills! —  
I own myself a convert; Heaven 's awake,  
And to abate the first, most crying nuisance,  
Sets himself, first; Astraea to the earth  
Returns from her long exile. Truth, cheer up;  
Down-beaten Honesty, lift high thy head.

EDENVILLE, Oct. 11, 1858.

THE poet's proper aim, they say, 's to please —  
To please, by all means; if he can, to instruct;  
And hé best poet is, who pleases most;  
Second-best poet he, who most instructs.  
So bé it: the first place give to Moore and Byron,  
And bid me stánd down, lowly, in the second;  
For my aim, my one, sóle aim 's to instruct,  
And *sapere* my *fons* is, and *principium*,  
And, for the waters of that fountain sometimes  
Taste brackish, I mix with them honey drops  
The Muse culls fór me out of cowslip bells  
And wild thyme, growing high upon Parnassus.  
Drink freely, reader, of the fear-dispelling,  
Fiend-exorcising draught, and be a man.

EDENVILLE, Sept. 6, 1858.

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HEADACHE and heartache, toothache and the rheum  
Divide his hours between them, leaving scarce  
Vacance sufficient, to the demigod,  
For eating, drinking, toilette, toil and sleep.  
And then he dies — alas, poor demigod! —  
And goes to heaven, unwilling; there to live  
In perfect bliss, a disembodied spirit,  
And, without help of heart, lungs, voice or breath,  
Loud hallelujahs chant for evermore.

EDENVILLE, Sept. 2, 1858.

LEARN something every day, and every night  
Lie wiser down than you arose in the morning,  
— A youthful, empty head 's ridiculous  
Upon old shoulders — only in religion  
And politics learn nothing; abiding, still,  
Unflinching faithful to the first-learned creed,  
— Your mother's, or your nurse's, or grandmother's —  
And, of your father's party, to the death.  
So shall no man, with scornful finger pointing,  
Say "There he goes, the renegade; the turncoat";  
And so, when death relieves thee from this flesh,  
Thy spirit shall ascend to heaven, secure  
Of a reserved seat among God's elect,  
The faithful found, through good report and ill,  
The immovable by argument of reason.

Walking from DALKEY to EDENVILLE, November, 1858.

WHERE thrée roads met, stood Hecate with three heads,  
Looking, with every head, a different way.  
On the confines of Hades and the light,  
Three-headed Cerberus barked three different ways:  
Toward earth, and deepest hell, and highest heaven.  
Baton in óne hand, héaven's keys in the other,  
On Jove's gold threshold stood ambiguous Janus,  
And, with two different heads, looked different ways.  
Art thóu a monster too? hast thóu two heads,  
Or thrée heads, that thou so lookest different ways:  
Toward earth, at once, and heaven and deepest hell?

Nay, I belie thee, friend; thou dost but squint;  
Standest on earth one-headed, and toward heaven  
Blink'st with the óne eye, toward hell with the other.  
Come, come; cease fooling; dare to be a man,  
A habitant — as thou art — of this, one world;  
And heaven to angels leave, and hell to devils,  
And, with thy óne head and two eyes, look straight.

Walking from EDENVILLE to FASSAROE in the Co. WICKLOW, Sept. 11, 1858.

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## THEIST AND ATHEIST.

### THEIST.

EVERY thing has a cause, my atheist friend,  
And that which causes every thing is God.

### ATHEIST.

If every thing a cause has, theist friend,  
Either your God is nothing, or is caused.  
If he is nothing, how is he your God?  
And how is he your God, if he is caused?  
In either case he 's not the cause of all,  
And, not being cause of all, is not your God.

### THEIST.

I own, it is above our human reason.

### ATHEIST.

Nay, theist friend, no paltering; not above,  
But contrary point-blank to, human reason:  
Reason's conclusion 's positive: "not your God."

### THEIST.

Then I give reason up, vain human reason,  
And cling to faith, where only I find truth.

### ATHEIST.

Renouncing reason, me too you renounce;  
I parley only with the rational —  
A keeper, here, and cell, for the insane!

EDENVILLE, Oct. 1, 1858.

EASIEST of all to understand, is that  
In which there is no manner of sense at all;  
The APOCALYPSE, for instance, or a sonnet  
Of Wordsworth's on the purling Duddon stream,  
Or Mrs. Browning's SERAPHIM august,  
Or Pollok's COURSE OF TIME, magnificent.  
These are the works for vulgar intellects suited;  
Here I 'm at home, at ease; expatiate here;  
These are the golden fields which yield like harvest  
To my blunt, and to Newton's trenchant, sickle.  
Gracious Apollo, never let me want  
New Wordsworths, Brownings new, and new Saint Johns  
And Pollocks, and I 'll never, while I 've breath,  
Cease to adore thy name, and chant thy praise.

Walking from EDENVILLE to DALKEY, Oct. 30, 1858.

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#### TO A BABY SMILING IN ITS CRADLE.

ENOUGH for thee — sweet, smiling babe —  
Thy coral bells and cradle's span;  
Thou 'lt with a world be discontent,  
When grown up to a man;

And thou 'lt forget the smiling babe,  
Its coral bells and cradle's span,  
And arrogate, beyond the clouds,  
Another world for Man.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 16, 1860.

## DORA AND HER MAID OF ALL WORK.

*A true story.*

DORA had a maid of all work,  
Who was cook, at once, and butler,  
Housemaid, kitchen-maid, and laundress,  
Milked the cows and made the butter.

Eight long years with Dora, Betty  
Lived through every change of weather,  
Storm and rain and hail and sunshine,  
Smiles and frowns and praise and chiding.

None so well as Betty knew her  
Mistress's and master's kidney;  
None so well as Betty made her  
Action handmaid to her knowledge.

Betty had been reared religious,  
And didn't doubt that both her master  
And her mistress would to hell go,  
For she knew they hadn't the right faith.

But no word of this said Betty,  
Lest she might not get so snug place  
And so good and kind a mistress,  
Even among God's own elected.

So when Dora staid at home on  
Sundays, Betty staid at home, too,  
And would scour a pot or kettle,  
If need were, and no one looking;

Nay, would risk, a very odd time,  
An ungodly innuendo,  
If she had a point to gain, and  
Clear and cloudless shone the welkin.

Eight years so, they lived together,  
Maid and mistress, well contented,  
— Dora, with her clever servant,  
With her good, kind mistress, Betty —

When, in luckless hour, behold! the  
String, gave way, of Betty's pocket,  
And, before the mistress' own eyes,  
Betty's plunder strowed the carpet: —

"Betty! Betty! what's all this?" said  
Betty's mistress, pale and trembling,  
"All my care and pains and teaching,  
These long eight years, gone for nothing!"

"It's no harm," said Betty, sturdy,  
"I did only what the rest do;  
Every one takes tea and sugar,  
Bread and meat and cold potatoes."

"I expected better of you;  
In my house I'll not a thief keep;  
Go in peace," said Dora, sadly,  
And upon the spot discharged her: —

"You'll put 'honest' in the paper?"  
"No, indeed; that were a foul lie;  
An encouragement to theft, a  
Gross injustice to the honest."

"I'm as honest as there need be;  
Honester you'll not find many;  
If you're wise you'll either keep me,  
Or write 'honest' in the paper."

"I'm not wise, and won't do either,"  
Dora said, and packed off Betty,  
Though her heart bled to discharge her  
Without 'honest' in her paper.

"But I have no choice," said Dora;  
"I should be the thief's accomplice,  
Were I in my house to keep her,  
Or subscribe my name to 'honest'."

Betty's gone to Dora's neighbour,  
Shows her paper, tells her story;  
Matty hires her on the instant;  
All the country laughs at Dora.

Betty's new place is a good one;  
Than her old one, has more pickings;  
Betty's lauded, Matty envied;  
All the country laughs at Dora.

Matty has got a clever servant;  
A religious mistress, Betty:  
Not one word against the true faith,  
If you'd keep your new place, Betty;

But to chapel go, or meeting,  
Every Sunday round the whole year,  
With white, folded handkerchief, and  
Bible, in your hand, or prayerbook;

And fear nothing, though all week through,  
Every day, it's Matty's wonder,  
That the stripper's run so near dry,  
That the oatmeal sack's so empty.

Nothing fear; you're quite safe, Betty;  
Matty will discharge you 'honest',  
And you'll get a better place than  
Dora's ever was, or Matty's;

Or, if things come to the worst, and  
Matty won't the lie direct sign,  
Says she 'd rather bear the odium —  
What need Betty care for 'honest'?

Matty's self took her without it,  
Matty's best friend will the same do;  
Forward, Betty, with a stout heart;  
Put your trust in God, and thieve on.

In the meantime Dora looks out  
For another maid of all work,  
And, long searching, lights at last on  
And to terms with 'honest' Rose comes.

Rose is lazy, awkward, stupid;  
Scarce knows how to boil the kettle,  
Or the cloth lay, or the cows milk,  
Not to talk of making butter.

One half Dora's work 's left undone,  
Dora's self the other half does,  
Scrubs and brushes, leads a slave's life;  
Every night, lies, tired, in bed; down;

Every morning, rises early  
To help Rose on with her day's work,  
Frets and fumes and scolds, alternate,  
Often thinks of clever Betty,

But says nothing, still works on with  
Stupid Rose, for Rose is honest —  
Do you know why, gentle reader?  
Rose's pocket-string 's a strong one.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, July 20, 1859.

"Anbete du das Feuer hundert Jahr,  
Dann fall' hinein und dich frisst's mit Haut und Haar."  
GOETHE.

A HUNDRED years long, to the fire thou mayst pray;  
At the end, it will burn thee as 't did the first day.  
And pray to the water a hundred years long,  
At the end, it will drown thee, so says the old song;  
And the óld song says right, and right sáys Goethe too,  
Though I own I would rather have heard something new.

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

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### MONK MARTIN.

A BOLDER rebel against God than Korah,  
Monk Martin broke his vows and married Bora.  
Satan would not his friend leave in the lurch,  
And whispered in his ear: — "Reform the Church."  
The Monk the hint took, and the Reformation  
Bléw from a spark into a conflagration:  
Gray-headed men took lessons from raw youth,  
Bold heresy was preached in name of truth,  
The laity the cup got, and the priest,  
From his celibatary vow released,  
A ring slipped on his penitent's fair hand,  
And soul and body placed at her command;  
And bishops brought their wives with them to court;  
And Satan in his sleeve laughed at the sport.

Returning from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, Jan. 29, 1860.

## FIDEI CONFESSIO.

I DON'T know where heaven is, or what is heaven,  
Or why there should be any heaven at all;  
Of hell I know as little; and of limbo,  
If it be possible, I know still less.

Nothing is good to me but what I like,  
Nor any thing but what I don't like, bad.  
My likings and dislikings are instinctive,  
By habit, modified, and circumstance,  
And changeable, with change of time and place,  
Into their opposites, respectively.

There 's no such thing as absolute right and wrong:  
What right is, by one rule, is wrong by another;  
And vice versa. So the selfsame thing  
Is, at the selfsame time, both right and wrong;  
And every thing in the whole world, is right,  
And wrong, in the whole world, is every thing.

My will is free, for will means but free will;  
My acts are frée too, being my frée will's acts:  
But my free will is caused, and not by me;  
Caused, therefore, not by me are my free acts;  
For which, however, because done by me,  
Though not by mé caused, I 'm responsible  
To every thing or person they affect,  
To the fire, if into it I put my hand,

To Man, as to the viper, if I go  
Near him or touch; and every thing to me  
Is in like wise responsible that comes  
Near me or touches — viper, fire, or Man.  
Every existence is responsible  
To every other, is reacted-on  
By that on which it acts; and what men call,  
*Par excellence*, responsibility,  
Is neither more nor less than the accustomed  
Reaction of the whole upon the part,  
Society's upon the individual.  
That which society approves, is moral;  
Immoral, what society disapproves.  
According to its likings and dislikings,  
Society approves or disapproves.  
With change of time and place and circumstance,  
Society's likings and dislikings change,  
Even as the individual's — for, made up  
Of individuals is society —  
And moral is, today, and praised and honored,  
What, yesterday, was punished as a crime;  
And that, today, is punished as a crime,  
Which, yesterday, was moral, praised and honored.  
Ay! there 's an alchemy in time and place,  
Potent to turn the malefactor's gibbet  
Into the saint's palm and the martyr's crown;  
Or as the case may be, the martyr's crown  
And saint's palm, into ignominious gibbet.

I have a soul, they say, must have a soul,  
For matter is not conscious, cannot think:  
And so the question 's settled, I 've a soul.  
And then the question comes: what is a soul?  
And then the answer comes: an immaterial,  
Spiritual, subtile thing, to matter joined,  
To think for matter, which can't think for itself.  
Agreed; and this same immaterial, subtile,  
Spiritual thing whose evidence is thought,  
What is it, in plain terms, but thought itself,

The property or attribute of some,  
As gravitation of all, forms of matter?

Of death I nothing know but that it 's death,  
The end of life, the extinction of the spark —  
Never again to glow among these embers.

I have no faculties that reach beyond  
The confines of the universe; can conceive  
Nothing outside of time, outside of space.  
Cause and effect are but paired antecedent  
And consequent, within the universe,  
A sequence which implies both time and space.  
Seek'st still beyond the universe a cause  
To make and govern 't? Nay, thou seekest not,  
Thou hast already found one. Let me see it:  
Why, that 's a second universe to explain  
The existence of the first. Well! I 'm content;  
But thóu, to be consistent, must invent  
A third, to explain the existence of the second,  
A fourth, to explain the third — and so, for ever.

Healthy, my creed; limps on no gouty toe;  
Needs no supporting crutch of priest or prophet,  
Angel or council, miracle or Book.  
Take 't, if thou likest it; leave 't, if lik'st it not:  
Truth busies not herself with making converts.

Walking from ROSAMOND to TIBRADDEN (Co. DUBLIN), May 13, 1859.

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“THE conscious water saw its God and blushed.”  
Ay, pious Crashaw; blushed to have such a God.

ROSAMOND, August 1, 1859.

“IF it ’s right to dó it,  
Gód will dó it  
    Without your praying;  
If it ’s wrong to dó it,  
Gód won’t dó it,  
    For áll your sáying;

“When the horse has need,  
Sends him his feed,  
    Without his neighing;  
Won’t, for the ass,  
Turn stones to grass,  
    For all his braying,”

In aunty’s ear,  
At morning prayer,  
    Lispéd Tommy, once;  
Then down-stairs ran  
To thrée-hole-span —  
    The little dunce!

RosAMOND, March 17, 1860.

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*Τρωθι οεαυτον.*

Know thyself, said Apollo. Oúr God says  
Know thyself not, touch not the tree of knowledge.  
Oúr God is right; the ignorant alone  
— Bear witness, playful, envied child — is happy.

RosAMOND, Febr. 15, 1860.

IT is a star. — And what 's to me a star,  
A twinkling star, up there in the dark sky?  
Nothing, not even so much as a grain of sand  
Or mustard-seed, which I may touch or taste,  
Or moss-rose bud which I am free to sméll to;  
And yet, methinks, it is a greater world,  
Fuller of joys and sorrows than even this,  
Fuller of hopes and fears and change and death,  
But not more idle, false, and to no purpose.

ROSAMOND, July 22, 1859.

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SIXTY-FIVE years ago, or it may be seventy,  
The clock was made, wound up, and set a-ticking;  
And, from that day to this, kept ticking on,  
Summer and winter, day and night, incessant,  
Not for its ówn good or to please itself,  
But in obedience to the mechanist  
Who, for his ówn ends, set it first a-going,  
And placed it where it best might serve his purpose;  
And now that it 's worn out and cracked and silent  
And to its lást end come, thou pitiest it,  
Forsooth, and makest over it thy moan  
— Goodnatured man! — because its task 's performed,  
Its labour at an end, and not because  
'Twill never more help thee to count thy time.

ROSAMOND, July 21, 1859.

## JOCKEY AND SPORTSMAN.

### JOCKEY.

Two famous hunters, Sceptic and Believer,  
Stand saddled in the stable, choose between them.  
Believer 's headstrong, leaps before he looks,  
And never was a ditch so broad and deep,  
Or fence so high, that he 'd refuse to take it.  
But Sceptic 's cautious, looks before he leaps,  
And goes so safe and sure, a child might ride him.

### SPORTSMAN.

Turn out Believer; he 's the nag for mé,  
To ride the steeple-chase and win the cup.  
Mount you on cautious Sceptic, and come after.

### JOCKEY.

Very well, sir; and, if you chance to fall,  
Sceptic and I will pick your Honor up:  
Soh, Sceptic! stand! — Away now! — Tally-ho!

Rosamond, April 29, 1859.

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STONE-BLIND, Assisi's saint; else, with so long  
And steadfast contemplation, he had seen  
Not into, only, but quite through, the Godhead —  
Stay, I am wrong; the more your saints consider,  
The less they understand, and *tout en règle*  
Was holy Saint Franciscus of Assisi.

Rosamond, March 19, 1860.

IMPOSSIBLE, impossible remains,  
In spite of Gods', in spite of mortals', pains;  
And POSSIBLE requires no God to dó it —  
Your silliest child, ere you mistaught him, knéw it.

ROSAMOND, April 28, 1860.

THE difference esséntial between man and bést,  
I once héard a fool sáy, is that man needs a priest,  
    And to héaven or to héll, must go, either;  
While the bést is so honest, so simple, so trúe,  
With a priest he has nothing, while líving, to dó,  
    And, when déad, goes to héaven or hell, néither.

ROSAMOND, May 14, 1860.

GOD either did not choose, or was not able,  
Making this world so fair, to make it stable  
At the same time; so, when it got a kick,  
Away it went, a-trundling, to Old Nick.  
To get it back, God tugged with all his might,  
But Satan, in his stróng clutch, held it tight;  
A bit broke off, which God got for his pains;  
With Satan, to this day, the rest remains.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 5, 1860.

ONCE upon a time I prayed God  
That he 'd kindly please to give me  
Sana mens in corpore sano;  
And God gave me what I prayed for.

Foolish man! that did not pray for  
Impudence, and ease of manner,  
And a supple, ductile conscience,  
And the one and only true faith.

For I 'd like to know what good in  
Sana mens in corpore sano,  
With the whole world laughing at you  
Just because you are such an odd fish?

Rosamond, July 6, 1859.

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*From the Uighur.*

So gross and impious fanatics, these Rayas,  
As to believe, the spiritual God  
— The maker of the world and all things in it —  
Entered a woman's body and was born,  
And eat and drank, digested, and wore clothes,  
And at the trade, worked, of a carpenter,  
And went about, poor, suffering, and despised,  
And died and in the grave was laid a corpse,  
Which there became live flesh and blood again,  
And rose out of the earth, and eat and drank,  
Talked, walked, and did, in all things, as before,  
Till suddenly, one day, in sight of all,

It soared into the air away, and vanished.  
Stranger and more incredible than this,  
And more impossible, they believe, these Rayas,  
That this same God — who took with him his body  
Up through the air to heaven, and bodily  
Sits there upon his throne amidst the angels —  
Is eaten daily by them and his blood  
Drunk daily — horrible abomination,  
Not even by cannibals to be perpetrated!

Walking from ROSAMOND to GLENAGEARY, May 3, 1859.

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### THE LAMB AND ITS SHEARER.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

#### SHEARER.

NAY, nay, my pretty lamb, you must not struggle so;  
No harm will happen to you; God is good and kind, you know,  
And will temper to the shorn lamb the sharp and biting wind;  
So stand quiet till I clip you, and be patient and resigned.

#### LAMB.

It's not enough to rob me, but you must humbug too!  
Why doesn't your good and kind God temper the wind to you?  
And if the wind's not cold, but tempered soft and warm,  
What need have you of *my* coat to shield you from the storm?  
So let me go, dissembler false, more cruel and unkind  
Than hail and rain and frost and snow, and sharp and biting wind.

ROSAMOND, July 6, 1859.

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RELIGIONS change; the new drives out the old;  
But foolish Man remains religious ever.

ROSAMOND, May 6, 1860.

THOU need'st not punish us, revengeful Maker,  
For disobeying thy behest, and eating  
The tempting fruit thy goodness placed in our way ;  
Poison enough the fruit, to be, without  
More pains-taking of thine, our deep damnation.  
Thy second hell, thy still more deep damnation,  
Bestow not upon us, but in reserve  
Keep for some new creation of thy love,  
Some still more favored offspring of almighty  
Power, wisdom, forecast, and beneficence.

Rosamond, Febr. 16, 1860.

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AWAY with Gods! away with Fate!  
Away with Fortune! mine estate  
Lies in my right hand; what I do,  
Nor Gods, Fate, Fortune can undo.

Rosamond, April 28, 1860.

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THERE is one folly which exceeds all others,  
And that one folly is the resurrection;  
Life, when all things which with life have relation,  
All things which make life possible, have perished;  
Life, after life is over — Fool! O fool!

Rosamond, May 11, 1860,

IT is a lovely sight to see  
All nature with one mind agree  
To praise the God takes care of all  
Created things, both great and small:  
Both of the herring and the whale,  
Both of the duck and of the snail,  
Both of the fly and of the spider,  
Both of the steed and of the rider,  
Both of the buyer and the seller,  
Both of the liar and truth-teller,  
Both of the tree and of the ax,  
Both of the tax-payer and tax,  
Both of the flax and of the scutcher,  
Both of the lamb and of the butcher,  
Both of the eater and the eaten,  
Both of the beater and the beaten,  
Both of the loser and the winner,  
Both of the sinned against, and sinner,  
Both of the greyhound and the hare,  
Both of the rabbit and the snare,  
Both of the honey and the bear,  
Both of the chicken and the kite,  
Both of the black man and the white,  
Both of the patient and the doctor,  
Both of the heir and of the proctor,  
Both of the colt and the colt-breaker,  
Both of the thief and the thief-táker,  
Both of the fool and of the wise man,  
Both of the malt and the exciseman,  
Both of the catch-poll and the debtor,  
Both of the partridge and the setter,

Both of the ass and of the cadger,  
Both of the bull-dog and the badger,  
Both of the good and of the evil,  
Both of Saint Michael and the Devil;  
Both of the ship snug on the stocks,  
And of the ship dashed on the rocks  
Or on a sandbank run aground  
And every soul it carried, drowned;  
Both of the train that at the station  
Disgorges safe its population,  
And of the train that off the line  
Runs helter-skelter down th' incline,  
Making a smash of heads, arms, legs,  
As if they were so many eggs.  
Ah! hard of heart and reprobate,  
That not in Providence but Fate  
The spinner of the totum see,  
Repent in time, and praise, with me,  
The God that takes such care of all  
Created things, both great and small,  
Assists not church alone and nation  
In action and deliberation,  
But stands by, while I nib my pen,  
To help, if there be need — amen!

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

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NAPOLEON, ambidexter, with one hand  
Props up the Pope, with the other pulls him down;  
The Pope, in gratitude, props up Napoleon  
With one hand, with the other pulls him down;  
So down they both go, down, sing derry down,  
Down, down, sing derry down. When rogues fall out,  
Honest men have a chance to come by their own.

ROSAMOND, March, 1860.

"Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore."

PRAY Heaven forgive me! but I never hear  
Church bells or see a priest, I do not think  
Of the poor horse and spurred and booted rider.

ROSAMOND, March 17, 1860.

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PRO DEO, LEGE, REGE. Why? because  
Weak, and in need of help, God, king, and laws.

ROSAMOND, March 19, 1860.

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SOME say the world by accident was made;  
The world was by design made, others say.  
Fools! that know not that making and design  
And accident are but parts of the world.

ROSAMOND, Octob. 5, 1859.

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#### THE TENTH BEATITUDE.

ALL these are blest; but doubly blest  
Are those who don't believe:  
Who nothing from the Lord expect,  
How can he them deceive?

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

WHY did God give Man reason, make him wise,  
But that he shóuld trust neither ears nor eyes?  
Why did God give Man faith, but lest he should  
Become, by reason, tóo wise and too good?

ROSAMOND, March 16, 1860.

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IT is an apple — Ay me! so it is;  
So harmless looking, yet so full of harm!  
Stay; not so headlong fast; let me consider:  
The harm was in the tasting, not the apple.  
Yet made the apple, only to be tasted;  
So in the apple's maker, was the harm.  
But for the tasting, there had been no harm;  
But for the apple, there had been no tasting;  
But for the maker, there had been no apple;  
So from the maker solely came the harm.  
The maker made the taster, both, and apple;  
So from the maker doubly came the tasting,  
And doubly from the maker came the harm.

ROSAMOND, July 24, 1859.

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JOVE reigns supreme in heaven, and Dis in hell,  
But the earth's sovereign 's the "almighty dollar."

ROSAMOND, June 25, 1859.

## SCEPTIC AND BELIEVER.

BELIEVER.

IT 's true, good Sceptic; therefore I believe it.

SCEPTIC.

But why is 't true? First answer me that question.

BELIEVER.

What I believe so firmly, must be true.

Kill me you may, but never while I live,

Never, shall you persuade me it is false.

Stronger than human reason is my faith;

God has declared it true, God can't deceive.

SCEPTIC.

Other men by their Gods have been deceived.

BELIEVER.

Theirs were false Gods; my God 's the God of truth.

SCEPTIC.

Please be so good, sir, not to beg the question,

But show why true your God, and none but yours.

BELIEVER.

Blasphemer, silence! tempt not the Lord God;

Nor with your Baals and Ashtaroths compare

The living, everlasting Elohim.

SCEPTIC.

'Do manus victas', and in Reason's name,

And in the name of Common Sense, beg pardon.

Rosamond, April 29, 1859.

## OLD-WORLD STORIES.

### I.

#### THE CREATION.

ON the day before the first day,  
God was tired with doing nothing,  
And determined to rise early  
On the next day and do something.

So, upon the next day, God rose  
Very early, and the light made —  
You must know that until that day  
God had always lived in darkness: —

“Bravo! bravo! that’s a good job,”  
Said God, when his eye the light caught:  
“Now, I think, I’ll try and make me  
A convenient place to live in.”

So, upon the next day, God rose  
At the dawn of light, and heaven made,  
And, from that day forward, never  
Wanted a snug box to live in: —

“Well! a little work is pleasant,”  
Said God, “and besides it’s useful;  
What a pity I’ve so long sat  
Dumping, mumping, doing nothing!”

So, upon the third day, God made  
This round ball of land and water,  
And, with right thumb and forefinger,  
Set it, like teetotum, spinning;

Spinning, twirling like teetotum,  
Round and round about, the báll went,  
While God clapped his hands, delighted,  
And called th' angels to look at it.

Whó made th' angels? if you ásk me,  
Í reply: — that 's more than I know;  
For if Gód had, I don't doubt but  
Hé 'd have put them in his catalogue;

But no matter — sóme one máde them,  
Ánd they came about him flocking,  
Wondering at the sudden fit of  
Manufacturing thát had taken him: —

"It 's a pretty ball," they áll said;  
"Do, pray, tell us what 's the use of it;  
Won't you make a gréat many óf them?  
We would like to see them trundling."

"Wait until tomorrow," said God,  
"Ánd I think I 'll show you something;  
This is quite enough for óne day,  
Ánd you know I 'm but beginning."

So, abóut noon, ón the fourth day,  
Gód called th' ángels all abóut him,  
Ánd showed thém the great big báll he 'd  
Made to give light to the líttle one.

"What!" said th' angels, "such a big ball,  
Just to give light to a líttle one!  
Thát 's bad management, and you know, too.  
Yóu had plenty of light without it."

"Not quite plenty," said God, snappish,  
"For the light I made the fírst day,  
Although good, was rather scanty,  
Scarce enough for me to wórk by.

“And besides how wás it possible,  
Íf I hadn't made the big ball,  
To have given the little one seasons,  
Days and years and nights and mornings?

“So, you see, there was nothing for it  
But to fix the little ball steady,  
And, about it, set the big one  
Topsy-turvying as you here see.”

“It's the big ball we see steady,  
And the little one round it whirling,”  
Said the angels, by the great light  
Dazzled, and their eyebrows shading: —

“None of your impertinence,” said God,  
Growing more vexed every moment;  
“I know that, as well as you do,  
But I don't choose you should say it.

“I have set the big ball steady,  
And the little one spinning round it,  
But I've told you just the opposite,  
And the opposite you must swear to.”

“Anything you say, we'll swear to,”  
Said the angels, humbly bowing;  
“Have you anything more to show us?  
We're so fond of exhibitions.”

“Yes,” said God, “what was deficient  
In the lighting of the little ball,  
With this pretty moon I've made up,  
And these little, twinkling stars here.”

“Wasn't the big ball big enough?” said  
With simplicity the angels: —  
“Couldn't, without a miracle,” said God,  
“Shine at once on back and front side.”

"Thérē you 're quite right," said the angels,  
"And we think yoū show your wisdom,  
In not squandering miracles ón those  
Who believe your word without them.

"Bút do tell us why you 've só far  
Fróm your little ball put your little stars;  
Óne would think they didn't belóng to it;  
Scárce one ín a thousand shínes on it."

"To be sure I could have pláced them  
Só much nearer," said God smiling,  
"Thát the líttle ball would have béen as  
Wéll lit with some millions fewer;

"Bút I 'd like to know of whát use  
Tó th' Omnipotent such ecónomy —  
Cán't I make a million míllion stars  
Quite as easily as óne star?"

"Right, again," said th' ángels; "thérē can  
Bé no manner of doubt about it."  
"Thát 's all now," said God; "tomorrow,  
Come again, and yé shall móre see."

When the angels came the néxt day,  
God indeed had not been idle,  
Ánd they saw the líttle ball swarming  
With all kinds of living creatures.

Thérē they went in pairs, the creatures,  
Óf all sizes, shapes and colors,  
Stalking, hopping, leaping, climbing,  
Crawling, burrowing, swimming, flying,

Squealing, singing, roaring, grunting,  
Barking, braying, mewing, howling,  
Chuckling, gabbling, crowing, quacking,  
Cawing, croaking, buzzing, hissing.

Such assembly there has never,  
Fróm that dáy down, been on eárth seen;  
Fróm that dáy down, such a concert  
Thére has never been on eárth heard;

Fór, there, ramping and their maker  
Praising in their various fashions,  
Wére all Gód's created species,  
Áll except the fossilízed ones;

Fór whose absence on that greát day,  
Thé most likely cause assígned yet,  
Ís that théy were quite forgotten  
Ánd would nót go uninvited.

Bút let thát be ás it máy be,  
Áll th' unfossilized ones wére there,  
Striving which of them would noisiest  
Praise bestow upon their maker.

"Well," said th' angels, when they 'd lóoked on  
Silently, some time, and listened;  
"Well, you surely have a strángé taste;  
What did you make all thése queer thíngs for?"

"Come tomorrow and I 'll shów you,"  
Sáid God, gleeful, his hands rubbing;  
"All you 've yét seen 's a mere nóthing  
Tó what yóu shall see tomorrow."

So, when th' angels came the néxt day  
Áll tiptoe with expectation,  
Ánd stretched necks and eyes and ears out  
Tówards the néw world, Gód said tó them: —

"Thére he is, my last and best work;  
Thére he is, the nóble créature;  
Í told yóu, you shoúld see sómething;  
Whát do you sáy now? háve I wórd kept?"

"Whére, where is he?" said the ángels;  
"Wé see nótning bút the líttle ball  
With its big ball, moón and líttle stars  
Ánd queer, yélpings, cápering kickshaws."

"Í don't wéll know whát you meán by  
Kickshaws," said God, scarcely quite pleased,  
"But, amóng my creatures yonder,  
Don't you see one nobler figure?"

"Bý his stróng, round, tail-less buttocks,  
Ánd his flát claws you may knów him,  
Even were he nót so like me  
Thát we míght pass fór twin brothers."

"Now we see him," said the angels;  
"Hów is 't possible we o'erlooked him?  
Hé 's indeed your very image,  
Only smaller and less handsome."

"So I hope the mystery 's cléared up,"  
Sáid God, with much self-complacence,  
"And you áre no longer puzzled  
What I 've been about, these sít days."

"Even th' Almighty," said the angels,  
"May be proud of such chef-d'oeuvre,  
Such magnificent and crowning  
Issue of a sít days' labor.

"Bút we 're curious to know whether  
He 's as good insíde as óutside,  
As substantial and enduring  
As he 's fair to see, and specious."

Hére a déep sigh rent God's bosom,  
And a shade came o'er God's features: —  
"Ah," he cried, "were ye but honest,  
Ánd no traitor stood amongst ye!"

"Then indeed this were a gréat work,  
Then indeed I were too happy;  
Ah! it 's tóo bad, downright tóo bad,  
Bút I 'll — sháll I? yes, I 'll lét you;

"Let you disappoint and frét me,  
Let you disconcert my whóle plan —  
Why, of all my virtues, shóuld I  
Leave unpractised only patience?

"There he is, my noblest, bést work;  
Take him, do your pleasure with him;  
After all, perhaps I 'll find some  
Means to patch my broken saucer.

"Now begone! don't lét me sée you  
Here again, till í send fór you;  
Í 'm tired working, and intend to  
Rest my weary bones tomorrow."

Só God láy late on the néxt day,  
Ánd, the whóle day long, did nothing  
But reflect upon his ill luck  
Ánd the gréat spite of the angels;

Ánd God said: -- "Because I 've rested  
Áll this séventh day, ánd done nothing,  
Éach seventh day shall bé kept holy  
Ánd a day of rest, for ever."

Ánd as Gód said and commanded,  
Só it ís now, ánd still sháll be:  
Áll hard wórk done ón each séventh day,  
Tó each firrst day all respect shown.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (IRELAND), Jan. 21, 1855.

## OLD-WORLD STORIES.

### II.

#### ADAM AND EVE.

Nów I 'll tell you — story second —  
Hów God made his noblest, bést work —  
Made the man and made the woman,  
With the strong, round, tail-less buttocks.

God took dust — about three bushels  
Very fíne dust, without mixture  
Of quartz rubbish, grit or pebble —  
Wet, and kneaded it, with water.

— Nay, nay; I don't mean such water  
As Jove, Mercury and Neptune  
Wet the cow's hide with, when áll three  
Set about to make Orion —

With rain water God the dúsł mixed,  
Kneaded, moulded into figure,  
Till head, face and trunk and fóur limbs  
Wore his own most perfect likeness.

Thén in through its nose God bléw till  
All its lungs were full of Gód's breath,  
And its heart went pít-pat, pít-pat,  
And it stóod up, on its twó legs,

And, about it, looked, and wondered,  
And a hóp step and three júmps took,  
Chattered like a daw or magpie,  
Like a kitten, playful capered.

Now there was in Eden, eastward,  
Planted by God's self, a garden;  
There, it was, God put his image,  
Bade him líve in it, dress and keep it:

Not because he was a gardener,  
Or knew anything of gardening,  
Nor because the garden needed  
To be dressed or taken care of;

For the ground had nót been cùrsed yet,  
And produced no thorns nor thistles;  
Every thing went of itsélf right;  
All was good and in perfection;

But he put him there to tempt, and  
Try if he could catch him napping,  
Laid a regular trap fór him —  
Sure enough, he fell plump intó it.

Now you 'll say that God was cunning,  
When I tell you how he did it:  
— Like as tó himself he máde Man,  
Hé didn't máke Man half so cunning —

In the middle of the garden,  
Full in thé man's sight he set a  
Tree with goodly apples laden,  
Fair to see, and fragrant smelling,

Thén said to the man: — "Thou shált not,  
Fair although they be, and fragrant,  
Eat or touch one single apple —  
Upon pain of death, thou shált not.

"Eat thou mayst of all the other  
Apples in the garden growing,  
But of this tree if thou toughest  
Even one apple, thou 'rt a dead man."

Só God said, and brought a deep, sound  
Sleep on Adam, his beloved son;  
Then, while he was sleeping, came and  
Opened one, no matter which, side;

Cautious opened, and took out a  
Rib too many he had given him;  
Then the wound, as cautious, héaled up,  
Adam never once perceiving.

In the rib God flesh and bone had,  
Ready to his hand provided,  
So it took but little trouble  
Tó make out of it a new man.

Twin to twin was never liker,  
Than the new man God made óf it,  
And to Adam gave, to bē his  
Loving helpmate, Eve, first woman.

Só far, só good; if the man 's stiff,  
Óf himself won't touch the apple,  
Woman 's curious, and will likely  
Nibble, and persuade her husband.

Pretty sure, now; but to make still  
Surer, safer, God a serpent  
Put into the garden wíth them,  
Full of subtilty and malice,

And, because the serpent could not,  
Wíthout knowledge of their language,  
Use his forked tongue to beguile them,  
How to speak their language, taught him.

What their language was, I know not;  
Hebrew, Sanscrit or Chaldean —  
Some say it was Paradisiac;  
Celtic, some; some, Abyssinian —

But the serpent knew, and thus said  
To the woman in her language: —  
“It’s a very pretty story  
God has told you and your husband,

“Thát ye sháll die in the dáy ye  
Taste, or touch, one of these apples.  
Pshaw! don’t mind him; hé’d fain keep all  
Wisdom to himself, and knowledge.

“Whát for áre they, but for eating?  
Who’s to eat, but you and Adam?  
Put your hán̄d forth, pluck and éat one,  
And be wise as he, and knowing.”

What should Éve do, silly woman,  
Who knew neither good nor evil,  
Could not tell what either méant till  
Shé had first the apple tasted?

And the serpent was so pretty,  
And so sweetly spoke her language,  
And was one of God’s own creatures,  
In God’s garden, sporting, wíth her;

And the apple, on the bránch, there,  
Hung so ripe and round and mellow,  
And the tree was by God’s ówn hand  
Planted, and made grow so néar her;

Ánd she had never even so múch as  
Dreamt that God, a jealous Gód was —  
A designing, jealous Gód was,  
Who would lay a trap to catch her;

Whó would ráin down fire and brimstone  
On her gréat-great-gréat-grandchildren;  
Whó would slay, in óne night, áll the  
Fírst-born in the land of Egypt;

Whó would cút off every soul in  
Canaan and the plains of Jordan;  
Whó would nót spare even his ówn heir,  
Or the bitter cup pass fróm him.

So she stretched — she stretched her hánd out,  
Plucked and eat, and gave to Adam,  
Who, as God from the beginning  
Well had guessed, eat at her bidding.

Then, at last, their eyes were opened,  
— All too late and tó no purpose —  
And they knew what they had dóne was  
Evil, and would be their ruin.

Ánd they said, one to the other,  
Knowing now both good and evil: —  
“Well! it surely was a fóul trick;  
Who 'd have thought God would have done it

“Hé is not the God we thought him,  
But a cruel, wicked, bád God;  
Cóme, make haste and ín the thicket  
Let us hide us from his anger.”

Ah! they little knew the Gód from  
Whom they thought to hide their faces;  
Hé was in the garden spying,  
— Taking, as he said, a cóol walk —

Saw them pluck and eat the apple,  
Saw the whóle thing, how it happened,  
Then, as if he had seen nothing,  
Looking simple, called them tó him,

And, what they had been doing, asked them.  
When he heard, Lord! if you'd seen him,  
How he cursed and swore and threatened,  
How he vowed he'd have their two lives,

Damned the woman, and the man damned,  
Damned the serpent worse than either,  
Cursed the very ground they stood on,  
The poor ground that had done nothing:

Thorns, it should bring forth, and thistles;  
In his sweat, the man should till it;  
Pain and sorrow should attend the  
Hapless woman in child-bearing.

Then God drove both man and woman  
Out before him, and a guard of  
Cherubim in Eden, eastward,  
With a flaming, fiery sword placed.

High and low, on every side round,  
Day and night, the fiery sword flamed —  
Shut them out, for ever shut them  
Out of Eden's happy garden.

And the two went forth to wander  
And spread, far and wide, the story,  
And behind them in the garden  
Left the serpent cozy nestled.

Walking from ROSAMOND to GLENAGEARY, May 5, 1859.

## OLD-WORLD STORIES.

### III.

#### CAIN AND ABEL.

STORY third is but a short one:  
Cain was Abel's elder brother;  
Children they were both of Adam,  
Eve, of both the boys, was mother.

Bád boys bót hár were; God had taken  
Góod care théy should nót be góod ones,  
Fór he hád cursed both their parents,  
Cursed the very ground they stóod on.

Thése two bád boys brought God offerings,  
— Fondest, still, to bring God offerings,  
Are the wórst boys, and most páins take  
Always tó keep God on théir side —

Óf the gróund's fruit Cain brought offerings;  
Firstlings of the flock, brought Abel;  
God a lover was of lámb's flesh,  
Didn't care much for ears of gréen corn.

Só God showed respect to Abel,  
Said he liked his róast lamb vastly,  
And his back turned on the gréen ears,  
Bid Cain give them to the cattle.

Cain grew wroth — was it a wonder? —  
Wroth with God and wroth with Abel,  
And the countenance of Cáin fell,  
And he slew his brother Abel.

And God asked Cain where was Abel,  
Just as if God did not know well,  
And Cain answered: — “Go and seek him;  
Am I then my brother’s keeper?”

Then God said: — “I’ve heard the voice of  
Abel’s blood up from the ground cry.  
Thou hast slain him. I expected  
Better from thy parents’ son, Cain.

“What use now in all the pains I  
Took to teach them to distinguish  
Good from evil, that they might know  
How to rear up virtuous children?

“Some excuse there was for them, if,  
In their ignorance, they offended;  
But there’s none at all for thee, Cain;  
With eyes open thou hast done this.

“So thou’re damned: begone for ever!  
Out before my face I hunt thee;  
And upon thee set my mark, that  
Every man may know and shun thee.

“Sevenfold vengeance I will take on  
Him that lays on Cain a finger.  
Out! begone!” and God drove Cain forth,  
Outlawed, with the mark upon him.

Now there was not, in the whole world,  
Other man than Cain and Adam;  
Other woman, in the whole world,  
There was not than Eve, his mother;

So the mark didn’t do Cain much harm,  
And he went into the land of  
Nod, and married, or, as some say,  
Into Nod’s land took his wife with him.

Who his wife was, I don't well know,  
But suspect she was an angel —  
Of an angel Cain had need, if  
Ever man had need of angel;

But in Nod's land Cain a son had,  
And in Nod's land built a city,  
Enoch — so called from his son's name —  
'Tmust have been but a small city,

For, to build it, Cain had but his  
Own two bare hands and his wife's two  
And his little son's — with the mark on him,  
Who, do you think, besides, would help him,

Even if Nod's land had been peopled,  
Which it was not? so Cain's city  
Was as big as Cain could build it  
With his wife's help and his little son's;

Not so big, be sure, as Rome was  
Built upon the banks of Tiber  
By another and a worse Cain,  
Whom God never dreamt of outlawing,

But to heaven took, and rewarded  
With a crown of life and glory,  
And his city made to flourish,  
And reign mistress of the wide world.

Like a knotless thread, my story  
Here drops from between my fingers,  
For what more Cain in the land of  
Nod did, or elsewhere, 's not written.

ROSAMOND, May 7, 1859.

## OLD-WORLD STORIES.

### IV.

#### NOAH'S ARK.

Whó hasn't héard talk of the deluge  
Happened in the time of Noah,  
When the whóle earth was so flooded  
Even a rice crop could not grów in it,

And the river fishes perished,  
Poisoned by the sált sea-water,  
And the fishes, in the sált sea,  
Could not live, so great the freshes;

And the valleys into lăkes turned,  
And the mountain tops, to islands,  
Islands first, and then, at last, the  
Very mountain tops were covered;

And all things that on the éarth lived,  
Áll were drowned, both big and little —  
Man and woman, bird and bést and  
Grub and butterfly and beetle;

Fór God said: — "These men and women  
Haven't turned out as I expected;  
Í will drown the wicked sinners —  
I 'm so sorry that I máde them!"

"Pity, the poor birds and beasts, which  
Never sinned, are so mixed with them  
I must drown them all together;  
Póoh! no matter; I can make more.

"Better, I 'd not made the bídls and  
Beasts and creeping things and fishes,  
Till I 'd seen how Man would turn out;  
'Twas a bungle to make him last.

"But it 's done now; there 's no hélp for it;  
All must drown, and I must make more,  
Else the néw world will be nó use —  
That 's no smáll job; let me think of it.

"Stay — I have it now, I have it;  
All shall not drown, not even áll men;  
I will keep enough to bréed more,  
Save me all the trouble of making.

"I will keep for seed, of every  
Cléan soul, seven, unclean, one couple;  
Even of Man himself I 'll kíep four  
Couple, if I cán find fóur good."

Só God looked about until he  
Hit on Noah and his thrée sons: —  
"Thése, with théir four wives, will dó," said  
God, and called them ánd said to them: —

"I am going to drown the whóle world,  
Só make haste and build an ark of  
Gopher wood to save yoursélves, in,  
Ánd the animals I 'll for séed keep.

"Pitch it well — 'twill be a gréat flood —  
Lét there be enough of róom in it;  
Put a dóor in it, to go ín by,  
And a window to let light in.

"Take, of every cléan beast, séven pair,  
And one páir of every únclean,  
And get in, and don't forget you 'll  
Need a góod store of provisions."

So the Noahs did as Gód bid;  
Built the ark, and went intó it  
With provisions, and the cléan pairs  
And uncléan pairs of all creatures.

Ín one lóng day — 'tmust have béen a  
Very lóng day — all got sáfe in,  
Ánd God cáme and turned the latch-key  
Ánd got up the rainy weather.

Ín seven days the world was drowning,  
Ánd all things, that hád life, in it;  
Ín seven days the ark was floating,  
With its burthen, on the waters;

Such a burthen as had súnk a  
Gréat East-Indiaman or frigate,  
Hád such ships been built in thóse days,  
Ór had Noah known hów to build one.

Scarce had fifty such Armadas  
Ás Spain sent to conquer England,  
Held the cargo Noah's árk held,  
Not to talk of floating wíth it.

Lions, tigers, bears, and jackals,  
Órang-ótang, there were in it,  
Marikinas, lotongs, kahaus,  
Sloths, giraffes, and armadillos,

Wolverines and striped hyaenas,  
Fenneks, foxes, wolves, and coatis,  
Skunks, racoons, and dasyuri,  
Porcupines with all their quills on,

Dogs and cats and bats and peacocks,  
Lemur-cattas and galágos,  
Cassowaries, dromedaries,  
Zebras, antelopes and émeus,

Civets, otters, badgers, polecats,  
Pangolins, ornithorhýnchi,  
Guinea-pigs and humming-birds and  
Stoats and martens and ichneumons;

Fourmilions and great ant-eaters,  
And, of course, the ants to feed them;  
Not to speak of ants for breeders,  
And straw chips and clay, for ant-hills;

Beavers too, and, for the beavers,  
Néw felled trees to make their dáms of;  
Water there would be in plenty  
Without bringing — so they bróught none;

Neither brought for beaver dams, nor  
Brought for washing; good enough for  
Either purpose thé flood water,  
Though it might be salt and muddy;

But, as thát wouldn't do for drinking,  
Noah built vats, broad and deep as  
Guinness's great porter vat, or  
Heidelberg's far-famous wine tun,

And outside the ark suspended,  
Fore and aft, to catch the ráin in,  
Ánd one vat he set apart for  
Crocodiles and alligators,

And, outside the ark, to leeward  
Hung, and balanced with another  
Hung to windward for guillemóts and  
Auks and cormorants to díve in;

And, for fear they might get out and  
In the flood be lost, he covered  
Both the leeward vat and windward  
With a stróng net, and made áll tight;

And by góod luck, at the moment,  
Finding a large lump of róck salt,  
Threw as much, into the áuks' vat,  
As would make the water brackish.

Now the elephants were heavy,  
Could not easily go úp stairs,  
So he put them in the middle  
Of the fírst floor, on an extra

Thick and solid gopher planking,  
And the hippopotamuses,  
Tapirs and rhinoceroses,  
On the planking put beside them;

Not because that was the bést place  
Fór beasts needing so much water,  
But because such heavy ballast  
Could not safely be stowed elsewhere;

And, to make amends, — your Noah,  
After all, was á good, kínd soul —  
Gave them douches with the bífge-pump,  
Night and morning, when he hád time.

But it wasn't enough to make the  
Gróund floor of his building heavy,  
Hé must keep the tóp floor líght, if  
Hé would have his building steady;

So he put upon the tóp floor  
Nothing but his lightest luggage,  
And between the first two storeys  
All his heavy bulk divided;

And so cleverly disposed all,  
That if God had taken the ark, and  
Pitched it from him topsy-turvy,  
'Twould have righted, of its ówn self,

And stood upright on its bottom;  
Ás you have seen a plaything fairy,  
Whén you have sét it on its píth end,  
Turn, and stánd-up on its léad end.

So, upon the tóp floor, Noah  
Put the flies and gnats and sphinxes,  
Crickets, grasshoppers, cockróaches,  
Glow-worms, aphides, and earwigs;

Stuck the spiders in the corners;  
In the chinks, the bugs and woodlice;  
Had a dunghill for the beetles,  
For the cochineal, a cactus;

At the óne end of the sáme floor,  
Set up perches for the turkeys  
And the guinea-fowl and péa-fowl  
And the cocks and hens and chickens;

At the other end, a dove-cot  
And a pigeon-house and swan-house,  
And a pheasantry, and yárd for  
Grouse and guans and curassows.

No bird-fancier was Noah,  
Scarcely even had ear for music;  
Pity, for bird-fancier never  
Móre choice had, or greater plenty:

Blackbirds, thrushes, robin-redbreasts,  
Siskins, black-caps, and canaries,  
Skylarks, titlarks, meadow-pipits,  
Wrens and nightingales and warblers,

And the bullfinch and the linnet,  
And the mocking-bird and hoopoe,  
And the redwing and ring-ouzel,  
Stare and oriole and cuckoo;

But he liked as well the screaming  
Of the parrakeets and parrots,  
And as lief would listen to the  
Raven's croak or magpie's chatter;

So he put them all together,  
Screamers, whistlers, singers, talkers,  
In a cage that filled the whole length,  
And the whole height, of one side-wall;

And, upon the opposite side-wall,  
In as tall and wide a cage, stowed  
Vultures, eagles, albatrosses,  
Kites and sparrow-hawks and buzzards,

Gypaëtes and lämmergeiers,  
Djous, flyseekers and flycatchers,  
Palikours and platyrhynchi,  
Owls, shrikes, vangas, and edolii,

And — for Noah better loved peace  
Than your Victors and Napoleons —  
Chained the strong ones to their perches,  
Fenced the weak ones round with wicker.

In Sans Souci Palace garden,  
Or Versailles or Hampton Court, thou hast  
Seen, no doubt, set in the ground, a  
Broad and shallow marble basin

Full of muddy, fetid water,  
With gold-fishes swimming in it,  
Or a pair of swans upon it,  
And sea Triton in the middle.

Thrée such broad and shallow basins,  
Tanks, say rather, for he neither  
Marble had nor Triton, Noah  
Built of seasoned gopher-wood, and

In - and out - side pitched and sanded,  
And set in the floor, and thréw in  
Mud and gravel for a bottom,  
And filled to the brim with water,

And with trees, in tubs and barrels,  
Garnished round so thick as barely  
Tó leave room to pass between his  
Winter - garden and his cages.

In the first tank, on their lóng shanks,  
Gaunt and solemn, stalked the herons,  
Spoonbills, bitterns, demoiselle cranes,  
And the stork went clitter - clatter;

And the red flamingo gobbed  
Frogs and toads up, by the dozen,  
Frogs and toads brought for the purpose —  
In the next tank were the breeders:

Green frogs, red frogs, brown frogs, búll frogs,  
Shad frogs, bell frogs, palmipede frogs,  
Grunters, whistlers, jakies, giants,  
Thick - armed, thin - armed, paradóx frogs.

Such a quacking, such a croaking,  
Such a *Bœnene§ noa§ xo§*,  
You 'd have guessed a flood was coming,  
Even if God hadn't said a wórd of it.

Leeches, too, were in the fróg tank,  
Axolotls and hellbénders,  
Piping toads and toads that cónldn't pipe,  
Marbled newts, and salamanders.

Round about and in and out, frisked  
Sepses, skinks, Egyptian geckos,  
Tupinambis, and guanas  
Both the horned ones and the hornless.

In the third tank ducks and geese swam,  
And the tame swan and the wild swan,  
And the black swan with the red bill,  
And the white swan with the black head;

And the gannet, gull, and dobchick,  
And the great, black-bellied darter,  
And the water-rail and bald-coot,  
And New Holland's cereopsis.

There they swam, but how to feed them  
Noah knew no more than you do,  
So he told his wife to mind them;  
She had been used, at home, to poultry;

Happy for them! for she brought them,  
Once a day, all sorts of garbage —  
Crumbs and crusts and mashed potatoes;  
How they gabbled, how they crowded

To the tank's edge, when they saw her,  
With her wooden bowl full, coming,  
Followed by the hens and chickens,  
And her Sanscrit "chuck, chuck, chück," heard!

From her loving, loyal subjects,  
Never queen had greater honor,  
Than, from water-fowl and land-fowl,  
Noah's wife, so long as in her

Wooden bowl there was one gobbet;  
Thinner levy had dethroned queen  
Never, than the wife of Noah  
When her wooden bowl was empty.

In the tubs that round the tanks stood,  
Rat and mouse and dormouse burrowed,  
And the tandrek and the tendrak  
And the porcupine and hedgehog,

And the urson and cuándo  
And the campagnol and lemming  
And the badger and the otter  
And the field-mouse, shrew, and rabbit,

And the hamster and the fitchet  
And the sable and pine-marten  
And the weasel and the ferret;  
And sir Mole made his encampment.

Up and down the trees ran squirrels,  
Guerlinguets and pteromýses,  
Ór cracked nuts, upon the branches,  
Or from branch to branch leaped nimble.

And chameleons, wiser far than  
Ovid and his fellows thought them,  
Gréw fat, not on empty air, but  
Flies and gnats caught on their glíb tongues.

Round about the hollow trunks, buzzed  
Honey bees of every species,  
Ór sipped nectar from the florets,  
Or, in swarms, hung from the branches;

For, not being an adept, Noah  
Hád brought, by mistake, the quéen bees,  
And the whole communities followed,  
Drones and laborers and neuters.

But if Noah had more bées than  
Hé had hollow trunks to hold them,  
Á superabundant stock of  
Wax and honey, was a godsend;

For, as there was but one window  
And one door, for air and light both,  
And the ark had thrée great storeys,  
Yóu could hardly see your hánd in it,

Till the wives of Noah's thrée sons,  
Whó knew something about chandling,  
Thought of making great wax candles,  
Such as you see now in churches,

Ánd lit up the ark as well as  
Tiers of windows would have lit it;  
Ay and better, for outside was  
Little light, or none, to cóme in,

Though it hád been made of gláss all,  
Roof and walls, like Sydenham Palace,  
Not of solid gopher wood, lined,  
In - and out - side, with asphaltum;

And the honey was a bónne - bouche,  
Not alone for all the Noahs,  
But for all the honey-guides, and  
Bears, wasps, hornets and gorillas;

Ánd, even ín the ark, was true: "Non  
Vobis vos mellificatis" —  
Ah! the bee's fate is a sád one;  
Isn't it, honey-loving reader?

On the topmost boughs the herons,  
Cranes and storks built, and their yóung hatched;  
Here and there, among the branches,  
Tap, tap, tap went the wood-pecker.

Not a leaf but was alíve with  
Aphides and hemeróbii,  
Milking ants, curculionites,  
Kermes, coccinel, or coccus;

Or with shell-snails imbricated,  
Or hung with epeira meshes,  
Or, with moth capes and moth mantles,  
Littered like a draper's counter;

Or the fly-ichneumon, boring  
With her long and slender auger,  
Laid her cuckoo-egg within the  
Cynips' and tenthredo's castle.

Maggots crackled, crawled, and tumbled;  
Eggs were strown-about like fine sand,  
Or lay heaped, like grapes, in clusters,  
Or in rows strung like necklăces;

And to have gathered up the pupas  
And cocoons, from leaf and branch and  
From the earth about the trées' roots,  
Would have kept a gardener busy

Until winter, thóugh it had béen but  
Tó throw all into a heap and  
Make a merry bonfire of them,  
Or with lime mix for a compost;

Not that Noah hadn't a fine taste,  
Or, though never sworn at Highgate,  
Didn't prefer, when he could get it,  
The imago to the pupa;

But, as even your handiest tailor  
Must, according to his clóth, cut  
Coat or mantle, so your Noah  
Must his ark, not as he liked best,

But, as best he could, fill úp, and  
Entomologist enough was  
Not to go imago-hunting,  
In the egg or pupa season.

To be sure, he had his fly - nets,  
And caught butterflies and locusts,  
Fire - flies, gad - flies, horse - flies, boat - flies,  
And the great lucanus cervus,

And all sorts of tilli, grylli,  
Tettigoniae and cicádae,  
And — which sure he might have lét lie —  
Tineae, blattae, and mosquitoes.

Sphexes, too, he had collected,  
Rembi, syrphi, uleiótae,  
Lovely thaides and roxanas,  
And some bombyces and bombi,

And — hard pressed for room as ever  
Druggist, in his shop, or grocer —  
Hung all up in paper bág, with  
Cord and pulley, to the rafters,

And threw - in the rice and méal worms,  
And the sugar louse, and weevil,  
And the book worm, and the paste worm,  
And the death - watch, tick, and chéese mite.

Leave them there, and come with mé now,  
Dównstairs, to the middle storey —  
Isn't it bedlam? Such a chatter,  
Such a moping, such a mowing,

Such a jiggling, jerking, jumping,  
Capering, frisking, caracoling,  
Swinging, flinging, pirouetting,  
Climbing up, and climbing down, bars;

Such a whistling, such a whining,  
Such a jabbering, japing, crying,  
Such a yelping, such a yelling,  
Such a carnival and máy - fair,

Of baboons and chimpanzees and  
Orang-outangs and gorillas,  
Micos, patases, and mandrils,  
Tamarins and coaïtas,

Preaching monkeys, howling monkeys,  
Weeping monkeys, and entelli,  
Grivets, vervets and green monkeys,  
Satans, belzebubs, and gibbons,

Capuchins and talapoins,  
Sais and sajous and guerezas,  
Caged with thos-dogs, jackals, foxes,  
Dholes and dingos and lycáons,

And the proteles Lalandii,  
And the taraffe and impompo,  
And the tulki and the tilki,  
And the koola of the jungle;

Lemurs, too, and lichanoti,  
Makis, varis and macaucos,  
Kangaroos and potooroos, and  
Lemmings, campagnols and wombats.

And, from time to time, the lion  
Frightened with his roar the whole ark,  
And the ass brayed, and the horse neighed,  
And the wolf howled, and the dog barked;

And the tiger, in his beauty,  
Up and down paced, never resting;  
Never resting, up and down paced  
Ounce and ocelot and puma;

And the leopard, and the panther,  
And the jaguar, lynx and cougar,  
If you had seen them, how they ramped and  
Crouched, by turns, and glared and bristled!

And, not yet to go erect taught,  
Brówn bears, grisly bears and bruangs  
Shuffled awkward upon áll-fours,  
And looked out for Japhet coming

With full calabash of honey,  
Mangosteens, or ripe sorb apples,  
And turned up their snouts at white bears  
Gorging upon kreng and stock-fish;

And the hateful, fell hyaena,  
Skulking in his den's dark corner,  
Gnawed a thigh-bone, he had brought with him,  
Of a drowned antediluvian.

In with mé now through this wicket,  
Lift the latch, and stoop your héad low;  
Nothing fear, you 're safe in Noah's  
Spacious deer-park, sty, and cowhouse.

That 's the lordly bison, chewing  
Nonchalant his morning's breakfast;.  
That 's the plough ox; that 's the músk ox;  
That 's the buffalo, tethered néxt you.

Next beyond, you see the milch cows --  
Wé 're too late, quite, for the milking;  
Noah's sóns' wives — clever housewives --  
Milk and strain and set, ere sunrise.

What do you say to yon score bullocks,  
— Lóng horns, ten, and ten are shórt horns --  
Noah 's fattening-up on wurzel,  
For menagerie and hóuse use?

Now come here, I 'll show you something:  
There 's a sheep-pen you 'll scarce mátch me,  
Fifty ammons, mouflons fifty,  
Short- and long-tailed, all for eating;

Fifty ammons more for wool, and  
Fifty mouflons more for sheep-robe,  
For, you know, the flood will léave but  
Small provision for the winter,

And a prudent man, like Noah,  
Must lay-ín both food and clothing,  
To supply him, not alóne while  
Ín the ark, but when he has gót out;

For, just think in what a státe he 'll  
Find the whóle world when he géts out;  
Dripping, dropping, slime and silt, all,  
Not a dry spot tó set fóot on;

Not a braid of corn or gráss, left,  
Not a hedge or ridge or furrow,  
Not a roof his head to shelter,  
Every hole choke-full of water;

Not one grain, one seed, one berry,  
Not one onion or potato,  
Even the eels killed in the mód by  
Thé salt water from the gréat deep;

Even the herrings of the gréat deep  
Stifled by the river freshes,  
Or if one, by chance, alive left,  
Not a living soul to catch it.

So, not for himself alóne, but  
All his fellow-sailors, Noah  
Must provide, both on the voyage  
Ánd for many a lóng month after,

And, besides his couples cléan and  
Couples íunclean, carry wíth him  
Sheep and swine and goats, by fifties,  
Hay by ricks, and corn by cárt-loads.

Stop your nose now, and make hâste past  
Pigs and peccaries and cavies,  
Phacochoeri, babyroussae,  
Taytetous and tagnicatis;

And take care you don't your foot miss  
In the slough of mast and offal;  
And keep off from thát tusked boar, if  
Yóu would not be an Adonis.

Wéll done! áll right! There 's the móose-deer,  
And the fallow deer and roebuck,  
And the red deer, and the reindeer,  
And the wapeti and axis,

And the soft, full eyed gazelle, and  
Bubalis and cervicapra,  
And the kevel and the koba,  
Dorcas, whang-yang, and pygarga,

And the chamois and the springbock,  
And the nylghau, gnu and caama,  
And the philosophic goat, and  
Capricorn not yet translated,

And the zebra, and the quagga,  
And the dshikketaei and koulan,  
And the llama and vicunna,  
And the one- and two-hunched camel.

Ánd see where, his kameel-doorn leaves  
All consumed, the tall giráffe stands;  
Watch him close, you 'll see the cíd go  
Slowly up and down his lóng neck.

What 's the matter? why so frightened?  
Let them hiss there, théy can't hárñ you;  
Noah has secured them áll well  
In a bulk-head of his first floor;

Look down at them through the trap-door,  
How they 're twisting, twining, coiling,  
Writhing, glaring, darting, rattling,  
Spiriting venom with their forked tongues,

Adders, aspies, amphisbaenas,  
Rattle-snakes and horned cerastes,  
Dún snakes, smooth snakes, Bordelais snakes,  
Vipers green and vipers yellow,

Anacondas, pythons, boas,  
Pseudoboas and megaeras,  
And, even by his fellow snakes feared,  
Shunned and hated, Eden's cursed snake.

Come away quick; shut the door down;  
Leave them there, to sin and Satan —  
Stay, there 's something creeping on you;  
Brush it off; it 's but a chigoe,

That, by some chance has got out of  
Noah's flea-box and louse-casket,  
And, bad company eschewing,  
Sets out, solus, on its travels;

That 's the box, the nearest to you  
On the shelf there. In the next box  
Are the centipedes and scorpions;  
I 'd advise you not go near it;

Nor the next one, full of coyas,  
Furias, guinea-worms and itch-worms;  
And, if you are wise, you 'll let the  
Vampyres hang, where they are hanging,

By their two hooks, from the purlin;  
They 'll be busy when the night comes;  
It 's not bad economy in  
Noah, not to keep them caged up.

Now the show 's done, what do you think of it?  
Was there ever such another,  
Since the first great cattle - show and  
Naming - fair in happy Eden?

I suppose I need not take you  
To the granary, on the first floor,  
Or the hay - barn, or the dairy,  
Or the vegetable garden,

Or the fruit - shop, or the larder,  
Or the pantry, or the kitchen,  
Or the ladies' drawing - room, or  
Noah's own room and check - office,

And bedchamber; 't might be tedious,  
And we 're both tired, and we wóuldn't like  
To be treated as intruders,  
So we may as well be going —

“But the fishes, where are they all,  
And the oysters, crabs, and lobsters,  
And sea-urchins and sea-nettles,  
And infusories and polyps,

“Which could not, you just now told me,  
Live in the flood's brackish waters,  
Are they all drowned? or are these, too,  
Saved in clean and unclean couples?”

All forgot, and every one drowned,  
Clean and unclean, fish and polyp,  
Crabs, infusories, and lobsters,  
Urchins, oysters, and sea-nettles;

Every one asphyxiated  
In the muddy, brackish waters,  
And must, every one, be new made,  
Or the world jog on without them.

"And the tape-worm, and the maw-worm,  
And the ascaris and flúke and" —  
Whý, safe, to be sure, in Noah's  
And his fellow-sailors' bowels.

Nó more questions, if you 'd nót have  
Fibs for answers — come awáy, come.  
Pleasant voyage to you áll, boys,  
Ánd may God send safe the góod ship!

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Sept. 21, 1859.

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## OLD-WORLD STORIES.

### V.

#### THE TOWER OF BABEL.

TOWER so high, there never yét was  
As the famous tower of Babel —  
Í 'll not say how many yárdz high,  
Ás I never chanced to sée it;

Bút God saw it, and came dówn from  
Heaven to take a clóse view óf it,  
Ánd didn't like it, and determined  
Babel tower should not be finished.

Í do nót know whether Gód thought  
Men might up to heaven climb bý it,  
Ór didn't think it could be safely  
Built with slime instead of mortar;

Or perhaps God did not like the  
Babylonish style of building;  
Or perhaps it was for mére spite —  
Likelier cause than any other.

Bút that 's áll one; God didn't like it,  
Ánd at once saw there was nò plan  
Half so sure to put a stóp to it,  
As a strike among the workmen.

How to manage? Stay, he hás it;  
Makes each one forget his language,  
Teaches each a different náme for  
Brick and slime and hod and trowel.

Scholars apt, a clever teacher —  
Whát may not be learned in súch case?  
Chitter - chatter go the masons,  
And stand staring at each other;

Staring stand, and gape and wonder,  
Thén fall-to, again, a - chattering,  
Thén throw down their hods and trowels,  
Ánd start off, each at a tangent,

Leaving the contractor ruined,  
Leaving Babel tower unfinished,  
Á memorial of the fírst strike,  
And a warning to the whóle world,

Not to take in hand agáin to  
Build a tower so high as Babel,  
Tíll they háve made polyglots of  
Thé contractor and the masons.

Walking from ROSAMOND to KILMASHOGUE MOUNTAIN, May, 1859.

## OLD-WORLD STORIES.

### VI.

#### ABRAHAM.

Part First.

Did you ever hear of Abraham,  
How he went down into Egypt  
With his oxen, sheep, and camels,  
When the famine was in Moreh?

How he had a pretty wife too,  
Whom he could not but bring with him,  
Though he knew the Egyptians were as  
Fond, as he, of pretty women?

So he said to her: — “Wife Sarah,  
Have a care of these Egyptians;  
Go to! say you are my sister;  
If you don’t, I am a dead man;

“For they’re fond of pretty women,  
And you know you’re pretty, Sarah;  
So they’ll kill me, to get at you,  
If they hear I am your husband.

“To be sure, it is not quite true,  
But I know God will forgive you  
For the lie, both, and adultery,  
Knowing they are both for my sake.”

“Abraham’s will is Sarah’s pleasure,”  
Answered Sarah, simpering sweetly;  
“As for God, who knows him better  
Than the father of the faithful?”

Só said, só done. Sarah's beauty  
Smote the Egyptians, ánd, before long,  
Abraham's sister was installed in  
Thé seraglio of the Pharaohs;

Ánd the Pharaohs for her sáke made  
Presents to her brother Abraham;  
And well treated for her sáke was  
Abraham in the land of Egypt.

All was right now, and the chéat was  
Prospering well, when it pleased Gód to  
Plague — no, not the cheating parties,  
But — the cheated house of Pharaoh.

Which, when Pharaoh was quite súre of  
— For, at first, he couldn't believe it:  
Wás not Abraham's God a júst God?  
And could Abraham lie, or Sarah? —

Hé grew wroth and said to Abraham: —  
“What is this thou hást done tó me?  
Fór thy wife's sake I am plágued thus.  
Whý said'st thou she was thy sister?

“Tó my wife, I might have taken her,  
Ánd this foul, foul crime committed —  
Óut; begone; thy wife take wíth thee;  
Lét me see the last of bóth of ye.”

Then the servants drove them óut, both,  
Ánd they went up out of Egypt  
Into Canaan, and in Gerar  
Played the sáme trick on Abímelech.

Ánd God plagued Abimelech likewise,  
Plagued his wife and plagued his handmaids,  
Closed their wombs and made them barren,  
All for Sarah, Abraham's wife's sake.

Ánd Abímelech said to Abraham: —  
“What lie’s this which thou hast told me?  
Get thee gone, and somewhere else dwell;  
See, my land is all before thee.

“Take thy wife, and take the thousand  
Silver pieces I have given thee,  
And the men- and women-servants,  
And the shéep take, and the oxen,

“And begone, and to thy Gód pray  
That he plague no more Abímelech,  
Who, until this cheat, as little  
Knew of him as of his prophet.”

Abraham did as he was bidden,  
Took his wife, the sheep, the oxen,  
And the men- and women-servants,  
And the thousand silver pieces,

And away went, and to Gód prayed  
Not to plague Abímelech longer;  
Ánd God hearkened to his prophet,  
And the plague stayed, and Abímelech’s

Wife’s and handmaids’ wombs were opened,  
And they bare Abímelech children,  
And the fear of Abraham’s Gód came  
On Abímelech and his nation.

So, with help of Sarah’s beauty,  
Abraham, every day, grew richer;  
Ánd God greatly prospered Abraham,  
And, in all he did, was with him.

ROSAMOND, April 18, 1859.

## OLD-WORLD STORIES.

### A B R A H A M.

#### Part Second.

CHAPTER first you 've heard of Abraham,  
How he passed his wife on Pharaoh  
For his sister, and, with Gód's help,  
Came, a rich man, out of Egypt.

Nów, if yóu would like to héar more  
Óf the doings of the same pair  
When they were a hundred yéars old,  
Listen to my second chapter.

Fourscore years and ten, was Sarah,  
Ánd, by nine years older, Abraham,  
Whén God talked with Abraham, saying: —  
“Í am God Almighty, Abraham.

“Í have chosen thee to bless thee,  
Ánd to make a gréat man óf thee;  
Nations shall be born thy children;  
Walk before me and be perfect.

“In this land thou art a stranger,  
Ánd hast nót right tó one fóot of it:  
From the owners I will take it  
And to thee and thy seed give it.

“Í will be thy God, and thóu shalt  
Be my prophet.” “It ’s a bargain,”  
Answered Abraham, “and a góod one;  
All it wants now ’s tó be wéll sealed.”

“Í seal bargain!” críed God, angry;  
“Never! sealing is thy business;  
With thy foreskin thou shalt séal it,  
Thou and every male among ye.

“With your foreskins yé shall seal it,  
Every mále soul in your whóle house,  
Every mále child, every mále slave”  
(God approved of slaves in thóse days).

“Cút off sháll be, from among ye,  
Every mále that sháll not só seal,  
Fréeborn, ór slave bóught with money,  
Child of slave or child of freeborn.”

Só said God, and up to héaven went;  
Ánd, that sáme day, circumcised were  
Abraham’s self and Abraham’s whóle house,  
Young and óld males, slave and freeborn.

“Now I ’ve done my part,” said Abraham,  
“Let us see how God will dó his;  
Í ’m a góod, round hundred yéars old,  
And wife Sarah ’s not much younger.

“Maybe, after all, what Gód meant,  
Was, to bless me in my bastard,  
Ishmael, the son of Hagar —  
Bastards, I ’ve heard say, are lucky.”

Tó himself while Abraham thús said,  
Ín the sún’s heat, át his tént door,  
Hé saw thrée men coming towards him,  
Ánd rose up and ran to meet them,

And said to them: — “Please sit down, sirs,  
Underneath this tree, and rest ye;  
Water for your feet I'll fetch ye,  
And your hearts with bread will comfort.”

They were sweating, tired, and hungry;  
Dusty were their feet, and dirty;  
And there were no inns in those days;  
So you may suppose they sat down

Well content, while Abraham brought them  
Water for their feet, and killed a  
Young and tender calf, and dressed it;  
Butter, too, and milk he brought them.

And they eat and were refreshed, and  
Abraham stood by — lucky Abraham!  
One of these three men was God, and  
Didn't forget to ask for Sarah;

Who was in the tent door, listening,  
And began to titter when she  
Heard God say to Abraham: — “Let her  
Get her baby-linen ready.”

“What makes Sarah titter?” said God;  
“Is 't because I talked of babies?  
Does she better know, than God knows,  
What God can, and what God can't, do?”

“I didn't titter; I!” said Sarah;  
“Nay, thou didst,” said God, “I heard thee;  
In the tent door, heard thee, tittering,  
At our backs, while we were talking.”

Sarah shouldn't have told this big lie,  
Shouldn't have contradicted God plump,  
Shouldn't have stood behind backs, listening,  
Might have known, she would be found out.

Nay, don't tell me that 'twas Abraham,  
Abraham's self, had taught her lying;  
Or, that she couldn't know that Gód was  
Óne of her three guests, or which one;

Or, that God and angels listen  
— Still keep listening and eavesdropping —  
And, that very day, a sét had  
Made on Abraham, both, and Sarah.

I 'll not hear your vain excuses;  
Sarah listened, told a plúmp lie,  
Tó his beard God contradicted,  
And the only wonder ís, God

Díd not curse her as, for less than  
Half of her offence, he cúrsed Eve,  
Or a f w drops sprinkle ón her  
Of the rain in store for Sodom.

Why he d d not 's no conundrum,  
Tedious to be puzzled over:  
Wasn't she Abraham's wife, and needed  
To be mother of the faithful?

Só God stomached thé affront, and,  
When his lunch was finished, róse up,  
Bid good morning, and toward Sodom  
Went, accompanied by Abraham: —

"This time next year, Abraham," said God,  
Side by side as théy walked friendly,  
"Thóu shalt see which of the twó 's right,  
Sarah or the God of Abraham.

"I will bless and multiply thee,  
Make a mighty nation óf thee;  
Not a kindred óf the éarth but  
Shall a blessing have in Abraham;

"For I know him, long and well, as  
Mý best friend and coadjutor;  
Í 'll to him stick whó to mé sticks —  
Always óne hand wash the other.

"But your neighbours here, in Sodom,  
Root and branch I will destroy them  
— Hen and chicken, cut them áll off —  
Sure as I am God Almighty;

"That 's to say, if, when I gó down,  
— I 'm upon my way, this moment —  
Í find half the stories trúe I  
Hear of their abominations.

"Fire and brimstone down upon them  
Í 'll from héaven rain — whát do you stáre at?  
We 've in heaven so much of bóth stuffs  
That it 's scarcely safe to sléep in it."

Abraham wondered, but said nothing,  
Ánd God wént on to expláin how  
Ín due time he meant to make a  
Separate place to keep such stuffs in.

"Don't forget to tell thy nephew,"  
Sáid God, when he had expláined all;  
"Warned is armed, and let him máke haste;  
Fire and brimstone do their wórk quick."

"Lord," said Abraham, "peradventure  
In the city there are fifty  
Righteous mén found, thóu 'lt not, surely,  
Slay the righteous with the guilty?

"Fár be it fróm the Lord and God of  
All the earth, to do unjustly."

"For the sake of fifty righteous,"  
Answered God, "Í 'll spare the city."

"I 'm but sinful dust and ashes,"  
Thén said Abraham, "yet I 'm bold to  
Ask, if five lack of the fifty,  
Wilt thou then destroy the city?"

"I will spare it for the sake of  
Five and forty righteous," said God.  
"If there be but barely forty?"  
"Even for forty's sake I 'll spare it."

"Be not angry, Lord!" said Abraham;  
"If the righteous be but thirty?"  
"Even for thirty's sake," replied God,  
"I will nót destroy the city."

"Peradventure," then said Abraham,  
"Only twenty are the righteous?"  
"For the sake of twenty righteous,"  
Answered God, "I 'll spare the city."

"Once more bear with me," said Abraham;  
"If the righteous only tén be?"  
"If there be ten righteous in it,"  
Sáid God, "I will spare the city."

I don't know why Abraham stópped here,  
And didn't keep still plucking háirs out  
Óf the máre's tail till he had cóme to  
Five, and four, and three, and twó, and

None, at last, and só saved Sodom;  
But, whatever was his reason,  
Abraham stopped at ten, and Gód went  
Into Sodom, and, not finding

Tén men righteous, in the city,  
Rained down fire and brimstone ón it,  
And upon Gomorrah, near it,  
And upon the plain of Jordan;

Made a solfatara of it,  
And of all the country round it;  
Every living soul killed in it,  
Old and young, and male and female,

Only, for the sake of Abraham,  
Saving four: Lot, Abraham's nephew,  
And Lot's wife and Lot's two daughters;  
How these turned out, you shall now hear.

Lot got drunk and by his eldest  
Daughter had a son called Moab;  
Of the Moabites he was father,  
Worshippers of Baal and Chemosh,

And, of Balak, predecessor,  
Who hired Balaam, son of Beor,  
To curse Moses and the children  
Whom God brought up out of Egypt;

But the angel of the Lord stood  
In the way of the enchanter,  
With a drawn sword, where the road was  
Narrow, and a wall on each side.

Now the enchanter did not see him,  
Though he was a brave enchanter,  
And had gone on and been surely  
Cut to mincemeat by the angel,

But the donkey he was riding,  
Happily for the enchanter,  
Saw the angel and the drawn sword,  
And stopped short and wouldn't go farther,

And, when the enchanter chid him,  
And belaboured with his cudgel,  
Bruised his foot against a wall, and  
Fair, at last, into a field turned.

Only harder struck the enchanter,  
And the ass was getting the wórst of it,  
Whén God, in his goodness, opened  
Donkey's mouth, and thus said donkey: —

“Íf thou hadst one grain of sense, it 's  
Hay and oats thou wouldst be giving me,  
Not this basting with thy cudgel;  
Whó has saved thy life but donkey?

“Séé there! see! Look straight before thee!”  
Balaam looked, but cóuld see nothing,  
Ánd was only growing the angrier,  
Ánd, if hé had had a swórd, would

Fór the ass have done exactly  
What, but for the ass, the angel  
Hád for him done, when the Lórd, to  
Save, at once, the ass's credit

And the life of the enchanter,  
Deigned to open Balaam's eýes and  
Show him what he had shown the donkey: —  
“Í 'll go back again,” said Balaam.

But the angel of the Lórd said: —  
“Páss on, this time; bút take warning,  
Ánd turn back the néxt time donkey  
Stóps short where the road is narrow.”

“Asses sometimes stop to bray,” said  
Balaam, trembling, “or to piddle.”  
“Ít 's all one,” replied the angel;  
“If thou 'rt wise, thou 'lt túrn back néxt time;

“Fór it 's not to be expected,  
If the Lord again should sénd me  
With a dráwn sword to wayláy thee,  
Ánd thine áss again should spý me,

"That the Lord a second time will  
Play the fool's part he has today played,  
And teach donkey Moabitish,  
Just to balk himself and me, both.

"So, the next time donkey stops short,  
Turn back, Balaam; if he stops to  
Bray or piddle, there's small harm done;  
If it's I'm there, then thy life's saved."

How Lot's eldest daughter had a  
Son called Moab, you have just heard,  
And you have heard who was his father,  
So, I hope, it won't surprise or

Greatly shock you when I tell you  
Lot got drunk the next night also,  
And his younger daughter bore him,  
In nine months, his son Ben-Ammi.

Of the Ammonites he was father,  
Whom the Lord would not let Moses  
Drive out, to make room for Israel,  
But preserved safe in the land which

He had taken from the Zuzims,  
And, when he had killed the Zuzims,  
Given the Ammonites to live in:  
'Twas for Lot's sake he so loved them.

Of the four elect souls God saved  
Out of Sodom, there remains now  
Only Lot's wife to be told of,  
And of her what need I tell you?

For there's not a child but knows well  
That Lot's wife was turned into a  
Pillar of salt, for looking back, and  
Spying what God did to Sodom;

And if bút few ever sáw that  
Pillar of salt, it ís small wonder,  
When we take into accóunt how  
Very deliquescent sált is.

But, according to his wórd, the  
Lord did something unto Sarah,  
And the woman of almóst a  
Hundred yéars old, had a fine boy.

Now I 'm sure you 'll think it ódd, God  
Chose to go so by contraries,  
Keeping pretty Sarah barren  
'Till she was almóst a hundred,

And then, without rhyme or reason,  
Giving her, all óf a sudden,  
Such a bouncing son and heir as  
Made her husband's handmaid jealous: —

"Ah!" cried Hagar, when she sáw the  
Withered, shrivelled patriarchess,  
Giving suck and crying "Hush-o!"  
"I may go about my business."

At the weaning was a gréat feast,  
Music, and I dón't know whát not;  
Abraham happy, Sarah happy,  
Happy all but handmaid Hagar.

In a corner sat the handmaid,  
Sad and sulky — cóuld you blame her? —  
"What 's the matter, mistress spóil-sport?"  
Sarah said, and called her tó her.

"Are you fretting God has made me  
Independent of your bastard?  
Are you fretting father Abraham  
Has no longer need of handmaids?

"It 's a thousand pities — isn't it? —  
God has found a way to give the  
World his blessing without help of  
Either Ishmael or his mother.

"Out! begone! and Ishmael with you;  
In the desert of Beer-Sheba  
You 'll have room enough and time to  
Calculate the age of Sarah."

Many and many a man 't has fretted,  
That his concubine and wife couldn't  
Live in harmony together,  
And it fretted Abraham sorely.

He was fond of both his sons, and  
— Whó can doubt it? — quite as fond of,  
If not twice as fond of, Hagar,  
As he ever was of Sarah;

And although he was so full of  
Faith, and knowledge of the true God,  
— In whose universal presence,  
Deserts smile and smell like gardens —

Couldn't help thinking Hagar and her  
Little Ishmael would be quite as  
Well off in the tent with him as  
In God's desert of Beer-Sheba;

So he swithered, shilly-shallied,  
And had just begun to think that  
Sarah could as well, or better  
In the desert shift than Hagar,

When — was not the nodus worthy  
Of a God to come and loose it? —  
God commands, and Abraham drives out  
Hagar, hand in hand with Ishmael.

You have heard how cruel Romans,  
At the bidding of their false Gods,  
Used to entomb, alive, the vestal  
Guilty of a peccadillo.

With a pitcher full of water,  
And a loaf of bread, they left her  
Buried in the ground, to perish,  
And I never heard that of their

False Gods one came near to save her —  
Ah! she perished but too surely,  
When she had drained the pitcher empty,  
And the loaf of bread was finished.

With such bowels of compassion,  
Abraham put a loaf of bread and  
Bottle full of water into  
Hagar's hands and drove her out, with

Little Ishmael, to perish  
In the desert of Beer-Sheba.  
But his God was not a false God,  
And — as soon as she had finished

Both the bread and water, and had  
Laid the child down and gone far off,  
That she might not see him perish —  
Made inquiries, by his angel,

In a loud voice from the sky down,  
(There was no noise in the desert,  
And she heard the voice, distinctly)  
Saying "Hagar, why this crying?"

— Mother, both, and child were crying,  
So it was no wonder God heard,  
Who, you know, is always listening  
And has sharp ears — "Take the child up,

"Give him drink — see! yonder 's water" —  
And he showed her where the wéll was —  
"Hé 's a fine boy, ánd I 'll réar him  
Ánd make óf him á great nation."

Gód didn't say — it would have shócked her —  
Á great nation of blasphemers,  
Pagans, heathens, Moslem robbers,  
Foes of God and of the trúe faith.

I can't say if God himsélf knew,  
But incline to think he did not;  
God has shown himself, at áll times,  
More or less enthusiastic;

Hoped to make a fine world óf it,  
Full of peace and love and blessing,  
Yet, before it was a mónth old,  
Cursed the job, so bad it túrned out.

So it 's not unlikely Gód thought  
Hé would make a second Israel  
Out of Ishmael, and the wórld bless  
In the wife, both, and the handmaid.

Bút let thát pass; Hagar did as  
God commanded, took the child up,  
Filled her bottle at the well, and  
Drank, herself, and gave the child drink;

And the lives of both were saved, and  
Gód blessed Ishmael, as he promised,  
Ánd he gréw up and became the  
Robin Hood of Paran desert.

Truer shaft, in Sherwood Forest,  
Suit of Lincoln green sped never,  
Than the lóng shaft from the bow sprang  
Óf this first of Bedouin robbers.

An Egyptian was his mother,  
And he married an Egyptian,  
And had twélf sons — Bedouin chiefs, all —  
By his wife some, some by handmaids;

And he lived a hundred years and  
Seven and thirty, and then died off  
And was gathered to his people —  
Théy didn't gó to heaven in thóse days.

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## OLD-WORLD STORIES.

### ABRAHAM.

#### Part Third.

“LEAD us not into temptation,”  
Is a prayer we offer up to  
God Almighty, night and morning,  
And, no doubt, there is some úse in it;

For, if God one single fáult has,  
It ’s that he ’s so fond of tempting,  
And from the right path seducing,  
Hís but too confiding children.

Ah, how happy we might bé now,  
What a different world have óf it,  
Had but Eve the Lórd’s Prayer practised,  
She and Adam, night and morning!

But they díd not; they had tóo much  
Faith in God’s own innate goodness,  
To believe there could be úse in  
Begging God not to mislead them.

What the consequence, I need not  
Tell those who so sorely feel it;  
How successful the Creator's  
Pitfall for his own creation.

Abraham too — but I suspect that  
Abraham knew God was but joking,  
And the joke met with a like joke,  
Didn't at all mean to kill Isaac.

Hear the story; for yourselves judge;  
Don't take my opinion of it;  
These are times when 'gentle, simple'  
— Young and old — are all alike wise:

In one of those entertaining  
Conversaciones God used  
Now and then to hold with Abraham,  
He's reported to have thus said: —

"Abraham, I've a woman's longing  
For the smell of a roast child's flesh;  
Thou 'st a son — a loved son — Isaac;  
Kill and roast, and let me smell him."

"Since I first smelt Abel's roast lamb,  
I have loved the smell of roast meat;  
But I hear, of all roast meats there's  
None so savory smells as roast child."

"Lord," said Abraham, "be not angry,  
But if thou to child's flesh takest,  
How am I henceforth to know thee  
Different from Baal and Chemosh?"

"Answer me this, first," replied God;  
"Why mayn't I be Abraham's God still,  
Though I choose to treat my nostrils,  
This once, to a sniff of roast child?"

"It 's not in itself a thing 's right,  
But it 's right because God dóes it,  
Or, which comes much to the sáme thing,  
Right because God bids it bé done.

"To be sure, to kill and róast a  
Child, is murder, in your láw's eye,  
And to kill and roast one's ówn child,  
Worse than murder, twenty tímes worse;

"But the case is changed when Gód bids,  
And — to quote a tongue, beforehand,  
I 'll, one day, deal múch in — Deus  
Est justificationi.

"Then to kill and roast your ówn child,  
Proves not only your obedience,  
But your righteousness and faith and  
Firm conviction óf God's goodness,

"Ánd that God shall not in váin ask  
You, his servant, tó do fór him  
Thát which those who worship Baal and  
Chemosh, cheerfully for thém do.

"Up! make haste! and on the mountain  
Í shall show thee in Moriah,  
Kill and roast thy lóved son, Isaac;  
High the mountain, and the sméll will

"Reach to heaven, and glad my nostrils,  
Ánd I will remember Abraham,  
Ánd according to my promise,  
Bléss, and make a gréat man óf him."

Further answer Abraham máde none  
— Abraham was, you know, a wise man —  
Bút his áss got, and his són took,  
And the wood, and twó men, with him.

And set out and, on the third day,  
To the foot, came, of the mountain  
God had told him of, and left there  
Both the donkey and the two men,

And said to them: — “Here abide ye,  
While my son and I go higher  
Up the mountain, God to worship;  
Worship over, we will come back,

“With the blessing of the God who  
Hates a lie as he loves Abraham,  
And has sworn to bless the whole earth  
In my son, my loved son, Isaac.”

This said, Abraham took the wood and  
Bound it on the back of Isaac,  
And went up the mountain with him,  
Knife in one hand, fire in the other.

“There’s one thing we have forgot,” said  
Isaac simply, as they went up;  
“Here’s the knife, the wood, the kindling;  
But the lamb, papa, where is it?”

“God is good, my son,” said Abraham,  
“And will with a lamb provide us.”  
“Is it good in God,” said Isaac,  
“To provide a lamb for killing?

“Doesn’t it hurt the pretty lamb to  
Cut its throat with a great, sharp knife?  
God is not good, or he would not  
Even so much as let you kill it.”

“Every thing is good that God does,  
Or bids do,” said Abraham, drily;  
“Here’s the place;” and, with the word, the  
Wood untied from Isaac’s shoulder,

Ánd, with Isaac's help, an altar  
Built of sods and stones, and ón it  
Laid the wood, and on the wóod laid,  
Hand and foot bound — his son Isaac.

You have heard how Agamemnon  
Could not bear to look upón the  
Spouting héart's blood of his daughter,  
But his face wrapped ín his mantle,

While intó Iphigenia's  
Báred breast Calchas plunged the dagger —  
Ah, faint-hearted Agamemnon!  
Weak as his own potsherd idols.

Abraham, servant of the trúe God,  
Has a different heart, and ín his  
Ówn hand takes the knife and lifts high,  
Ánd is in the act of striking,

When — blessed, lucky chance for Isaac —  
God remembers, on a sudden,  
Thát it 's in the seed of Isaac,  
He has sworn to bless the whóle earth,

Ánd calls down from heaven: — "Stop, Abraham;  
Thóu hast done enough to please me;  
With the ánimus God 's contented,  
Doesn't require the actual murder.

"That thou 'rt faithful, thou hast wéll proved,  
And in future to be trusted  
Tó do this, or more than this, if  
Need require it, in my service.

"Therefore I will multiply thee,  
Greatly bless and multiply thee,  
As the sand upon the séa shore,  
As the stars of heaven, in number."

Abraham stopped and looked about, and  
Saw a ram caught in the thicket  
By its horns, and went and took it  
— Thére was no policeman near him —

And upon the altar killed and  
Roasted it, in place of Isaac,  
Ánd God pút up with the sméll of  
Roasted ram, instead of róast child's.

So the sacrifice went ón well;  
God was pleased and so was Abraham;  
And, when all was over, Isaac  
Wiped his eyes, and whimpered “Ámen!”

Ánd that sáme hour God determined,  
— Shóuld he ever be so happy  
Ás to have a son born tó him,  
Ánd that son, by góod luck, túrn out

Tó be óf so gentle nature  
As in áll things to submit him,  
Unresisting, uncomplaining,  
Tó his father's will and pleasure —

Nót, indeed, to take the knife in-  
-Tó his ówn hand, Ahrahám fashion,  
— Foolish people might an outcry  
Raise against so high-flown virtue —

But into the hands deliver  
Of his ministers, to kill and  
Offer up, as á sin offering,  
On the altar of his father: —

“So shall all the world acknowledge,”  
Sáid God to himself, complacent,  
“Better father there was never  
Than myself, excepting Abraham;

"Nor, to horrid Moloch, ever  
Offered in the vale of Tophet,  
Purer or more spotless victim  
Than I 've offered to mysélf up;

"With whose guiltless blood I 'll sméar the  
Shárp edge of my sword of justice,  
With whose guiltless blood I 'll quénch the  
Seething of my furious anger;

"With whose guiltless blood I 'll wásh the  
Stains out of his guilty brethren;  
With whose guiltless blood I 'll sprinkle  
The repentent, contrite sinner."

Thús God to himself, while Abraham  
Wént, with Isaac, down the mountain,  
Ánd the áss found, and the twó men,  
Waiting for him where he had léft them.

"Só the master has brought the lád back,  
After worship, as he promised;"  
Whispered, as they went along, one  
Of the twó men to his comrade.

"To be sure!" replied his comrade,  
Whispering back; "Why mayn't the master  
Téll truth sometimes — by mistake, or  
When a lie won't serve his purpose?"

"True or false," still ín a whisper,  
Said the first of the two speakers,  
"Sure as Father Abraham 's ín it,  
Thére 's a trick in it, top or bottom."

"Old Time 's curious, and will fínd out,  
If he can," replied the other,  
"And is honest and will truly,  
Good or bad, tell what he fínds out."

So they whispered on the wáy home,  
Abraham's twó men, tittle tattle;  
And you may be sure that Isaac,  
When he gót home, wasn't quite silent;

But no matter whether it was  
Isaac blabbed or Time that fóund out,  
You 've the story as I héard it;  
Not one word of it 's my invention.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, June 17, 1859.

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### N E M E S I S.

“CURSE on tobacco for a filthy weed!  
— Once in his life our royal James had right,  
And dubbed tobacco prince of filthy weeds —  
Filthy to touch, taste, smell, or have to dó with,  
Filthy to see, come near, or even so much  
As think of. Execrated be thy name,  
Jean Nicot, with Robespierre's and Marat's,  
And his, who first out of the kindly grape  
Extracted the fell poison alcoholic!”

As thus I said, preluding, and the shell  
Began to tingle to my touch indignant,  
My daughter stopped me sudden: — “You 're on fire,  
Papa!” she cried, and brushed with rapid hand  
The sparks off, and the burning lappet shook,  
Terrified; for, absorbed and off my guard,  
I had stood too near the smouldering hempen rope  
Which, at the door of the tobacconist  
Whose wares had roused my spirit, dangling hung  
Ready to light the customer's cigar,  
And my light over-coat had taken fire.  
I recognised the hand of Nemesis,  
And threw away the plectrum, and walked thoughtful

Home to my inn *chez* Gaultier in St. Gilles  
Les Boucheries, Departement du Gard,  
In France, and passed a sleepless, tossing night,  
And humbled rose next morning and to church  
Went with the earliest, and sang loud his praise,  
Who for Man's use made anacondas, boas,  
Fleas, lice, and chigoes, vampyres and — tobacco.

Walking from ST. GILLES LES BOUCHERIES, to ARLES, Jan. 2, 1861.

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### TO A QUAKER FRIEND,

ON BEING INFORMED THAT HE HAD LET HIS BEARD GROW.

BEARD on a quaker! That 's a forward step.  
Now over Credo's fence with one brave leap;  
Break the preserve and range the forest free,  
And taste how sweet the grass of liberty:  
To be a man, dare; leave to priests their fudge,  
And reason thou, see, hear, and feel and judge.  
Never made Christian faith, or faith of Jew,  
A nobler spirit, heart more warm and true,  
Or purer hands, than his who let one day  
Without a good work done pass sad away.  
Never more ruthless ruffian than our own  
Harry the Eighth spread terror from a throne.  
Nero and Harry! the chief difference is:  
A parricide that, a wife-beheader this;  
That, an adulterer; this, to clear his bed  
For the fresh bride, chopped off the stale bride's head;  
That, Pater Patriae and chief Pontifex;  
This, Church's head, and Dei gratia Rex;  
Both persecutors; that, to tigers threw;  
With slow fire, this, or ax and headsman, slew:  
Monsters alike, what matters it one jot,  
Which had the faith of Christ, and which had not?

CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, April 8, 1861.

## THE HOUSE THAT ZEUS BUILT.

ZEUS built his house as well as he was able,  
But, finding out soon it was far from stable,  
Sent for a mason, bade him take a prop  
And shore it up, too heavy at the top.  
The mason wórked well, though he was a Jew,  
Shored up the house, and made it look like new.  
Such is the reason, I hear people say,  
The house that Zeus built to the present day  
Has lasted, and seems likely to last long,  
Though deuced unsteady when the wind blows strong.

CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, April 8, 1861.

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## INVOCATION

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN,  
MATILDA OF EISLEBEN.

"*Blaspemia blasphemiarum religio.*"

AVAUNT! I know ye not, ye vulgar saints,  
Saint John the Evangelist, Matthew, Mark and Luke,  
And Mary Magdalen and John the Baptist,  
And all ye small fry of the calendar,  
Who, to sustain life, needed common air,  
And day and night spent decompounding gases,  
And made a chemist's workshop of your lungs,  
And come, blessed lady mother, of Eisleben,  
Matilda, come! suppose in me a Dante,  
And be my friend and guide and intercessor,  
Thou, who breath'dst not the atmosphere but drewest  
Out of God's heart thy breath, even as a bellows

Opening and shutting draws into its void  
The kitchen air, and puffs into the fire.

Hear, hear my prayer, Matilda! thou to whom  
The Lord so much told about Origen,  
Samson and Titus and wise Solomon.  
Of Origen the Lord said: — “Ask me not;  
That is a secret I will not divulge,  
Lest men presume again upon their genius.”  
Of Samson said the Lord: — “What I have done  
With Samson’s soul, I ’ll never tell to mortal,  
That men henceforth may have a wholesome dread  
Of giving way to that bad passion, vengeance.”  
“Ask me not,” said the Lord, “what I have done  
With Titus’ blameless soul; I ’ll keep that close,  
Lest foolish men should take ’t into their heads  
There ’s smáll good in religion and I might  
As well have left them pagans to the end,  
And saved myself and them a lot of trouble.  
And as to what I did with Solomon,  
The great and wise king of the Jews, I ’m dumb,  
And never a word will tell for love or money,  
Lest men should set their hearts on carnal pleasures,  
And seek in worldly greatness their chief good.”

Hear, hear, Matilda! thou for whom God’s heart  
Opened, received thee in, and closed again,  
And thou wert one with the eternal God,  
And drank’st his blood, and breath’dst his breath divine,  
And wert to him a bride, and he to thee  
A joyful bridegroom who with the Holy Spirit  
Filled thee to overflowing, and with love’s  
Warm mantle covered thee and wrapped thee round,  
Thee and himself wrapped round, and ye were one.

Hear, hear, Matilda! thou who sawest the wheel  
Revolving from the left hand to the right  
Within God’s heart; and from God’s heart and wheel  
A cord to Man’s heart reaching; and the wheel  
Within Man’s heart, that to the right hand turns,

Following the wheel within the heart of God.  
Whiz, whiz they go, harmonious; you would swear  
They are two spinning-wheels two maidens ply,  
Each with a foot, beside the cabin door,  
Each humming the same tune and keeping time.  
But, all at once, the wheel within Man's heart  
A fit takes, and stops short, and to the left  
With sudden whir turns, and goes whirring left  
As fast as ever it went whirring right,  
And strains the cord, and drags God's wheel and heart,  
Even as the capstan, turning, drags the anchor;  
And who knows what had happened, had the cord  
Not, happily, been weak and snapped in twain,  
And down fell Man, wheel, heart, and one half cord,  
Leaving God there a little foolish-looking,  
But not one whit the worse, and fully bent  
To fish all up again, some time or other,  
And splice the cord, and set the wheel a-going  
With his own wheel once more, from left to right.

Matilda, hail! who on Ascension Day,  
When thou hadst stood two hours in thy cuculla,  
Silent, and meditating on the cross  
Which in the middle of the cloister court  
Beside the well stood, look'dst into the water,  
And sawest that thy cuculla was a cross  
— Its hood, the top; its two long sleeves, the arms;  
Its skirt, the standard; — and from that day forth  
Hadst ever in thy cell upon the wall  
The cross of thy cuculla — at full length  
Hung up, with hood extended and both sleeves —  
And when thou walkedst out, walk'dst in the cross,  
Fearless, even though thy way lay over tombs  
Or past the bone-house; and no cold felt'st ever,  
Though in the cloister court five foot of snow;  
Nor sweatedst, though the sun glowed from the solstice.

Matilda, hail! who in an ecstasy,  
The Feast of the Conception, sawest God's heart

Thrown open, and a lovely maid inside  
Tapping incessant with a diamond ring,  
Incessant tapping, the firm heart of God,  
Askedst her who she was, and hadst for answer: —  
“I am the same who with this diamond ring  
Kept tap, tap, tapping here till forth the babe  
Came, perfect to the nails: I am the same  
Who, on a beam of light, down to the Mother  
Slid with the Father’s son: I am the same  
Who, when — some nine months after — he was born,  
Covered his nakedness with swaddling clothes  
And laid him in the manger; brought him, then,  
Into, and out of, Egypt, and — for Man’s  
Dear sake and to atone God’s righteous wrath —  
Punished him guiltless, persecuted, tortured,  
And at last nailed upon the bloody cross:  
My name is Love — Divine Love — bless my name.”  
And thou saidst to the maiden: — “Tap my heart  
Once with thy diamond ring.” and Love thy heart  
Tapped, as thou bad’st, and thy hard heart grew soft,  
And thou wept’st tears of pity and of love,  
— Pity and love for Man, and love for God,  
And love and pity for God in the flesh —  
And knelt’st down, and a vow mad’st, on the spot,  
To ascend, up to its very top, the high,  
Rarely ascended Mountain of the Virtues.  
And thou saidst to the maiden: — “Once again  
Tap with thy diamond ring this hard, hard heart.”  
And she did so, and faster flowed thy tears  
And wet thy scapular and mantle’s hem,  
And to thy sighs and sobs there was no end,  
Till a winged cherub brought the amber box  
In which the tears of seraphim are stored,  
When they weep tears of pity for fallen Man,  
And held it to thine eyes and caught seven drops,  
And said: — “Thy tears with seraphim’s are stored.”  
And thou wast comforted, and wept’st no more;  
For though the tear stood in thine eye a while,

'Twas but to form Hope's rainbow with the ray,  
Fell on it from the smile of Love Divine.

All hail, Matilda! thou who on Palm Sunday,  
Reflecting on the works which our dear Lord  
Christ Jesus had done for us in the flesh,  
Beganst to wonder what sort of a supper  
Martha and Mary had provided for him,  
The night he was so kind to sup with them  
In Bethany; and straight wast there in spirit,  
And in a little boudoir sawest the Lord  
Seated at table, and by Martha only  
Attended, and with savory venison served,  
And dates and olives and old Jordan wine,  
Whilst Mary at his side, with net in hand,  
Stood catching, and in gold-wire cage confining,  
The words, which, in the shape of nightingales,  
Out of his mouth at intervals were flying.  
And when the Lord asked why thou hadst no net,  
Saidst, "See, I have one." and in thy gown's folds  
Caughtest a nightingale, and in thy bosom  
Mad'st a warm nest for it of love and hope,  
And fedst it with soft emmet eggs of faith.  
And lo! the nightingale began to sing,  
And thou sang'st with it, and the Lord beat time: —  
BEATI, QUORUM TECTA SUNT PECCATA.  
And all the nightingales in Mary's cage  
Joined with thy nightingale, and Mary joined  
And Martha, and in one loud chorus sang: —  
BEATI, QUORUM TECTA SUNT PECCATA.

Virgin Matilda, hail! who, step by step,  
With cockle veil, and pilgrim staff in hand,  
Ascendedst the high Mountain of the Virtues  
Even to the top, above the sun and moon  
And firmament; and there beheld'st the Lord  
Standing alone, in dazzling raiment white,  
And fell'st down at his feet, and worshippedst.  
And the Lord welcomed thee with outstretched hand,

And took thee to walk with him on the broad  
And grassy summit, in the cool, fresh air,  
And when thou saidst he did thee too much honor,  
Answered, no honor was too great for one  
Who had come so far, and neither time nor pains  
Spared to arrive at that, it must be owned,  
Out-of-the-way and inconvenient place.  
So thou consentedst, and went'st with the Lord,  
Enjoying the wide prospect, and to a house  
Camest soon of polished silver, shining bright  
Like the full moon upon a summer's night;  
And shoals of little children round the house  
In all the courts and pleasure-grounds were playing  
Hide-and-go-seek, and Tom-fool-in-the-middle,  
And blind-man's-buff, and various other games.  
And when thou ask'dst the Lord why weren't the children  
At school, learning their lessons, the Lord said: —  
"These children died before the age of five;  
Before the age of five there is no knowledge;  
Until there's knowledge there can be no sin:  
Therefore these children's happiness is perfect,  
And one perpetual holiday is theirs.  
Books, little used in heaven, were to these children  
Useless, or worse; sure means of gaining knowledge,  
And knowledge is the harbinger of sin."  
And when thou ask'dst the Lord: — "Will these sweet children  
Always remain so, or will they grow up  
To full-sized angels?" the Lord smiled and said: —  
"Thou shouldst know better than to ask such question.  
Growth there is none in heaven; how could there be,  
Unless, indeed, in heaven there were decay?  
Such as thou seest them now, so tiny small,  
So young, so happy, and so innocent,  
These little children shall remain for ever,  
The Lord's own special care and chief delight,  
Models to copy even for full-sized angels."  
Then, going further on, thou sawest a house  
Of burnished gold, with precious gems so bright  
Thou might'st as well gaze at the midday sun;

And to thy question, who lived in that house,  
Receiv'dst for answer, 'twas his Mother's house,  
And, when thine eyes were to the light accustomed,  
He 'd bring thee in, and introduce thee to her;  
At present, she requested thine acceptance  
Of the gold crucifix and chain of gold  
He hung about thy neck. And thou saidst to him: —  
"Thou know'st, Lord! I have nothing but my heart  
To give thee and thy Mother, in return  
For these rare gifts." and the Lord said: — "We know.  
Let us thine heart have, and we 'll dwell in it,  
Happier than in a gold or silver house  
All over set with jewels." and thou saidst: —  
"Enter, O Lord! into the unworthy house,  
And dwell there always, and thy Mother with thee."  
And the Lord and his Mother, that same day,  
Entered thy heart and dwelt in it thenceforward,  
And all went smooth and easy, as a key  
Turns in a well-oiled spring-and-tumbler lock,  
For the Lord's Mother found the house, though small,  
Convenient, and the Lord had close at hand  
The window of thy mouth to teach and preach from.  
And, lest into the Golden House, now vacant,  
Should slip some evil Spirit, unobserved,  
As erst into our earthly Paradise  
Slipped unobserved the author of our woe,  
The care to guard it 's given to Ursula  
And th' Eleven Thousand Martyrs of Cologne  
Whose virgin blood made Rhine's broad stream run red;  
And the Lord put into the hand of each  
A lance with lightning tipped, and bade them go,  
Without more arms, and night and day take care,  
For his dear Mother's sake and for his own,  
That nothing evil to that house came near,  
Even in the shape of seraph. And they went  
And, as the Lord bade, round the house patrolled;  
And Ursula herself slept in the house,  
The Moor king's daughter, and six golden lamps  
Kept all night burning, and six tall wax candles

In candlesticks of gold; and heard the tread  
Of th' Eleven Thousand Martyrs of Cologne  
— Whose blood and hers had made broad Rhine run red —  
Patrolling, and the watchwords interchanged;  
And through the curtains saw the lightnings flash  
And quiver on their spear points; and rejoiced,  
And knew there was no fear of harm that night,  
And said her Ave Mary, and slept sound.

Hail, hail, Matilda! thou for whom the Lord,  
One Sunday morning as thou sang'st the ASPERGES,  
In full choir, in the chapel, with the nuns,  
Opened his heart's door, and thou enter'dst in:  
And lo! the Lord inside, with watering pot,  
Watering his vines with water from the river  
Which through the vineyard flowed from east to west,  
The River of his Love, with gold fish gay,  
And planted on each side with shady trees.  
And the Lord's feet and legs, up to the knees,  
Were bare, and round his head a glory shone,  
And in his belt was stuck his pruning hook.  
And the Lord said to thee: — "Matilda, come  
And water with me." and thou took'st a can  
And fill'dst it at the River of his Love,  
And at his side went'st watering the vines.  
And the Lord said: — "This vineyard is my Church,  
And every vine, a soul." and thou saidst: — "Lord,  
Why are these plants here sickly, and those there  
Lying uprooted?" and the Lord said: — "Ah!  
The drought has done this, and an enemy  
Who through the hedge steals oft-times in the night,  
And for sheer wickedness uproots my plants."  
And thou saidst, "Build a wall, Lord!" and the Lord  
Said, as he went on watering: — "'Twere a high  
And strong and well built wall would keep him out."  
And thou saidst, as thou water'dst: — "Build it well  
And strong and high, and spike it on the top;  
For it goes to my very heart to see  
This wide-spread havoc here among thy vines."

And the Lord said: — “The owner of the yard  
Than thou knows better; we will leave 't to Him.”  
And the Lord saw thy face and hands were soiled,  
And reprimanded thee, and bade thee go  
And wash them in the river; and thou went'st  
And washedst face and hands and scrubb'dst them clean,  
And joyful hasten'dst back to show the Lord  
How clean the River of his Love had made them —  
But he was gone, and all the vines were watered;  
So thou returnedst to the nuns and chapel,  
Without being missed, and, taking up the stave  
Where thou hadst dropped it, sang'st the ASPERGES out,  
And no one was the wiser but the Lord.

Hear me, Matilda! thou who to the Lord  
Saidst, when the priest was burying the cross,  
According to the custom, one Good Friday,  
And thou wast in a vision with the Lord,  
In the Nuns' Gallery opposite the altar: —  
“O Lord, beloved of my soul! I wish  
This heart within me were a silver shrine,  
That thou might'st worthily be buried in it.”  
And the Lord answered thee and said: — “Nay, nay;  
Thou shalt in me, not I in thee, be buried.  
Above, below, within thee I will be,  
Before, behind, on every side of thee:  
Above thee I will be sweet Hope and Joy,  
To lift thee upward; under thee I 'll be  
A rock immovable of Strength and Courage;  
Before thee I 'll be Love, enticing on;  
Behind thee Zeal, impelling forward, forward;  
Within, with Life I 'll fill thee; on thy left,  
With Praise confirm, and to good works incite, thee;  
And on thy right, into the Promised Land  
A Bridge be, for thee, over Jordan's flood.”  
And thou saidst to the Lord: — “I 'd fain even now,  
Before we leave this Gallery of the Nuns,  
At once be buried.” and the Lord said: — “See!  
Here in my heart of hearts thou art already

Before-hand buried." and thou look'dst, and sawest  
The chamber of the Lord's heart lit inside  
With tall wax tapers, and with black cloth hung,  
And, in the midst, a coffin on a bier  
And, at the bier's four corners, four fair cherubs  
Standing with folded wings and holding up,  
Each with one hand, a corner of the pall,  
And black-stoled Benedictine Sisters strewing  
The pall with lilies; and the crypt door open,  
And torches flaring round a new-sunk grave,  
And figures flitting dim; and from the choir  
Thou heard'st the chaunting of the DE PROFUNDIS.  
And lo! while still thou look'dst, the cherubs spread  
Their wings out and soared upward, bearing with them  
The pall, and, on the pall as on a bed  
Lying, amid the lilies, just awaked,  
A nun full dressed in Benedictine habit,  
Clasping, and to her breast with crossed hands pressing,  
An ivory crucifix, and thou knew'st thy soul,  
And fell'st down in a trance at the Lord's feet;  
And the nuns took thee up and carried thee  
Out of the chapel with small signs of life,  
And laid thee on thy bed, and gave thee wine,  
And chafed with vinegar thy hands and temples  
Till by degrees thou camest to thyself,  
And sat'st up, and beganst to eat and drink,  
And to take comfort thou wert still alive.

Deign, deign, Matilda ! thou who to the wound  
Made in the Lord's foot by the cruel nail,  
Thine ear laid'st, one Ash Wednesday morning early,  
Ere thou hadst broken fast or spoken word,  
And, hearing in it, plain, a bubbling sound,  
As of a pot that boiled upon the fire,  
Askedst the Lord what meant that bubbling sound,  
As of a boiling pot, inside his foot.  
And the Lord said: — "That bubbling, boiling sound  
Thou hear'st within my foot, says *run, run, run*;  
And with like bubbling, boiling sound the love

Within my heart kept crying *run, run, run,*  
And *run, run, run* kept crying, and no rest  
From preaching, teaching, minist'ring allówed me,  
And working miracles, till to an end  
I had brought my task, and wrought out thy salvation.”  
And thóu saidst to the Lord: — “I ’d fain mine ear  
Put to thy wounded hand.” and the Lord said: —  
“Put thine ear to my hand.” and thou didst so,  
And, in the wound made by the cruel nail,  
A sound heard’st as of hammering on an anvil,  
And ask’dst the Lord what meant that hammering sound.  
And the Lord said: — “That hammering sound ’s my WORD,  
Which shall cease never, day and night, to hammer,  
Until the iron heart of unbelicf  
Is softened in the Heathen, and not Three  
Kings only from the Éast come, but all kings,  
From north and south and east and west come crowding,  
To lay their treasures at the Saviour’s feet.”  
And thóu saidst to the Lord: — “Be not displeased  
If I would fain mine ear lay to thy side  
Where it was wounded by the cruel spear.”  
And the Lord bade thee, and thou laid’st thine ear  
To the spear wound and listen’dst, and a sound  
Heard’st, as it were of a loud clanging trumpet,  
Startling and shrill though distant; and thou drewest  
Thy héad back, terrified, and ask’dst the Lord  
What meant that dreadful clarion, which thine ear  
So made to tingle and thy blood run cold.  
And the Lord bade thee nót fear, but thine ear  
Lay to, again, and listen; and thou didst so,  
And heard’st a sound as if the sea were breaking,  
With all its waves at once, upon one shore;  
Or as if, down high Himalaya’s side,  
The accumulated snows of all the years  
The world has lasted or shall ever last,  
In one stupendous avalanche were falling;  
And had the Lord not with his finger touched  
Thine ear, its drum had broken, and thou hadst never  
Heard sóund more: and thou knew’st it was the Last

Trumpet, thou hadst heard, and Rising of the Dead.  
And, for two whole days after, thou wast deaf  
And lay'st in bed, and on the third day, first,  
Thy foot sett'st to the ground, then first assured  
'Twas steady, and, though on the very eve  
Of its last labour, not in the actual throes,  
And, for a day or two, might hold together.

Matilda, come! come thou to whom the Lord  
Imparted by the laying on of hands  
— Of his most pure and holy hands on thine,  
Thumb on thumb laid, and finger laid on finger,  
And palm on palm — the power to work and do  
As he had worked and done, here, in the flesh:  
To whom the Lord, his eyes on thine eyes laying,  
The gift of tears imparted and repentance;  
Laying his ears on thine, the gift to hear  
Rebuke with patience and no word retort;  
Laying on thine his rosy lips, the gift  
To preach and pray and minister and teach,  
And magnify in all men's ears his name;  
And — last, best gift of all — to thy cold heart  
His throbbing heart applying, pressed and pressed  
Till thou grew'st warm with love, and took'st, like wax  
Softened before the fire, the seal's impression.  
Thou, thou who, when the Lord was fain to leave thee,  
Criedst: "Nay; not yet, Lord!" and laid'st hold on him,  
Even as the wife of Potiphar on Joseph,  
And clung'st to him and wouldst not let him go,  
And took'st thy harp and play'dst on it, and sang'st: —  
MANE, O MANE, DOMINE, NOBISCUM;  
MANE NOBISCUM, DOMINE, REX GLORIAE!  
And the Lord turned about to thee and said,  
"Look in mine eyes." and thou look'dst in his eyes,  
And he in thine looked, and thou sawest thyself  
In the Lord's eyes as in a looking-glass;  
And light from thine eyes passed into the Lord's,  
And from the Lord's eyes light passed into thine,  
As from one looking-glass into another

The sun's rays are reflected back and forward.  
And the Lord raised his voice and VENI, sang,  
VENI, AMICA MEA! and thou sang'st  
DOMINE! VENIO. and thy voice became  
One with the Lord's, though different the words;  
And angels brought and set upon thy head  
A golden crown, all glittering bright with jewels,  
And knelt, and tuned their opal harps, and sang  
The praises of the crowned bride of the Lord.

Thou comest not, thou hearest not my prayer,  
Blessed Matilda, Lady of Eisleben!  
For with the Lord thou hast gone into the desert,  
Arm in arm walking, in sweet confidence,  
And lighting there upon a pleasant spot,  
Shady and fresh, and gay with various flowers,  
At sheep-and-shepherd playest with the Lord,  
He sitting on a bank, thou browsing near,  
And with gold collar and a chain of gold  
Linked to a golden eyelet in his heart,  
And kept from straying. In his breast 's a rose,  
Blushing, full blown, with five sweet-smelling petals,  
— Emblems of SEEING, HEARING, TASTING, SMELLING,  
And TOUCHING; the five lifeguards of the flesh —  
His crook lies at his side, and, on his pipe,  
He plays airs so delicious I don't blame thee  
Thou hear'st not, heed'st not, com'st not to mine aid,  
Blessed Matilda, Lady of Eisleben!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, April 6, 1861.]

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MAN, of all animals, has the strongest faith  
And weakest reason,  
For, of all animals, Man alone believes  
Against plain reason.

[GIRSCH, BOHEMIA, Aug. 16, 1860.]

LIVE, while thou liv'st; and, when thou com'st to die,  
Bow graceful, and retire without a sigh.  
Thou hast played thy part; let those who ring thy knell  
Settle, among them, whether ill or well;  
It 's their concern, not thine; for praise and blame,  
And ill and well, are to the dead the same,  
And alike brave, magnanimous and just  
Are dead Achilles and Thersites' dust.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, March 9, 1861.]

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“NEXT time you 're making a great world,” to God  
Said Satan once, still smarting from the rod,  
“Let me but have some hand in it, and some will,  
And, I 'll be bound, 'twill not turn out so ill.”  
“Who spoiled my first world?” cried Omnipotence:  
“I thought till now, even devils had some sense.”  
“Nay, don't be angry, sire,” said Satan, mild,  
“Nor quite the heart break of your once loved child;  
I own my error; but the question 's not  
Who was it sent your first made world to pot,  
But why it was so badly put together  
That, like a ship which, in mere stress of weather,  
Goes to the bottom far from shoal or rock,  
It foundered, helpless, in the first blast's shock.  
So, what do you think, if, next time, you and I  
Would put together our two heads, and try  
Whether we can't between us make a man  
Of better stuff than Adam? there 's a plan

Strikes me just now, that with both heaven and hell  
Dispenses, and perhaps might answer well."

"Out with it, quick," said God, "for, thrown away  
On me, good hint was never: when men pray  
I always listen, and a wise suggestion  
Thus pick up, sometimes, on a knotty question;  
Rarely, however; for it's sad to say  
How oft they cheat me, even when they pray.

But upon you I think I may rely,  
Though fallen, an angel born, and of the sky  
And this high court of mine permitted guest,  
And free to mingle with the first and best  
When I hold levee, or in starry hall  
Dinner official give, or fancy ball.

Out with your plan then, bold." "It's simply this,  
Wise sire," said Satan; "take it not amiss:

We'll to our joint work not the choice leave free,  
To stand or fall; it was that liberty

— Not I, who bade him use it — your man spoiled,  
And all his Maker's kind intentions foiled.

We'll make our man what we choose, choose, and be  
Our humble servant — not his servants, we.

You to be God ceased, when you delegated  
Your royal privilege, and were soon checkmated.

Our man we'll make choose not to fall but stand,  
And do in all things just as we command.

Fie! it's below the dignity of God  
To keep a school and govern with the rod."

"Egad! you're right," said God, "my clever Sat;  
Wasn't I a blockhead, not to think of that!

Give me your hand: our new man chooses free,  
Or thinks he chooses, while, behind backs, we  
Inspire his free choice and our sovereignty  
Maintain intact." So said, they parted, friends;

And here, at last, my truthful story ends.

Some add that God slept little all that night  
Thinking of Satan till the dawning light,

And how not through his own fault Adam fell,  
And should by no means have been sent to hell,

And then and there his mind made up, some time  
Or other, to take on himself the crime  
He had himself occasioned, and to die  
In proper person or by deputy,  
And so his sense of justice satisfy —  
Oddly enough, methinks the reader says,  
And I say too; but, in those ancient days,  
Nothing more common was than something odd  
Done, or intended to be done, by God.

[Walking from LEGHORN to TORRE DI CALAFURIA, March 6, 1861.]

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#### LIFE'S MINUTES.

A minute — and a minute — and a minute —  
Until the last; and then — “What then?” Why, nothing;  
Unless, indeed, last minute 's not last minute,  
And what 's come to an end is not yet ended.

#### WORLD'S MINUTES.

A minute — and a minute — and a minute —  
Until the last; and then — “What then?” Why, nothing;  
What except nothing can come after last  
Minute, not come while anything exists?  
For time is but a property of thing,  
— Belongs to thing, like number or extension —  
Or, if you please, a mode of viewing thing,  
An aspect under which things are compared,  
And dies away and vanishes, with thing.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, March 15, 1861.]

“Vox populi vox dei.” To be sure!  
For, be Gods many, few, or only one,  
They are the people’s making — made, to make  
Them and the world, and do their will supreme.  
Woe, woe betide the God who dares rebel!  
Ask Jove, Jehovah ask, if I’m not right;  
After a hundred ages more, ask Christ.

[MILAN, June 8, 1861.]

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#### GENUS HOMO.

MAN, I’ve heard say — no matter by whom said  
A say so vain — is but a wiser ape,  
Made of same flesh and blood; one of the vast  
Fraternity of living, sentient beings  
Which on this twirling ball are born and die,  
And dust with dust mix undistinguishable,  
Material for new beings evermore.  
But I’ll describe the ford as I have found it,  
Filling the blanks of my experience up  
With reference now and then to th’ Authorized  
Statistical Society Report:

Man’s a ten-fingered, ten-toed, tailless biped,  
With toothless, gummy jaws till six months old,  
And scarce at two full years old able first  
To express by other means than cries and sobs  
The wants of the intelligent, etherial,  
Immortal spirit which within him dwells,  
Hid, no one knows exactly how or where

Or for what purpose, but within him hid  
Undoubtedly, and some day to break forth  
Glorious, unveiled, in all its native beauty  
Unspeakable, and dwell for ever more  
With seraphs, and the praises sing of God.

In the mean time he 's flogged at school, and learns  
To spell and read, perhaps, and add up Pounds  
Shillings and Pence, and home by dear Mamma  
At Christmas brought, or Easter, has outgrown  
— Prodigious! — in the short space of six months,  
By five full finger-breadths his corduroys,  
And must get new, or be the laughing-stock,  
After the holidays, of the whole school.

And has not the ethereal germ within,  
Enlarged in like proportion? learned to play  
At odd-and-even, rob a blackbird's nest  
Or magpie's, in the season, and despise  
As idle bugbears, fit to frighten fools,  
The dangers of a midnight escapade  
Into the vicar's orchard, though the way  
Lies past the church and through the church-yard straight?

So pass two lustrums and one half the third;  
The other half the third and all the fourth  
Are scarce enough to humanize a little,  
And fine with Greek and Latin down, the spirit,  
Divine indeed, but barbarous still and coarse,  
And little fit for office or profession  
Civil or military, or to sit  
In either House and win respect and honor.  
So praised be Greek and Latin, although hard,  
And Mathematics; enemies, to the death,  
Of gambling, betting, cockfighting, horse-racing,  
Drinking, tobacco-smoking, handicapping,  
And all the ruder instincts of the fine,  
Delicate, ethereal, heaven-descended spirit.  
Cruel the war, and with like bravery waged  
On either side, and varying success;  
And many a laurel 's won on either side,

And many a sad reverse comes unexpected.  
But help 's to one side near; for, with the fifth  
Revolving lustrum, Thirst of Gold accursed,  
And, more accursed still, Thirst of Domination  
Make with their cognate Instincts common cause,  
And Greek and Latin, routed, quit the field  
And in entrenched forts hide, with Mathematics;  
And th' Instincts' banner floats upon the breeze,  
Victorious; and the Instincts' legion shout,  
Rending the sky, with Io-paeans shakes  
Heaven's palaces, and indecorous stuns  
With gratitude uproarious the Gods' ears.

Our heaven-descended animal at ease  
Passes the next five lustrums, for the field,  
Once won, is by the Instincts held tenacious,  
And his whole body and whole soul are theirs,  
And Interest rules the roast, and Toil and Pleasure  
Divide the man between them, and he grows  
Stooped, by degrees, and stiff, and hoary haired,  
And dim of vision, and of hearing dull;  
And rich or poor as Fortune throws the dice,  
Capricious; and from lustrum into lustrum  
Slides gradual — sighing, and sore discontent  
To see heaven, every day, a whole day nearer: . . .  
Ah! why so soon, for unknown, empty ether,  
Must this familiar ball of earth, delicious,  
So firm and so substantial, be exchanged?  
Ah! why not here the immortal spirit fill  
Its years unnumbered, up, as well as yonder?  
Why must it writhe and wriggle, into two  
By Death cut — like a snake by a cart-wheel?  
No matter; lustrums come and lustrums go,  
And every one away upon its wing  
Takes with it some part, fractional or whole,  
Of our compounded animal and spirit:  
Teeth by half dozens, tresses by whole handfuls,  
The ruby of the lips, the cheek's red rose,  
The soft, white, shining satin of the skin,

The light, elastic step, the pliant joint,  
The tense and vigorous muscle, and — worse rape —  
The solid judgment, vivid memory clear,  
The lively joke, the ready repartee,  
Mirth, joy, and hope, and Bacchus and Dione.

And so into his dreaded fifteenth lustrum,  
Or his sixteenth perhaps, goes hobbling on,  
Not without stick's or crutch's aid, or both,  
Our seion of the Gods, our imp divine,  
Our intellectual, spiritual biped  
Omnivorous — omnivorous, I mean,  
While he has teeth, for sago is his food,  
These long years past, and jelly, and soft meats,  
And, to assist his gummy, ill-matched jaws,  
He carries in his pouch an apple-scoop;  
A wig defends his bald pate from the flies;  
Bleared are his eyes, and from his livid nose  
Distils the cléar drop: one ear 's wholly deaf;  
In through a trumpet screaming to the other,  
You make the immortal soul hear where she sits  
Shy hid within her sanctum — make her hear,  
But strive in vain to make her understand;  
How can she understand, who can no longer  
Reason or judge — whose memory 's not a mere  
Rased tablet, but a tablet from whose surface  
All new impressions vanish instantaneous?  
But, sent already twice, lo! Palsy comes  
Third time, and finds our spirit ripe for heaven  
And angel choirs, and takes her on his wing,  
And soars aloft, and on the golden threshold  
Of God's court sets her down, to sing God's praise  
And tune a seraph's harp for ever more,  
Forgetful of the flesh, which, left behind  
On earth, lies rotting and to dust returning,  
Till the last trump's alarm shall raise it up  
In dusty clouds and carry it to heaven,  
There to renew acquaintance, and remind  
Of "auld lang syne" the spirit, and, afresh

Forming one compound with her, undergo  
God's judgment on the former compound's doings.  
Nor deem unjust the judgment: who art thou,  
Emmet! that tak'st on thee to judge thy judge?  
All judgment 's free indeed — else 'twere not judgment —  
But, whilst thou hast yet to stand before the bar,  
Thou 'lt, if thou 'rt wise, thy judge, if not applaud,  
At least not censure — even by implication.  
So not one word of pity for the spirit,  
After her thousand or ten thousand years  
Of separation from the encumbering body,  
Again united with it, to be judged.  
Hasn't she a chance, a fair chance, of acquittal?  
Isn't her judge wise and merciful and good?  
He won't, nay! nay! he won't if he can help it,  
Send her to hell down, who has so long enjoyed  
— Provisionily indeed, but still enjoyed —  
The burgher-right of heaven, and so long sung,  
In unison with angel harps, his praise.  
Nor word of pity venture for the dust,  
After a thousand or ten thousand years,  
Revivified, not on its own behoof  
Or for its own good, but to be again  
Exposed to peril and vicissitude,  
And suffer judgment posthumous for acts  
Forced on it by the spirit. Isn't its judge  
As full of mercy as he 's wise and strong,  
And won't he do his possible to save it  
From his own righteous condemnation's pains?

Such is the genus Homo, such is Man!  
Sole genus composite, of all the unnumbered  
Genera that walk, fly, swim, or hop, or creep;  
Sole laughing, weeping, talking, cooking genus;  
Sole genus with inheritance *post mortem* —  
By right, in hell; in heaven, by grace especial;  
Grace, to some odd elect scores granted free,  
Withheld from millions equally deserving.  
Such is the genus Homo, such is Man!

Genus aristocrat, for whose sole use  
The Impartial has created all the others,  
And given them to it for service or mere pastime,  
Their skins for clothing and their flesh for food ;  
Genus *par excellence*, made in its Maker's  
Image, so like, some naturalists have taken  
MAKER and MADE for one and the same genus.  
Such is the genus Homo ! art not proud of it,  
Kind, gentle, yawning, most magnanimous reader —  
Far be it from me to call thee wiser ape,  
And so upon my back bring two at once,  
Thee, and the ape's offended dignity ?

[Finished at SEEVELEN (CANTON ST. GALLEN), June 26, 1861.]

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WHY I 'm not popular 's in one word told :  
To lash the vices of mankind I 'm bold,  
And little given their vanity to flatter ;  
What wonder so few like me — or what matter ?  
Wordsworth for most of them is good enough,  
Or Moore's or Byron's ill digested stuff ;  
Or Bab Macaulay's lays ; or touching scene  
Of Hiawatha or Evangeline ;  
Or tale of some old clock at the stair head,  
That strikes the hour as you go up to bed ;  
Or Idyls of the King — fit title, sure,  
For laureate verses, and the ear to allure  
Of condescending royalty, to hear  
Notes that won't jar even on a royal ear.  
It 's seldom I praise God, or anthems sing ;  
But when I do, it 's always for one thing :  
That his good providence has so supplied  
With worthless books this great world far and wide,  
Readers are not compelled to have recourse  
To better books for the mere lack of worse.

[Walking from SEEVELEN, CANTON ST. GALLEN, to WILDHAUS, June 26, 1861.]

WHAT a pity Gambrinus a temple built not,  
And high on the altar set up a beer-pot  
With home-brewed frothing over! from Mecca and Rome  
And far-famed Jerusalem the pilgrims had come,  
Each one with a bottle, to bring home a drop  
Of the certified tap, and set up a beer-shop;  
And the old Flanders' king had all prophets out-done,  
And the beer-drinker's faith, all faiths under the sun;  
And I 'd been a convert, and, errors forsown,  
Nourished body and soul upon John Barleycorn,  
And grown fatter, and plumper, and rounder each day,  
And turned my nose up at oat-gruel and whey,  
And lived till Death took me, and cared not one jot  
How soon or how late. — Fellow, fill me the pot!  
Fill it up! your healths, all, sirs! and aren't we in clover,  
With his pipe, every one, and full pot foaming over?

[Walking from DÜSSLINGEN to TÜBINGEN, July 17, 1861.]

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HERE 's my faith, my chapel here,  
In this foaming pot of beer;  
Here I 'll live and here I 'll die,  
These true words my elegy:

Whilst he lived he was a man;  
Whilst he lived he loved his can;  
Now he 's dead and drinks no more,  
On that sad and sober shore,  
Stranger, go and do as he  
Living did, and merry be,  
Drinking every day thy can,  
A rosy, fat, kind-hearted man.

[TÜBINGEN, July 17, 1861.]

"ALL things require a maker." To be sure!  
All things within the world require a maker;  
But he who argues that the world itself  
Therefore requires a maker, argues vain,  
Argues, that is, without *vis consequentiae*,  
For, parallel to the world, we have no thing,  
No second world from which to draw conclusions.  
Cease, then, to talk of Maker of the world,  
As if the world a thing were, in the world —  
Mouse, man, or blade of grass, or stone, or clock,  
Table or chair or book or warming-pan.  
Enough for thee, of things within the world,  
Modest, to think, and to each thing assign,  
As far as in thee lies, its proper cause,  
Near or remote. Beyond the world 's a blank —  
Nay, less; for not with all thy wit canst thou  
So much as even BEYOND THE WORLD imagine.

[Walking from MUDAU in the ODENWALD to AMORBACH, July 31, 1861.]

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#### THE HOLY FRIAR.

WHO cheats me best, I love him most,  
And do the most admire; —  
"The doctor?" No. "The lawyer?" Pshaw!  
It is the holy friar.

The doctor comes and feels my pulse,  
And bids me show my tongue;  
Then knits his brow and shakes his head: —  
"There 's surely something wrong."

"O Doctor, Doctor, save my life;  
I am a dying man:  
There 's gold, there 's gold, and do for me  
What art and physic can."

The lawyer comes with parchment sheet,  
Behind his ear, his quill: —  
"There 's gold, there 's gold, sweet Lawyer dear,  
And draw for me my will."

The friar comes, and prays with me: —  
"To heaven thy soul shall go."  
"There 's gold, there 's gold, thou holy Friar!  
Thy words me comfort so."

"I spurn thy gold," the friar replies,  
"Heaven is not bought with gold;  
The Church for thee wide open throws  
The door of Jesus' fold;

"Confess thy sins, and enter in,  
And banish doubt and fear;  
Eternal joy awaits, above,  
The child of sorrow here."

"Twelve acres of my fattest land  
I leave the Church, in fee,  
To build an abbey fair thereon,  
And masses sing for me;

"Masses to sing for my soul's rest,  
When I am dead and gone;  
And every priest that sings a mass,  
Shall have a golden crown.

"Twelve acres more I leave the prior,  
And name the Church, trustee;  
The third and last twelve acres shall  
My children's heritage be."

And so I die. — Who cheats me best  
I love most and admire; —  
'The doctor?' No. 'The lawyer?' Pshaw!  
It is the holy friar.

[Walking from ASCHAFFENBURG to FRAMERSBACH (SPESSART), Aug. 4, 1861.]

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### QUEM CREAVID ADORAVIT.

QUEM creavit, adoravit  
Pia mater;  
Quem creavit, ignoravit  
Catus pater;  
Illum nothum, delibutum  
Quinta parte  
Mellis sui, ipse Deus  
Segregavit,  
Adoptavit, educavit,  
Martyr'zavit,  
E sepulchro suscitavit  
Et in altum  
Caeli solium, honoratum  
Collocavit,  
Ut piaret nostrum scelus —  
Bonus Deus!  
In perpetuum sit laudatum  
Nomen ejus.

[Walking from SASSUOLO (near MODENA) to PAULLO, Nov. 1, 1861.]

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LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

You say the priests deceive the people; I  
Beg you 'd so kind be as to tell me why —  
Why should a man play fast-and-loose with those  
Who give him money, lodging, food and clothes;  
Who show him honor, all his biddings do,  
And at his side stand faithful still and true.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But they are men of learning and good sense,  
And must know well, one half they say 's pretence.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Ay, to be sure! but not upon their part:  
They say their lesson, like a child, by heart;  
Preach what their bounden duty 'tis, to preach;  
And what they are paid and fed for teaching, teach.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

Their duty is to teach and preach what 's true.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Dear sir, excuse me; that would never do.  
A man, if stout and healthy, lives, you know,  
Some sixty, seventy, eighty years, or so,  
But to explore and to the bottom probe  
Doctrinal truth, too few the years of Job  
Or old Methuselah.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

I did never doubt  
A single life too short to make truth out,  
And priests must preach, or of mere hunger die;  
All I require 's they do not preach a lie.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Mark the dilemma: of mere hunger die  
Or teach the people —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

Only not a lie.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Mark the dilemma: of mere hunger die  
Or to the people preach —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But not a lie.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Something they must preach, or of hunger die;  
And life's too short to find out what's a lie  
And what is truth —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But lives together strung

Find the truth out; it flies from tongue to tongue.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

And so we agree; the priest, not what he knows,  
Preaches, or what his own clear reason shows  
To be the truth, but what he has heard is true,  
And dares not doubt — starvation full in view,  
And, to some minds worse even than starvation,  
Reproach and infamy and degradation.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

You mean to say it's not the priests who guide,  
But to the people's tail the priests are tied.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Not to the tail tied, but set in the van  
To cry "Come on!" and with old, rusty pan,  
Kettle and tongs make, each, what noise he can;  
As you have seen before some regiment go  
A band of music, to inspire the slow,  
And regulate the step — not point the way —  
Each fife and drum in quarter-master's pay.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

All true, it must be owned; but how is it, then,  
Ever a Luther rises amongst men?

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Some bran new crotchet, whispered not avowed,  
Finds here and there odd converts in the crowd;  
A party 's formed; a party needs a head;  
No flock of goats but by a buck is led;  
Honor 's the guerdon, and a glorious name:  
Who would not take the danger, for the fame?  
So Luthers, Numas, Calvins, Christs arise,  
And bold Mohammed's banner flouts the skies;  
So Cranmers, Ridleys, Savonarolas burn,  
And every creed stands at the stake in turn,  
And mounts in turn the throne, puts on the crown,  
And at its feet sees half the world bow down.  
Make haste and with the rest bow, Prudence cries; —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

I bow, I bow.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

All right; and thou art wise.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, November 15, 1861.]

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ROMA, CAPITALE D' ITALIA.

MAN 's a robber by instinct; who doubts it the least,  
Who has seen two kings join, to rob even their own priest?  
To be sure! and an excellent rule 's tit for tat,  
Though less robber than thief was the priest, for all that;  
For the strong man 's a robber, the weak man 's a thief,  
And to take others' goods, of all instincts is chief;  
And robbers and robbed are the whole human race,  
And these and those change, every now and then, place;  
And today I 'm a robber, tomorrow I 'm robbed;  
And my booty today, by a stronger is fobbed  
Or a cleverer, tomorrow; and so it goes on,  
And so, since the world went on wheels, it has gone,

And so, while the world goes on wheels, it will go;  
By whose fault, if you ask me, I vow I don't know,  
And to ferret it out though I batter my brains,  
Get only more dust in my eyes for my pains.

Well, no matter, sweet reader! even robbers, you know,  
Have some honor amongst them, at least they say so,  
And I pledge thee the faith of a robber, I'll thee  
Never rob while I live, so thou never robb'st me;]  
And hurrah for ROB ROY and ROY ROB and the man  
Who takes all he's able and keeps all he can!

And let him who can't stand, take good heed lest he fall  
In spite of his crutch and God's help and the wall;  
For I'd like to know why should the Seven Hills of Rome  
Of the same band of thieves be for ever the home;  
And if Cacus himself was put down by a stronger,  
Why should Pius the Ninth hold the den an hour longer?  
Up then! up then, Italians! your guns on your shoulder!  
GARIBALDI's the word! Ere the year's a day older,  
To the Capitol forward! — For Venice we'll hope —  
EVVIVA L'ITALIA! To hell with the Pope!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, March 31, 1862.]

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WELL! I'll be patient, to myself I said,  
And, though it's hard, do what I can to bear it,  
Not doubting but it's all to end in good.  
And yet, methinks, and with respect be it said,  
Heaven did not take exactly the right way  
To have me patient, giving me in hand  
The ill, and only promising the good.  
Ah, if instead of setting the cart so  
Before the horse, it had into my hand  
Given the good, and promised me the ill,  
What perfect model I had been of patience!  
With what sure hope looked forward to the future!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 4, 1862.]

## THE CONGRESS.

ONCE on a time, three Powers in Congress met,  
And to divide the world between them, set,  
As if 't had been an apple. Of the three  
Not one but was the pink of courtesy  
And gentle breeding, full of common sense,  
And high above suspicion of pretence  
Or double-dealing; starred and gartered two,  
And truly Christian; whether the third Jew,  
Mormon or pagan was, or infidel,  
So plain his costume, it were hard to tell: —  
“Into three parts,” said Knowledge, in the chair,  
“We ’ll cut it, and take each an equal share.”  
“All wrong,” said Dogma; “every body knows  
The Chair has nō right either to propose  
Or vote; its business is to put the question.  
Ignorance, we ’re waiting upon thy suggestion.”  
“Wait not on me,” said Ignorance; “I agree  
Always in every word that falls from thee,  
Respected Dogma. Never from the side  
Of his best friend shall Ignorance divide.”  
“My motion ’s this,” said Dogma; “that we cut  
The world in two.” The Chair the question put,  
And took the votes — it was not hard to do —  
And sighing said: — “The ayes have it” and withdrew.  
“I don’t know why we should divide at all,”  
Said Ignorance, when Knowledge left the hall;  
“Nor I,” said Dogma, “now that villain ’s gone;  
Ignorance and Dogma never were but one,

Nor ever shall be. Give me here thy hand:  
We 'll rule together over sea and land,  
One heart, one head, one interest, one soul;  
Thou shalt have mine, I thine, and both the whole.  
Princes and senates shall our subjects be;  
Priests, our police; heaven, hell and purgat'ry  
Our brevets, honors, decorations, taws,  
For those that keep, and those that break, our laws."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Ignorance, and took  
The hand of Dogma and with fervor shook;  
"We 'll have the laugh at Knowledge, at the fool,  
Or knave, I don't know which, who thought to rule,  
To rule with us, the impertinent!" They said,  
Drew up the protocol, and, when they had read  
And found it all right, parted with a kiss,  
To rule the world from that hour until this.

So old the story, I 'll not vouch it true;  
To few old stories is much credit due;  
They 're mostly parables, like the Prodigal Son;  
So, if you please, you may take this for one.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Dec. 21, 1861.]

### GOD AND GOLD.

"Ah! had I but that L of thine," to Gold  
Said God one day, "methinks I would be happy."  
"What wilt thou give me for 't?" said Gold, considering.  
"Nothing," said God, "it only does thee harm;  
If it were mine I 'd know how to make use of it."  
"Well! as thou 'rt God," said Gold, "thou mayst command me."  
And handed God his L. Wasn't he a ninny?  
And wasn't God clever? for, from that day forth,  
God had the real honor; Gold, the show.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, February 2, 1862.]

## THE GO-BETWEEN.

ONCE on a time I knew a go-between,  
Who back and forward ran, the livelong day  
And all his life, between two not too well  
Agreeing parties, and so cleverly  
His business managed as to cheat them both,  
And on his gains live happily and well.  
He came to me one day, this go-between,  
The bearer, as he said, of compliments  
From one of the two parties, and inquired  
If he might not my compliments bring back.  
But I knew well, and, if I had not known,  
Had in his supple cringe and bland smile seen,  
'Twas but to drive a wider trade he wanted;  
To open a new market, as they say,  
And force his wares upon me. So I told him,  
Whoever sent him, if he had aught to say,  
Might come himself and say it; I dealt only  
With principals; and took him by the shoulder  
And pushed him out, and slammed the door upon him,  
And thought I had got rid of him; but lo!  
That very night I had my windows broken,  
And my friends tell me that from that day forth  
He has never ceased to call me names opprobrious,  
And threaten vengeance, not his own alone  
But that of both the parties who employ him.

His name I dare not for my life divulge,  
But by this sign you 'll know him anywhere :  
God is his first word, every time he speaks,  
And every time he speaks, his last word 's money.  
Thou shak'st thine head, and look'st, embarrassed, round  
For an interpreter; behold him, there !  
Never Academician better knew  
Than Prince Plon-Plon, to find thee rhyme for TRAITRE.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 13, 1862.]

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IF this beer-can a chapel were,  
What pious man were I!  
The very sight of it fills my heart  
With love and ecstasy;

And then the touch — the smell — the taste —  
Ye Gods, but they 're divine !  
I 'll never, never from it part,  
While life and breath are mine.

And when at last my breath is out,  
And up to heaven I go,  
I 'll be content if I no worse  
Above fare, than below;

Let me a chapel find above,  
As foaming, full, and strong,  
And there I 'll worship all the day,  
Nor find the day too long.

This is my prayer; Gambrinus, hear !  
And intercede for me !  
Now, jolly fellows, fill your pots : —  
“Gambrinus' memory !”

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 9, 1862.]

GUNPOWDER, Steam, and Printing, and The Wire —  
Rude! so to call the holy Prophet, liar;  
Upstarts! as if he had nothing else to do  
— So full you 're of yourselves — but think of you!  
Come, try your own hands, sirs, and let us see  
How wiser much than the old, the new seers be.  
I knew it! new Paintings, Steams, Gunpowders, Wires,  
And — how could you forget? — new Prophet liars!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 20, 1862.]

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### I.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, who gave the power  
And will to sin, and knew both would be used.

### II.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, to whose sole will  
Sinner and sin alike owe their existence.

### III.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, who, being Omniscient,  
Foresees all sins, and, being Omnipotent,  
Can, if he please, prevent them and does not —  
Nay, not alone does not, but punishes;  
And — one tic farther still, one farther tic  
Incredible — when punishment 's no use.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 21, 1862.]

SHE begged my alms *because she was a widow.*  
'Twas her own fault, I said, she needn't have married;  
Pity, she hadn't some dozen of children too!  
My alms should then have been some dozen times greater.  
"In one respect then, even on your own showing,  
I 'm right," replied the beggar, "and deserve  
If not your alms, at least your approbation."  
I smiled, and gave to flippancy the alms  
I had, in social reason's name, refused  
To mendicancy, and we parted friends,  
She with my penny, rich, I with her blessing,  
Each bestowed lightly, neither well deserved.

Brotherly kindness, whither hast thou fled?  
In what wild Tartar steppe, what Arab waste,  
Amongst what savage horde of Esquimaux,  
Sweet human pity, hast thou taken refuge,  
Chased from among the civilized, by Rates,  
Commissioners, Inspectors, Guardian-boards,  
Relieving-officers and Settlements,  
And all the dire machinery of the hard,  
Heartless, demoralizing Workhouse Law?

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 11, 1862.]

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HE died unwept. "Because he went to heaven?"  
No, but because unfit to heaven to go;  
Had he been good enough to go to heaven,  
There had been no end to our pitying tears:  
Whee! whee! see how I weep for the Prince Consort.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 18, 1862.]

MY first director on the way to knowledge  
— Ere yet ten summers o'er my head had rolled,  
And I still lingered about Bluebeard's castle,  
Or wandered in the wood where Beauty lay  
Sleeping her long, deep sleep of forty years —  
Was Volney, awful with his Empire Ruins  
— Awful to me a child — and many an hour  
I gazed, bewildered, at the shadowy hand  
Which beckoned me a way I feared to tread.  
Goethe came next — not Dorothea's Goethe,  
Or maniac Tasso's, or Iphigenia's,  
But Charlotte's Goethe — and a lesson read me  
Perilous to my young heart, and all day  
I raved of Werther and all night long dreamed,  
Till a fantastic mask, beside a stage  
Erected on the fair-green of our village,  
Inviting me, I enter, and, astonished,  
Find myself in the midst of fairy sprites,  
Wizards, hobgoblins, loving ladies fair,  
Barons and knights and courts and camps and battles,  
And sigh with Romeo, and with Hamlet rave,  
And jest with gay Mercutio, and the storm  
With Ariel ride, and cry: "Tom 's cold", with Edgar,  
And moralize with Jacques; and laugh and weep,  
And weep and laugh, by turns, and blush for shame;  
And love and hate, at once, vile human nature.  
Next, to my door a wandering minstrel came,  
Blind and in tatters, and so sweetly sang

Divine Achilles' wrath and Priam's tears,  
And hapless Hector's bold, undaunted heart,  
And patriotism and love, that I forgot  
Vile human nature, and looked happy forward  
To be, some time at last, a brave, good man,  
And serve my country, and, if need required,  
Even for my country die. A fair youth, then,  
Of easy manners, as to courts accustomed,  
And modest though not diffident, approached me,  
And linked his arm in mine, and drew me with him  
Apart into his closet, and there ság me,  
In tones whose melody thrills in mine ear,  
Even to this day, unrivaled, the exploits  
Of that magnanimous, heaven-favored princee  
Who led Troy's fugitives across the deep  
To found in Italy a greater Troy.  
So sweet the song, that I almost forgave  
Its aim, to please unlearned and learned alike;  
Almost admired the Proteus bard's address,  
Now, to Jove's will supreme and uncontrolled,  
The universe and all that it contains  
Abject submitting; now, to stronger Fate,  
Making submit even Jove's unconquered will,  
And blowing hot and cold, and cold and hot,  
With the same breath, alternate; bent to please  
No matter at what cost, and carry off  
From all competitors the laurel crown.  
Yet great the gratitude I owe the youth,  
Nor ever without lóud praise shall my lips  
Pronounce the name of Italy's greatest poet —  
Greatest in mine, as in the world's, opinion.  
Manners and men, and wondrous Nature's forms  
Diversified, he taught me, and, with love  
Of whatsoever 's lovely, filled my heart;  
And when, adventurous and scarce enough  
Counting the risks, I took in hand, first time,  
The poet's pen, his master hand on mine  
Laid kindly, and my trembling fingers steadied,  
Bidding me be of góod cheer and remember

That Labour was Skill's parent, and Success  
The child of Skill; and, with good-natured frown,  
Shaking his head when I, mistrustingly,  
Muttered aside: — “Minerva non invita.”

But with severe, authoritative voice,  
My master's master, from the shade behind,  
Called to his brilliant, courtly, faithless pupil,  
Commanding to desist, nor with rose odours  
And concord of sweet sounds me too allure  
Into that wide, waste swamp, where, in the light  
Of Plato's flickering ignis-fatuus lamp,  
Good and Ill absolute, absolute Right and Wrong,  
Free chosen Virtue, and as free chosen Vice,  
Pains purgatorial, Tartarus and Elysium,  
Angels and ghosts and demons and great Gods  
Their sabbath celebrate, and, round and round,  
Wheel in inextricable morris dance  
Fantasmagorian, scarcely by the strong  
Beheld without vertigo, of the weak  
Subverting oft the reason, and of all  
The fair, erect front bowing to the dust  
Under the foot of priest and priest-made king.  
No word my teacher answered, nor with look  
Or action showed displeasure, but abashed  
Rose and retired, and left me with a new,  
More philosophical, less complacent master;  
Who to the open air forth by the hand  
Led me, and pointing to the vaulted heaven,  
And setting sun in glory, and red moon  
Opposite, full orbed, upon the ocean's rim: —  
“If, to make these, a hand divine were needed,  
To make that hand divine another hand  
Still more divine were by like reason, needed,”  
Said solemn, and with eye intent on mine;  
“And if for these and other objects needed  
A hand creative, that creative hand  
Must of necessity have anteceded  
All objects, and by consequence all objects'  
Relations, first and principal of which

Are time and space; but a creative hand  
Exist out of time and space — what is it?  
A mere non-entity and contradiction,  
A tortoise on whose strong shell to support  
The elephant whose back supports the world.”  
He said, and by his candour won no less  
My heart, than by his argument, my reason;  
And from that day forth I have lived with him,  
A loving, docile, and admiring pupil,  
And more for truth solicitous than to please,  
And wear the laurel — wreath it round my bust,  
Posterity! ’twill not corrupt me there.  
To Caro and his friends revolving years  
But bound me more, and from the world apart  
I lived with them a solitary’s life,  
Commenting on, not mixing with, events;  
Flaccus most pleased me, and we laughed together,  
Long evenings, at Man’s virtues and Man’s vices,  
Madnesses, follies, vanities and whims,  
And profound wisdom measuring the stars,  
All relative, unreal, imaginary,  
Will-o’-the-Wisp lights, magic-lantern phantoms  
Illusory, fantastic, evanescent:  
And then he ’d take his lyre and, “Let us sing  
Venus,” he ’d say, “and mirth and love and wine,  
And crown our heads with roses, and beside  
The fountain, in the plane tree’s shadow sit  
And eat and drink and see Neaera dance  
And with Neaera chat the livelong evening;  
And happy live today — we die tomorrow.”

But suddenly a martial note, from far,  
Comes, on the mountain breeze borne; it ’s the pibroch,  
Donald Dhu’s pibroch, gathering Clan Connel;  
I listen, but it dies away in distance,  
And from the opposite side burst on mine ear  
Shouts, and the beat of drums, and clang of battle,  
And I hear Marmion cry: — “On! Stanley, on!”  
And see his spouting blood stain Flodden field;

And Romance woos me, scarce unwilling, back  
From rules of art to Nature's stronger rules,  
And Castle Bluebeard and the Sleeping Beauty,  
And Branksome's nine and twenty knights of fame,  
And James Fitz-James and Roderick and the Graeme,  
And blast of other than the Douglas' horn  
To rowing Ellen cross the waters borne,  
And Risingham, his race of terror run,  
Red sinking rapid, like the tropic sun,  
And I go pilgrim by the pale moonlight  
To Melrose' mouldering pile, and see it right,  
When every buttress seems of ivory made  
Or ebon, in the alternate light and shade,  
And little think, in Dryburgh, where I stand  
Between the grass-grown tombs on either hand,  
I stand where in a few years shall be laid  
All that remains of Scott except the shade,  
The unsubstantial spirit of the verse,  
Which for a while survives the poet's hearse;  
Survives a while — with Man a while is long,  
And longest of Man's whiles the while of song.

With fair, blue eyes, and handsome features grave,  
A close shaved puritan was next my master,  
And preached to me, long hours, of heaven and hell,  
And Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe —  
Child's fables, with no more foundation real  
Than Bluebeard's castle and the Sleeping Beauty,  
And Jack the Giant-killer's famed exploits,  
Yet preached with so much earnestness and zeal,  
And charm of numbers eloquent, and wit,  
And profound learning, that the lore sank deep,  
And took its place in my heart's core, beside  
Wandering Ulysses and the war of Troy,  
And hapless Dido's rage magnanimous,  
And whatsoe'er of sweetest, pagan bard  
Sang ever, with the help of all The Nine.

A drop serene the old man's visual ray  
Quenched premature, but only brighter shone  
His intellectual, and he never ceased  
Singing and teaching, oftener grave than gay,  
But always learned and musical and sweet;  
And I to listen ceased not, and to learn  
New from him daily, oracle or myth,  
Or apophthegm not easily erased;  
Nor, when another master came in turn,  
Left I well pleased the old, blind puritan,  
But often to him stole at dead of night,  
Or earliest peep of dawn, to hear once more  
His voice divine, and glean new wisdom from him;  
Nor rarely has his venerable form  
Seemed to glide past, upbraiding, as I sat  
Low at my next succeeding master's feet.

Joyous he was, my next succeeding master,  
And better knew than the severe old man  
The kidney of the world, and how to use  
His neighbours of mankind, not be used by them;  
And was a welcome visitor at courts,  
And hand and glove with princes, and had taught me,  
Had I but cared to learn, the ignoble art;  
Yet he could touch the lyre, and on the pipe  
Played so delicious airs I cared for nothing,  
Nothing else in the world, while he kept playing;  
But he knew not himself — who knows himself? —  
And chose the orchéstra rather, and to tread  
Where Aeschylus with godlike step had trod,  
And threw about his shoulders the ill-fitting  
Pallium, and strutted up and down, applauded  
With clap of hands innumerable and shouts  
Of bravo! bravo! but I slunk away  
And could not be persuaded back to see him  
Travesty Satan, and would hear no more of him,  
Although they vowed and swore he was the same  
Had charmed my infancy with Werther's Sorrows,  
The very same to whom the whole day long

I listened still with ever new delight,  
As often as he sang of Dorothea.  
Portly his form; Olympian Jove's, his brow,  
Capacious to admit all sorts of knowledge;  
But, on his lips of perfect symmetry,  
Voluptuousness enthroned sat, and within  
His deep, broad chest's enclosure, throbbed no heart.  
Faith he had none — how could he, being so wise? —  
And Fame and Joy and Knowledge were his Gods.  
Death was to him long night, for although wise,  
He was not wise enough to know that night,  
Or long or short, comes only to the living,  
And that we don't in cold obstruction rot,  
But cease outright, and there 's no more of us  
— Either to rot or lie in cold obstruction —  
But we are as we were before our birth  
And those are now who shall come after us —  
As *is* enraged Pelides' sceptre now,  
As *was* enraged Pelides' sceptre ere  
Sown in the forest yet its parent stem.

Contemporaneous, but at different hours,  
I had the lessons of a different master,  
Different in all respects, and yet the two  
Were friends, and lived in harmony together  
Till by the younger's premature death parted,  
And Goethe strewed with laurel Schiller's grave.  
Ingenuous, all ideal, visionary,  
Enthusiastic as an unspoiled child  
And of men's crooked ways as ignorant,  
Why kept not Schiller far away from courts?  
Why not, since in his breast enshrined the gem,  
His back turned on the counterfeit, of honor:  
The title and the pension and the ribbon? —  
Trappings for Hooker, Larrey, Humboldt fit,  
Or any other hound of royal kennel,  
But not fit trappings for the bard of Marbach.  
I think I see him still — tall, slender, stooped,  
Long featured, flaxen haired, pale, melancholy,

And full, to overflowing, of sweet faith  
In God and Man and what he was, himself,  
Of great and grand and beautiful, to do,  
And leave behind accomplished when he died,  
Whilst, all the while, went grinning at his side  
His wiser friend's friend, Mephistopheles,  
And, counting up his years, found that they might,  
At most and longest, reach to forty-six.

John Hunter took me then, and led me with him  
Through hospitals and burying-grounds and schools,  
Where bones and nerves and muscles were my books,  
And Man himself — not Man's thoughts or Man's works,  
Or fair or foul or neither — all my study;  
And I anatomized with lancet point  
The seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling,  
Reasoning, comparing, and remembering substance;  
And sought in vain for boundary or mark  
Distinctive between Man and the brute beast,  
Instinct, alike, with life and moving passion:  
Hunger and thirst, aversion and desire,  
Pain, pleasure, fear, and hope, and jealousy,  
And gratitude — white blackbird! — and audacious  
Courage, and anger dire, and desperation,  
And love of one's own progeny, little short  
Of adoration, and — supremest love,  
Motor and lever — love of one's own self;  
And I held out the hand of brotherhood  
To every living thing, and less and less  
Cared for my nearest neighbour, more for all.

John Hunter left and the dissecting room,  
I wandered forth into the open fields  
To breathe fresh air a while, and change the scene,  
And gathered flowers with Jussieu and Linnaeus;  
Into the mine, in search of ore, went down  
With Werner; climbed the mountain side,  
Hammer in hand, with Cuvier and Von Buch,  
Exploring craters, and the periods counting,

Pliocene, Miocene, and Eocene,  
Of this great little speck of Earth, eternal;  
And swung myself — with Herschel, hand in hand,  
And Arago, — into the illimitable  
Ocean of space, whose grains of sand are worlds,  
Whose stratified deposits, solar systems.  
Humboldt, acquainted here, had with me come,  
And proffered me the hand, but with my guides  
Content, I turned away and left him there  
To honor with the truth some chosen friend  
Special, and all the world besides deceive.\*  
Expose me to wild Indians, tigers wild,  
War, famine, pestilence, or the raging sea,  
But, from the man whose words conceal his thoughts,  
Be merciful and save me, Fate supreme!

So tutored, moulded, kneaded to such dough,  
How could I not impatiently receive  
The lessons of the exile of Ravenna —  
How sit and hear prelections on God's love,  
Hatred and jealousy and dire revenge,  
And skill unparalleled in the torturer's art;  
Or rise, and, by a blinder than myself  
Led by the hand, the tour, from cell to cell,  
Make, of the infernal penitentiary,  
Seeing such sights, hearing such sounds of woe,  
Smelling such smells, as never on the slopes  
Of Montfaucon, or at the charnel foot

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\* "Ihr letztes mir sehr ehrenvolles Schreiben enthielt Worte, die ich nicht missverstehen möchte. 'Sie gönnen sich kaum den Besitz meiner Impietäten.' Ueber solch Eigenthum mögen Sie nach meinem baldigen Hinscheiden walten und schalten. Wahrheit ist man im Leben nur denen schuldig, die man tief achtet, also Ihnen." Alexander von Humboldt an Varnhagen. (Brief vom 7. Dec. 1841.)

The reader who has well meditated on these words, will be at no loss to understand how it happens that so many men of the clearest intellect and highest scientific attainments, pass, during their whole lives, for assentists to, if not actual champions of, that mass of superstitious opinions and observances, which, however different in different countries and at different epochs, is yet, in each particular country and at each particular

Of the Gemonian Stair or Rock Tarpeian  
Or Ezzelin's gibbet, shocked onlooking Day,  
And filled the air with pestilence and horror?  
How was it not impossible for me,  
The pupil, although dull, of the Venusian,  
And, to the very lips, steeped in the lore  
That Heaven and Hell are but the brothel brood  
Of strumpet Folly to drunk father Fear,  
By Vanity adopted, nursed and reared,  
And, when adult, made over to Ambition  
To serve a purpose I must not even name —  
How was it not impossible for me,  
Whose very nursery's play-ground had been Rome,  
Whose coral bells and hobby-horse, old Cato,  
Scipio and Laelius and The Commonweal,  
Not to rebel indignant, and bar out  
My Ghibelline schoolmaster, when he set  
Hell's viceroy's bust before me, for my study,  
And bade me on that model make my hand?  
"The nether parts," said he, "thou need'st not work,  
Neither the satyr's tail, nor hoof of Pan;  
In central ice imbedded to the waist,  
Let him project colossal, head and shoulders  
And broad chest to the navel, with three pair  
Of bat's wings, vast as windmill-sails, expanded,  
Fanning the ice and freezing all Cocytus.  
Three faces he must have, as in the model,  
To one sole head united Trinitarian,  
And turned, one forward, one to either side.  
Into the middle face's mouth put Judas,  
Head in, legs out; and so rebellious struggling  
That Satan's reddest face grows redder still,

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epoch, denominated The Faith, and properly and characteristically so denominated, if it were only that its very name may indicate the direct opposition in which it stands, not to philosophical induction alone, but to universal, every-day experience, and plain common sense. Ah, that moral Truth and scientific Truth are not oftener inhabitants of one and the same breast; that the man of science is so rarely not a hypocrite, the man of good morals so rarely not an ignoramus!

J. H.

And blood and slime, with silver pieces mixed,  
Come spewing forth, and clot upon his beard.  
Legs in, head out, let Cassius in his left  
And Brutus in his right mouth writhe convulsive,  
And with their traitor lungs shout: Liberty!"  
I heard no more, but barred him out, indignant;  
And, looking through the keyhole, saw the wretch  
Go down between the ice and Lucifer's  
Sides hairy, making use of the stiff hair  
As a step-ladder, and, at every step,  
Muttering: — "This is the way, direct, to God."

Rest in High Lever's burying-ground the bones  
Of one who thought this world could be made perfect  
By education, and, to make it perfect,  
In sad and sober earnest set about;  
As if perfection aught were but agreement,  
Or imperfection aught but disagreement,  
With a soi-disant, arbitrary rule;  
As if the world, made perfect by John Locke,  
Were not sure to be found by William Locke  
A chaos, waiting only for *his* voice  
To start into harmonious life and action —  
Rest in High Lever's burying-ground the bones  
Of one whom I, a youth, loved as a youth  
Should love a teacher bent, at every risk,  
To teach what he believed the one sole RIGHT,  
Not a hired schoolman bound perforce to do  
Battle against all comers, for his bread.  
And much the good man suffered, and was driven  
From hearth and home an outcast, and his head  
In foreign lands hid, preaching there and teaching  
Undaunted, and his doctrines spreading wide;  
And I, a youth, imbibed them and became  
Disciple of the pupil of Gassendi,  
And saw and felt, or thought I saw and felt  
— As even today, methinks I see and feel —  
The senses are of knowledge the sole inlet,  
The one sole inlet, for I went one step

Beyond my master's furthest, and to Sense  
Assigned the parentage even of Reflection :  
Sense, great-grandfather, founder of the race ;  
Reflection and her offspring, great-grandchildren.  
But though I honor, I had honored more  
The memory of my master, had he more  
Against the priestly goad recalcitrated,  
The priestly bridle snapped, and quite broke loose,  
And through the wide savanna galloped free ;  
And I had loved with more than double love  
The memory of my master, had his heart  
Been less entirely closed against the Muse ;  
Less cold and deaf his ear, his eye less blind,  
To wondrous Nature's forms and hues and sounds ;  
Less literal and prosaic, his whole being.

Such were my youth's and early manhood's friends,  
My guides successive through the intricate  
Labyrinth of paths which toward the mountain tend  
On whose high summit inaccessible,  
Wrapt in eternal clouds and mists dwells Knowledge —  
Enchantress ! who her face so hides from all,  
Yet fills the world so with her beauty's praise.

[Composed partly while walking along the LIGURIAN RIVIERA, Jan. 1861;  
partly while walking from EMPOLI to ALTOPASCIO, May 22, 1861; and  
partly in LEGHORN, March and April 1862.]

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## TO THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

*Roma, capitale d' Italia.*

To God's protection leave the pope and Rome —  
Harry the Eighth his bishops made at home;  
Do thou the same; about thee in a ring  
Gather thy Church, and be all out a king,  
The spiritual sceptre in thy right,  
In thy left hand the ball of temporal might,  
Upon thy head, the diadem; *gare qui touche!*  
Thou fain wouldest, but dar'st not — poor scaramouche!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 21, 1862.]

---

HARD to be pleased, who thinkest ill of Man,  
God's noblest work, the pearl of the creation!

Small praise for God, whose noblest work is Man,  
Frail, at the best, and ignorant and mortal!

Through his own fault; his Maker made him perfect.

Praise, praise the God who made his noblest work  
So perfect that it went wrong of itself —  
Spoiled its own self, and foiled its Maker's purpose!

At least, 'twas clever of it, thou must own.

Why, yes; or maybe God a little stupid;  
On either datum thou canst work the sum;  
Man plus, God minus, to the same thing comes;  
For, to bring Satan in, I own I 'm loth,  
Though we all know he 's able to cheat both.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 1, 1862.]

## UNDER A PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI

WITH A HALO ROUND HIS HEAD, AS REPRESENTED IN THE LAMPIONE  
OF FLORENCE, MARCH 18, 1862.

WHAT makes the Saint? The holiness,  
I 've sometimes heard it said;  
But I insist it is the rays  
They paint about his head.

You don't agree? then look at Christ,  
At Garibaldi look;  
Two pages never were more like,  
Of one and the same book.

"But not both saints, you must allow."  
Both saints alike, I say;  
That, of the prayerbook and the beads;  
This, of the war array.

Hurrah for both! for him who says: —  
"Put up your swords and pray."  
And him who says: — "Out with your blades,  
And fight to Rome your way."

Obey them both; your good blades draw,  
And fight to Rome your way;  
Rome is the place to count your beads,  
Rome is the place to pray.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, March 20, 1862.]

SHE died; that is, she ceased and was no more;  
Dry up your tears; ye weep for what? for nothing.  
I do ye wrong; ye weep for your own selves:  
Weep on, weep on; ye have good cause to weep.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 1862.]

---

THE dog his food takes from his master's hand,  
And loves him for it, and will die for him.  
Well for thee, if the man thy bounty feeds,  
With no worse than ingratitude repays thee,  
Does not conspire thine injury or ruin.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 11, 1862.]

---

"NAY, don't be angry, friend! have pity on them;  
Cut them not so to the very bone; have mercy;  
See how they bleed and writhe, hear how they groan."  
Hold me not back; they 've not got half enough;  
Hold me not back, I say; let go my arm;  
I 'll flog them to within an inch of their lives,  
The foul, incorrigible necromancers,  
Who take the little harmless babe scarce born  
And mutter witchcraft over it, and criss-cross it,  
And rub their venomous oil behind its ears,  
And sprinkle drops upon it in the name  
Of their abominable three-headed idol,

Till they have made it more even than themselves  
The child of hell, an imp to do their biddings  
Wicked, as long as it lives, and when it dies  
Receive, for all reward, their pass to heaven.  
Let go my arm, I say, else thou art less  
Their friend, than Man's and thine own enemy;  
Let go, I say. Villains, take that and that  
And that — See how they scamper! Hah! ha! ha! —  
Off to your idol, now, for spermaceti.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 23, 1862.]

“MAN’S choice is free.” Ay, to be sure!  
Who doubts a fact so clear?  
But isn’t his free choice fixed for him?  
That is the question here.

“Pshaw! his free choice is free as air —  
Do you take me for a fool?”  
No, but I ’d like to know for what  
You send your child to school;

For what, if not to fix his choice —  
To make him choose the right,  
And, of his own will, go your way  
When you are out of sight.

“I don’t succeed; my darling boy  
Chooses the wrong way still.”  
Well! there ’s some stronger cause at work,  
Makes his free choice choose ill:

Bad nurse’s milk, bad father’s blood,  
Or, may be, bad grandsire’s;  
Or bad example of your own,  
Or his playfellows, liars.

To govern his free choice there 's still  
Some hidden impulse strong:  
Good impulse, when he chooses right;  
Bad, when he chooses wrong.

Or, more exact to speak, there 's no  
Such thing as choice at all,  
But, what 's the work of impulse, we  
The work of free choice call;

Impulse commands; the work is done;  
We call it choice; some cause  
Preceded impulse, for all things  
Are fixed by Nature's laws,

Links of a chain, an endless chain,  
And thou 'rt a link — no more —  
Attached as fast to the link behind  
As to the link before;

And freely goest with the links,  
That pull thee to and fro;  
Insensible it is their force,  
Which makes thee stand or go;

For all this whole world is a mesh  
Of chain-links intricate,  
By Providence, as some say, worked,  
As others say, by Fate.

I know not; but of this I 'm sure:  
It 's all made of one piece,  
Not motley mongrel of fixed laws  
And Man's supreme caprice.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 26, 1862.]

ALL Inspiration from above descends:  
From God, or prince, or minister, or friends  
Of God or prince or minister. Some weight  
— I don't say, much, but some, at any rate —  
You must, if fair, allow to Inspiration,  
Which follows so the law of gravitation.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGERI, LEGHORN, April 2, 1862.]

---

PATER quis est, dic mi, sodes,  
Quisve avus est peccati?  
Nullus omnium quos adivi  
Satis scit responsum dare.  
“En! ego respondeo volens.  
Feras tu benigne meam  
Qualemque ignorantiam:  
Pater est peccati homo,  
Miser ille, qui peccavit;  
Avus autem ipse Deus,  
Peccatorem qui creavit.”  
Peccatorem, monstrum illud  
Cur creavit bonus ille?  
“Heu! nec novi nec audivi;  
Credo neque ipsum scire.  
Forsan ut glorificetur;  
Multum laudis est amator.  
Neque vero nullam meruit  
Ille bonus, justus ille,  
Cujus filius est peccator,  
Nepos cujus est peccatum.

Deum, ergo, una omnes  
Senes, juvenes laudemus;  
Sanctum Dei nomen omnes  
In perpetuum cantemus.  
Canta patrem, o peccator;  
Avum, o peccatum, canta;  
Deum solum fontem mali,  
Deum unicum auctorem  
Mortis et miseriae nostrae  
Omnes juvenes senesque  
Uno ore celebremus.  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!"

[HORGEN on the LAKE OF ZÜRICH, July 1, 1862.]

---

WHAT animal is it, gains by losing one  
Of its two component halves, yet by the loss  
Is made imperfect and must get it back  
Or remain always a mere fractional part,  
A bee's comb, one might say, without the cap,  
Naked, exposed to every wind and weather,  
A clock- or watch-work minus hands and dial,  
A ship's hull stripped of masts and sails and rudder,  
A torn out, silent, useless tongue of bell,  
A churndash without churn, a central sun  
Without even one poor planet to give light to?

[Walking from DÜSSLINGEN to TÜBINGEN, Aug. 6, 1862.]

---

WHY has no eye beyond the tomb seen aught?  
Because beyond the tomb to see there 's nought.

[TÜBINGEN, Aug. 6, 1862.]

GOD made the world; there 's not a child but knows it,  
And not a flower, or blade of grass but shows it;  
But what made God himself does not appear,  
Unless — as old Lucretius says — 'twas Fear.  
Fear 's a great maker in a certain way,  
And sometimes works by night, sometimes by day;  
And, making ghosts by night, it sure were odd,  
If she could not in the broad day make God,  
Seeing that God 's a ghost, an airy sprite  
Easier to make than even the ghosts of night,  
For they have form and substance, have been seen  
And touched and smelt, which God has never been;  
So Fear is free to make him as she will,  
And sometimes makes him well and sometimes ill;  
But always he 's Fear's making, let him be  
Allah or Jove or Christ, or Jan-Sam-He.

[In the train from LONDON to HOLYHEAD, Sept. 15, 1862.]

#### RUBBED OUT.

"**W**HERE shall I go to when I die, Papa?"  
"Bring me your slate — is that your name? Tom Phipps.  
There, rub it out; where is it now?" "No where."  
"When you are dead you 'll go to the same place,  
And I and all, for we 'll be all rubbed out."

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Oct. 1863.]

## INSCRIPTIONS

FOR THE FOUR SIDES OF THE PEDESTAL OF THOMAS LITTLE MOORE'S  
STATUE, NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

### I.

IN grateful memory of their well loved Swift,  
The Dubliners this statue raised to Moore.

### II.

WHOSE smutty statue 's this? what smith's or sweep's?  
Stay, stay — all right; it 's Little Tommy Moore's.

### III.

IMMORTAL Little, round thy honored brow  
Erin's chaste daughters bind her shamrock green,

### IV.

AND her brave sons doubt which most to admire,  
Thy statue, pension, or famed verse obscene.

[Walking from ROSAMOND to DALKEY, Co. DUBLIN, Dec. 16, 1863.]

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A FAMOUS punster once said to a friend:  
"Friend Rock, upon thy rock I 'll build my house."  
The house was built, and, built upon a pun,  
Has till now lasted and will last until  
A wittier punster comes and pulls it down,  
And builds his new house upon like foundation.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Aug. 22, 1863.]

“TIS a dull circle that we tread,  
Just from the window to the bed;  
We eat, we drink, we sleep, and then  
We eat and drink and sleep, again.”  
“And then? what then?” “To heaven we go,  
To eat and drink and sleep no mo’,  
No mo’ from window to the bed  
Or bed to window, but, instead,  
Idle and lounge about, all day,  
Except when we sing psalms, or pray:  
Idle, all night, and lounge about,  
And sing and pray, year in, year out.  
Which of the two dull circles be  
Dullest, I hope to hear from thee.”

[Walking from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Nov. 12, 1862.]

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IGNORANCE is bliss, for first it saves the pain  
Of knowing how far wrong the road you go,  
And next it saves the greater pain of knowing  
There is a better way beyond your reach,  
Yet not even ignorance is perfect bliss,  
For while it teaches you to take for good  
Even your worst ill, it teaches you, same time,  
To shun, as your worst ill, your chiefest good.  
Not so entirely, then, to be disdained  
Thy hard won fruit, O stingy Tree of knowledge;  
Nor so without a canker, thy rich crop,  
Indigenous, luxuriant Ignorance.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Nov. 30, 1862.]

## PRINCE ALBERT.

A MAN of sterling sense and quick decision,  
And royal, not to be controlled volition,  
Prince Albert gave the slip to his physician,  
And started off to see the Exhibition  
Got up in heaven for ghosts of high condition,  
And have a finger in it, with permission  
Of archangelic, managing commission.  
If he comes back — a thing that 's problematic —  
What may we not expect of achromatic  
Telescopes, and inventions hydrostatic  
For floating iron-clads, and diplomatic  
Ruses, celestial half and half Teutonic,  
To out-ruse our dear ally Napoleonic?  
And if he doesn't, why then the resignation  
Comes into play, of the great Irish nation,  
And we 'll appoint a day for humiliation,  
And lowliness before God, and prostration,  
And, clear with Heaven, beg Stephen's Green Commissioners  
To hear the humble prayer of their petitioners,  
And grant a site for statue to his glory  
Who neither right Whig was, nor yet right Tory,  
But between both went steadily a-rowing,  
And over English, Scotch, and Irish crowning  
Deep in his heart, for though one now crows never  
Above one's breath, one crows as deep as ever,  
And princes deepest, for your princes' bosoms  
As deep are as Ahithophel's or Uzzum's  
Or Palmerston's — and that 's as any well deep,  
Or Newcastle coal-pit, or lowest Hell, deep.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 31, 1864.]

TWO Hands there are that shuffle all the cards:  
Sir Right Hand trump holds, and would win the game  
But for the greater cunning, of Sir Left,  
And sharper sight which reads Sir Right Hand's cards,  
Though turned their backs, as clearly as his own.  
Ah, poor Sir Right Hand! how he grumbles, swears,  
Curses and sweats, while Mephistopheles,  
Bowing and simpering, pockets all the stakes.

[Walking from ROSAMOND to DALKEY (Co. DUBLIN), Nov. 14, 1862.]

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UNHAPPY man! a little wiser than  
And of course persecuted by thy fellows,  
Like the poor turkey with a patch on its head,  
That's pecked and pecked, and round the farmyard hunted  
Till it drops down and dies — and there's an end to it.  
Hide, hide, my friend, hide, hide, if thou art wise,  
Thy little patch of wisdom, if thou 'st any,  
Or, better still, put on a patch of folly  
Or wickedness, and be be-statued like  
Profligate Moore and thriftless, silly Goldsmith.  
Nothing men like so much as a touch of vice,  
Unless it be a good, large dash of folly.  
Thou 'st writ no brothel verses, never been  
The common laughing-stock of thy acquaintance;  
Thou hast not died four thousand pounds 'in debt,  
Nor hadst thy debts paid by a royal pension;  
What chance hast thou, thy fellow citizens  
Will set thee up, example to their children,  
And, on thy togaed statue's marble plinth,  
Inscribe thy virtues, years, and glorious name?

[Walking from ROSAMOND to BALLINASCORNY (Co. DUBLIN), Nov. 29, 1863.]

## JOHN TETZEL.

Quick drop your money in;  
It saveth from all sin;  
Past, present, future time  
It purifieth from crime,  
And souls from Limbo frees —  
Your money, if you please;  
Father's, mother's soul,  
It buys out sound and whole,  
And of your babes as many  
As you drop in a penny.  
I 'll hear of no excuse;  
What interest or what use  
Than this is more secure,  
Or better for the poor?  
For it 's to God you lend,  
And God 's the poor man's friend,  
And for the money lent  
Still pays back cent per cent.  
John Tetzel is my name;  
You 've heard of me by fame;  
From the Vatican I come,  
And seven-hilled city, Rome.  
Indulgences I bring,  
— Let me hear your money ring —  
Indulgences to sin;  
In with your money, in.  
To you, his faithful friends,  
The Holy Father sends  
Me with these boxes two,  
Both blessed and criss-crossed new.

Of Indulgences one 's full  
As a pincushion 's of wool,  
Out of its side they pop,  
As fast as in you drop,  
Into the hole at top  
Of the other box, your pence,  
Showing your penitence,  
Contrition and sound sense  
And devotion to God's cause  
And Holy Church's laws.  
Come with your money, come,  
Children beloved of Rome;  
Who would not a groat pay  
To save his soul one day  
From purgatorial fire?  
Call John Tetzel liar  
If the Holy Father cares  
For your money or your prayers;  
Your money, it 's but trash,  
Tinkling cymbals your hard cash,  
But of your soul he thinks  
Every time your money clinks,  
And every groat you pay,  
A day shorter you shall stay  
In penitential fire,  
A step to heaven you 're nigher.  
See in this paper here,  
Where it 's written fair and clear:  
"Indulgence full and free,  
Absolution plenary —  
Past, present, future time,  
Permission for all crime."  
Quick drop your money in,  
And enjoy the venial sin;  
You may take your neighbour's life,  
You may sleep with neighbour's wife,  
You may leave your debts unpaid,  
You may cheat at cards or trade,

For God is over all,  
Can order and recall,  
Can make and unmake sin,  
— Quick drop your money in —  
And the Holy Father, he  
Is of God the nominee,  
Sole dispenser of God's grace,  
And fills of God the place,  
Sole judge of wrong and right,  
Sole possessor of God's might  
To punish and acquit,  
And do as he thinks fit.  
Be faithful, firm, and true  
To Church and Pope, and who  
Can one hair injure you?  
Church is a union strong  
To shield you from all wrong:  
Against all scathes and harms,  
Against Hell's wiles and charms,  
Against a world in arms,  
The Church maintains your rights;  
The Church protests and fights;  
The Pope 's the Church's head;  
God's vicar in God's stead.  
Never will Pope or Church  
Leave the faithful in the lurch —  
In with your money, in;  
It cleanseth from all sin.  
For the faithful what 's to dread,  
When the standard 's for them spread  
Of God and Church and Pope?  
Of sand they twist a rope  
Who strive against the Pope.  
Away with fear and doubt;  
See, I draw the Indulgence out,

[DA CAPO.]

[DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (CO. DUBLIN), JAN. 27, 1864.]

ALL 's wise and good, they say, and of design ;  
Imprimis cholera and the Lisbon earthquake,  
The St. Bartholomew, the Sicilian Vespers,  
And Waterloo's red field, and Solferino,  
And the down-going, headlong, in the sea  
With every living soul, of the Aurora,  
And President, not even a rat escaping,  
Nor Richmond's Duke, more worth than many rats :  
All good and wise and of design, they say  
Who better understand, than I, such matters ;  
Yet, not the less, eschew, as they would Satan,  
All personal acquaintance with such proofs  
Potent, of goodness, wisdom, and design.

[Walking from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, Nov. 15, 1862.]

"Esse aliquos Manes et subterranea regna,  
Et contum, et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,  
Atque una transire vadum tot millia cymba  
Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lavantur,  
Sed tu vera puta."

JUVEN. ij. 149.

How much we have improved, let Juvenal say,  
Upon the popular credence of his day,  
We, who believe in Manes and the Devil  
And a post mortem judge of good and evil,  
And souls, that not one rag of flesh have on,  
Made rashers of, in Pyriphlegethon.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, 1863 or 1864.]

S C R O L L  
FOR THOMAS LITTLE MOORE'S STATUE,  
NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

THE Dubliners, between the eccentric dean,  
Long hesitating, and the libertine,  
Decided for the libertine at last,  
And so arose the statue thou here hast,  
Very like neither, thou mayst well suppose,  
In feature, air, or attitude or clothes,  
But yet so smutty 'twill for either do,  
And of the urinal improves the view.  
Shouldst thou, kind stranger, on some future day  
Happen to take this statue on thy way,  
And have a pair of pantaloons to spare,  
Look on these báre shanks, think of Christmas air,  
And how thou 'dst feel thyself in Scottish kilt  
And Roman pallium loose, not even gilt —  
I 'll say no more — sapienti verbum sat,  
Goodnatured Oliver will translate you that,  
For he too has a statue, clever Noll,  
Almost inside the gate of Trinity Coll,  
Not quite inside — why should he more than I,  
Of lore scholastic both of us so shy?  
Yet not so very shy as not to know  
What way the aurae populares blow,  
And how to mount on ignorance to fame,  
Honor and statue and a poet's name.

[Walking from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, Jan. 25, 1864.]

## NUMBER THREE.

Of all numbers, number three  
Is the one best pleases me:  
Number one 's so very small,  
You may count it none at all,  
To nonentity next door;  
Number two is but one more,  
And to mind still brings the strife,  
Ever waits on wedded life;  
Hounds in couples, sad and slow,  
Pulling different ways, they go,  
One and one linked in a pair —  
Of the fatal noose beware,  
Thou who hast thy liberty,  
Whether thou be he or she.

Four 's two twos, so twice as bad  
As single two. The man is mad  
Who doesn't at once perceive that three  
Seasons than four would better be,  
And without winter, frost, and ice,  
Our earth, a little paradise;  
Cuckoos and swallows, all year round,  
And gay with buttercups the ground.  
Mad he is, I say, nor he  
Wiser much, who doesn't agree  
That bad as were triumvirs three,  
For Rome's Commonwealth a curse,  
Four triumvirs had been worse —

If I may so, without offence  
To grammar or to accident,  
Indulge my humor in a freak,  
And of four triumvirs speak.

Five comes next; what man alive  
Ever good word spoke of five?  
Five, it was, made the cabal  
Of Arlington and Lauderdale,  
Clifford and Vil Buckingham,  
And Ashley, royal Charles's Pam;  
Little better Pam, I ween,  
Than the Pam of our dear queen,  
Who, as long as Nap 's his friend,  
Has small chance his ways to mend.

Six and seven partake of ill,  
From my youth up, I 've thought still;  
For, on the earth as in the heavens,  
Things at sixes and at sevens  
Never were, or could be, right  
In man's or God's or angel's sight.

Never, upon no pretence,  
While I have one grain of sense,  
Shall I, of free will, incline  
Tó praise either eight or nine,  
Numbers both of Satan's own,  
Underminers of the throne,  
Foes of all that 's good and great,  
Of the church and of the state,  
Fórerunners of the noyades,  
Guillotines and fusillades.

So I turn to number three;  
Three 's the number pleases me;  
I loved always trinity,  
Since I first went to the College  
Of the Trinity for knowledge:

There I learned the Fates were three,  
Th' Hesperides and Graces three,  
And how in three choirs, of three  
Blithe sisters each, linked lovingly,  
Jove's daughters by Mnemosyne  
Went roving on Apollo's hill,  
And chanted till they had their fill:  
Old friends of mine, those choirs of three  
Blithe sisters each, and many a glee  
I have sung with them, and they with me,  
Since first I met them in the shade  
Of the bay and laurel glade,  
Thé steep mountain side upon,  
Of the sunny Helicon,  
Where the waters sprang to meet  
And kiss the winged courser's feet.  
And still, at times, of three we sing,  
On three, at times, the changes ring:  
How Neptune, Jove and Dis the wide  
World into three shares divide;  
How Dian, Hecate, Proserpine  
Faces three in one combine;  
How, with triple mouth and yell,  
Porter Cerberus, in his cell,  
Hades' entrance guarded well;  
All let in, but such a rout  
Made if one tried to slip out,  
That the echo and rebound  
Of the brazen concave round,  
Jove's own rattling thunders drowned,  
As the frightened ghost slunk back,  
Like a flogged hound to his pack.

Three persons of the verb with three  
Pronouns personal agree;  
And, though but sexes two are known,  
There are three genders, all must own,  
Or much good schooling has been lost,  
Much teachers' pains and parents' cost.

Good accountant if you 'd be,  
You must count by Rule of Three;  
Just comparisons to make,  
Three degrees you still must take;  
Three degrees, to be your guides,  
Priscian to your hand provides:  
Bad, worse, worst; good, better, best;  
Many, more, most, and all the rest;  
Never let them out of sight  
And they 'll lead you always right.

Aristotle taught the schools  
Many wise and useful rules,  
But one rule 's worth all the rest,  
That with three you argue best,  
And that prostrate to lay schism,  
There 's no sword like syllogism.

Ah! no friend of Erin he  
Who loves not her shamrock's three  
Green leaves indivisible  
As the famous Gordian spell.

Patriotism and loyalty  
With religion make up three;  
Church and throne and state are three,  
One undivided trirarchy.

Learned professions there are three,  
Medicine, law, divinity,  
Guardians of the items three,  
Body, soul, and property,  
Constituent of Man's entity;  
For, of opinion though some be  
That soul alone makes entity,  
I 'm not of those who care to see.  
Still less of those who long to be,  
Soul in a state of nudity;  
A naked soul to me is a fright,

Especially at dead of night  
When dimly burns the candle light,  
And all is still, or fast asleep —  
The very thought makes my flesh creep,  
Even Dian's self 's afraid to peep.  
I love my friend and wish him well,  
Wish him long years in health to tell,  
Well housed, well clad, and with a purse  
Worthy of the Preacher's curse;  
I like to see his smiling face  
And hold him in mine arms' embrace,  
To hear his voice and clasp his hand,  
Beside him sit, beside him stand,  
Alongside walk in cheerful chat,  
Of this discoursing and of that,  
But I would have him my friend whole,  
Not my friend's disembodied soul,  
Not my friend's ghost, and spirit thin,  
Nothing outside and less within —  
Be off, be off to Charon's coast  
And poets' dreams, poor, silly ghost  
And naked soul, mere idle boast  
And vain pretence, nonentity  
And meaningless absurdity —  
Thou enterest not into my creed;  
Begone; leave me at peace; God speed!

Poets unequaled there were three,  
One born in Greece, in Italy  
His greater born, the greatest he  
Who drew in Albion's fog his breath,  
And sang of paradise and death.

Unrivaled actors there were three,  
Charmers of my infancy,  
Whether Othello's rage were played,  
Or Juliet's love, or with the shade  
Of murdered sire held colloquy,  
I hung enraptured on the three,

Awed by John Kemble, by O'Neill  
Enchanted and by Cooke turned pale.  
Nor at an end was my delight  
When fell the curtain; all the night  
I raved of tournament and fight,  
Palfrey and squire and belted knight,  
And airy daggers motioning  
Toward the couch of sleeping king,  
And "out, damned spot!" and medicine vain  
To purge the blood spot from the brain.

Earth and heaven and hell are three,  
Each on each hanging mutually,  
And each of each a corollary;  
For other worlds although there be,  
Countless as sandgrains in the sea,  
Yet with the wise majority,  
— Christian, Jew, Pagan — I agree  
To set them down as nullity;  
As nullity, or, at the best,  
Made to point the Atheist jest:  
How from Olympus' heights rules Jove  
Countless worlds those heights above?  
Who, while Jove lies in Danae's arms,  
Those countless worlds preserves from harms,  
Above Jove's highest lightning's fling,  
Above Jove's boldest eagle's wing,  
Guards nationalities oppressed  
And orders all things for the best?

'Twas three o'clock precise, each day  
Of eight long years that slow away  
Rolled o'er my helpless infancy,  
Came and with kind hand set me free  
From grammar fetters and the rule  
Of the stern despot of the school,  
And home I bounded full of joy,  
A happy, thriving, chubby boy,

To be caressed by parents dear,  
Till fatal nine, next day, drew near,  
And I must to my cell again  
And wear again the captive's chain,  
Till friendly three should come once more  
And open throw my prison door.  
Those days are gone not to return,  
My parents long lie in their urn,  
Yet never three chimes on mine ear  
But I seem Freedom's voice to hear,  
Youth's scenes come back, youth's joys and cares —  
How changed the face all nature wears!  
The old man's heart swells, and a tear —  
But no! I would not have them here.

There's never a royal diadem  
Boasts not of some superior gem,  
Some ruby red, some emerald green,  
Some diamond's ever varying sheen,  
Some pearl of price, some chrysolite,  
Some opal pale, some malachite,  
But brighter far the gems that round  
Royal Victoria's brow are bound,  
Redder than ruby there the rose  
Of England in its full bloom glows,  
Greener than emerald, there, the green  
Shamrock of Erin creeps between  
The English emblem and the blue  
Thistle of Scotland, rough as true.  
Fair the three bloom and fair the three  
Under the garter's scroll agree:  
GOD OF MY RIGHT'S THE SURE DEFENCE.  
HONNI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Out of the East came wise kings three  
To Bethlehem, a babe to see  
Wiser than were themselves all three,  
A unit of the Trinity,  
High and inscrutable mystery!

Low in the dust on bended knee  
They offered up, those wise kings three,  
Their triple gifts and fealty.  
Poor are my gifts, my fealty  
Adds nothing to thy dignity,  
I 'm-rich but in humility  
And that I offer all to thee,  
Incomprehensible Trinity.

Ave Maria, night and morn,  
And the Angelus the day adorn  
With triple worship, triple prayer;  
Thrice the brow 's crossed and thrice laid bare  
The heart before the deity —  
“Domine! miserere mei.”

But what more than all moves me  
To the preference I give three,  
Is the still fresh memory  
That in old times we were three,  
Thou, my child, and I, and she  
Who made up our household three.

[Begun on footjourney from LEGHORN to LOBENSTEIN (FÜRSTENTHUM REUSS),  
in the summer of 1861; finished while walking from TURIN to FLORENCE.  
Sept. 1864.]

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I.

THE saying can't be too oft repeated:  
The world consists of cheats and cheater.

II.

I 'M in this faith a firm believer:  
Who 's not deceived is a deceiver.

[FLORENCE, Octob. 30, 1864.]

## F R A G M E N T.

UPRISEN at four, after a restless night,  
— We are always restless on the eve of travel,  
Sorry to break up old associations,  
And, of the new, distrustful and ill-boding —  
Our first care, after toilette made, is our breakfast,  
Frugal as usual, and oft interrupted  
By various cares preclusive of the road:  
In primis, manufacturing for our shoes  
In-soles of folded paper; in secundis,  
Re-reconnoitering umbrellas, wallets,  
Guide-books and pocket-books and purse of gold,  
And pocket compass and thermometer,  
All reconnoitred well the night before  
And set in order, ready for the morning.  
Grapes and fresh figs and Gorgonzola cheese  
And bread and capuè make no bad breakfast,  
And, overnight prepared, stand ready for you,  
Whether you choose to rise before the lark,  
Or lie abed till Sol, his day's work done,  
Hands the world over to his pale-cheeked sister,  
And goes, himself, to rest behind the Azores.  
To the spedizioniere, then,  
Consigned for Rome our baggage, two hours' work,  
Only at last at ten we are on the road,  
Winding from Florence up the vale of Arno,  
On our left hand the chain bridge, on our right  
San Miniato from the cypress hill  
Down-looking on the city fair and river  
And, opposite, to Fiesole and the far,  
Misty, rain-threatening mountains of Pistoja,

Where just three weeks ago, this very day,  
Upon our hither way we visited,  
And after greeting brief bade long adieu  
To our old Irish friend, Grace-Bartolini,  
Daughter of Irish Grace my father's friend,  
From her youth up by choice of domicile,  
And for the four last years by wedding vow,  
Italianissima among Italians.

Pleasant to leave behind the noisy streets  
And narrow, crowded thoroughfares of Florence,  
And the ear-stunning cry of "vuole? vuole?"  
And "tre alla palanca!" and to snuff  
Pure air again, and see the sky though lowering,  
And swing our arms, and feel our legs untied.  
Churches and convents either side the road,  
And long, stone walls between; these to keep out  
The evil-doer, those within the bounds  
Of holy mother Church to keep the mind,  
No less here than in England apt to boast  
Of its strong reason clear, and power of will,  
And no whit less here than in England, bound  
Helpless and hopeless with religion's chain;  
Less grimly here however, for sweet roses  
And manna-dropping foliage intertwine,  
And take the shivering, sharp cold off, the iron.

And now we have left behind the long, stone walls  
— The churches not yet, nor are likely ever —  
And up the hill push from the Arno valley,  
Taking the shorter way by San Donato,  
To meet the stream descending from Incisa,  
And spare the roundabout by Pontassieve.  
Beautiful, Florence, as we look behind,  
Its massy dome, and stately ducal tower  
And, in church architecture never rivaled,  
Giotto, thy campanile. Wide the eye  
Over the valley of the Arno ranges,  
Over long lapsed years wider still the mind:

And now it 's airy Guelphs and Ghibellines,  
Now spectral popes and emperors we see,  
Now visioned Macchiavellis, Medicis,  
Or Dante's pale, unconquerable spirit,  
Or Savonarola's; and Da Fiesole  
Sits in his cowl there in San Marco's cloister,  
Painting in silence his imaginations  
Of an imagined heaven's beatitude:  
Angels with delicate, small hands and feet  
And beardless, feminine faces, and as like,  
Each to the other, as so many sisters,  
In gold-bespangled skirts, blue, red or yellow,  
Gold-crowned, gold-winged, to lute and flute and viol  
And dulcimer and harp the praises singing  
Of an ideal, unsubstantial God,  
Who sees, hears, smells, thinks, loves, admires, and hates,  
Makes and unmakes, remembers and forgets,  
Prefers, postpones, rejects, goes slow and fast,  
Is pleased and displeased, smiles, frowns, blesses, curses,  
And does in all things like substantial man,  
His own most erring, most imperfect work,  
Cast off by him accordingly and hated,  
Killed, and to hell condemned, and then again  
Pitied, forgiven and coaxed, and up to heaven  
Carried on angels' wings, to dwell for ever  
With him in glory and his praises sing.

Still green the hedges, and the air still soft,  
Though in the murky sky November frown,  
And mindful churchbells, since two hours ere day,  
Have not ceased telling us it 's All Souls' morrow.  
The roadside bushes burn with Pyracanth's  
Red glowing clusters, dog-rose berries red,  
And the pink capsules of Evonymus  
Opening and showing its red ariled seeds,  
"Each in its narrow cell laid" — not "for ever."  
\* \* \* \* \*

Leaving FLORENCE for ROME, Nov. 1, 1864.

WHAT! Man no more than a mere reasoning beast  
Which laughs, smokes, curses, swears, and pays the priest,  
More than most other beasts his brother cheats,  
Tortures and kills, and — who disputes it? — eats!

Degrade him not; his acts proclaim his birth:  
Angel and heir of heaven, not son of earth;  
A spark cast off from the eternal flame,  
And differing from the godhead but in name.

[ALBERGO DELL' AQUILA NERA, MONTEFIASCONI (STATI PONTIFICII), Nov. 8, 1864.]

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FEAR 's a great maker: first she made the Devil,  
And worshiped low the author of all evil;  
Then she made God, the better still to keep  
The Devil off and get a good, sound sleep.

[ROME, VIA DELLE QUATTRO FONTANE, Dec. 23, 1864.]

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#### MODERATION.

BE moderate in all things, and, of all,  
In moderation most be moderate,  
For, for what else but use in proper season  
Thine every-obstacle-o'ercoming passion,  
Love, jealousy and wrath, hope, hate and fear?  
For what the extreme, high culminating impulse —  
For what in man or beast, but to be used?  
Nature made nought in vain, and least in vain,

Be it of hope, fear, ire, or hate, or love  
Or jealousy, the culminating impulse,  
The extreme extreme. The world has verge enough;  
The power to be immoderate implies  
There 's time and place to be immoderate,  
Nor made not to be used the extreme extreme,  
High towering, overtopping point of passion.  
'Twas not by moderation Caesar rose,  
Or Brutus fell, or Christ and Mahomet  
The world's opima spolia shared between them.  
Be moderate as the bee and as the ant,  
Be moderate as the lion and the tiger,  
Be moderate as the race-horse; as the shaft  
Shot from the bow flies moderate to the mark,  
As from the zenith moderate swoops the falcon,  
On to the goal press moderate thou with Paul,  
Not looking once behind thee; moderate press  
Forward in season, out of season forward,  
And only at the goal and ocean's edge  
Arrived, with Philip's son, sit down and weep.

[Walking from SPOLETO to FOLIGNO, June 28. 1865.]

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## VICTORY,

AN EQUATION CALCULATED IN THE CAFFÈ DELLA FERROVIA, PASSIGNANO,  
LAGO TRASIMENO, July 1, 1865.

WHICH side shall conquer? Both sides have the right,  
And God 's for both sides. Which shall win the fight?  
Strike out from both sides God, from both sides right,  
— Why should God fight with God, or right with right? —  
And that side 's victor, sure, which has the might.

Set God back on the field and set back right,  
And to it again; which now shall win the fight?  
God 's neutralized by God, and right by right,  
And that side 's victor, sure, which has the might.

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BEHOLD in Christ the sober, matron hen,  
Gathering beneath her wings her cowering brood;  
In Mahomet behold the dunhill king,  
Leading his brood to conquest and to battle.  
"Cluck-cluck! cluck-cluck!" dame hen cries; "cluck! cluck! cluck!"  
"Tantararara-ra!" crows loud sir cock.

[Walking from MONTE CARELLI (TUSCANY), to FILIGARE, July 18, 1865]

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### LA FUTA.

OUR coffee boils; our hostess at the fire  
Suckles her baby scarce a fortnight old,  
Watching, same time, the moment to pour off  
Into the glass the soot-black beverage  
Restorative, while we the minutes count  
Impatient, and the sweat wipe from our brows,  
For the sun 's high in Leo and we have walked,  
Over the bare and rugged Apennine,  
Up hill full five miles since we saw him rise  
This morning on our last night's baiting quarters,  
Monte Carelli, first day's climb from Florence.  
Seated upon the hearth, the second child  
Whinges incessant, or, from time to time,  
Is pacified with lump of broken sugar,  
As, with the dug, the infant in the arms;  
Never without the whinge of one or other  
Quiet the kitchen for one single instant.  
Beside the door the father whiffs his pipe,  
And spits, alternate, out across the sill.

Our coffee 's drunk, our hostess paid her crazie,  
And so we separate, not to meet again  
Till we meet there, at last, to live content,  
Where there is neither dug nor sugar lump,  
Nor pipe nor crazie nor drop of coffee.  
Quod bonum sit faustumque, Domine meus!

[Walking from LA FUTA to BOLOGNA, July 18 and 19, 1865.]

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WHAT for, two Gods? why doubled the expense?  
One God 's enough, sure, for a man of sense;  
And let that one God be the evil one,  
To do the good God's work as well as his own.  
There 's little fear he 'll find more work to do  
Than he has always been accustomed to,  
The amount of good 's a minimum at best —  
Who does the evil well may do the rest  
For pastime sake and sweet variety,  
And from one useless sinecure set us free.

[Walking from PELLEGRINA to VERONA, July 23, 1865.]

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#### THE TWO BARBERS OF FREEDOMTOWN.

IN Freedomtown two barbers won,  
With razors sharp and clean;  
One shaves the right cheek, one the left,  
While thou sitt'st still between,  
  
And budgest not, nor utterest sound,  
Nor seem'st to feel one tittle,  
Though now and then red blood be drawn,  
And scarf skin razed a little.

CHURCH of one barber is the name,  
The other's name is STATE;  
In Freedombtown those barbers twain  
Shave early and shave late.

"By grace of God and right divine"  
— I 'm reading from the scroll,  
Which, with the basin, at the door  
Hangs dangling from the pole —

"By grace of God and right divine  
— Let none the right contest —  
All checks are ours in Freedombtown,  
To shave as we like best."

Hurrah for those two barbers bold!  
Hurrah for Freedombtown!  
Nowhere I 'd rather live than where  
Not even one's beard 's one's own.  
[RIVA DI SAN LORENZO, VERONA, July 30, 1865.]

"Sua si bona norint."

HAPPY the man who has neither wife nor child!  
Not freer life the deer's in forest wild;  
He has none to flout him when he comes home late,  
And leaves to whom he likes best, his estate.

Happy the man who has neither house nor land!  
Fewer, his insolent menials to command,  
He 'll not be ruined by a roguish steward,  
Nor need he keep his premises insured.

Happy the man who has an empty purse!  
Let things go as they will, he can't be worse  
Unless he goes in debt, and that he 'll find  
Difficult, whilst his purse remains unlined.

Happy the man who 's to be hanged tomorrow!  
Hé has but óne day, thou long years of sorrow;  
He 'll in the dark sleep sound tomorrow night  
Whilst thou start'st at each noise and burn'st a light.

[RIVA DI SAN LORENZO, VERONA, Aug. 1, 1865.]

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### GOTT SEGNE DIES HAUS.

Inscribed on the inn in Abfalterbach, Tirol.\*

GOD bless this house,  
Both man and mouse,  
And young and old,  
Pigsty and pig,  
And hat and wig,  
Silver and gold.

God bless the ass,  
God bless the mas-  
ter and mistress,  
God bless their store,  
And make it more,  
And never less.

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\* Such devout inscriptions on houses are of frequent occurrence both in Tirol and Austria. Since this poem was written I have met the following on a house in Wolfen near Linz in Austria:

GROSSER GOTT GIB DEINEN SEGEN,  
SEI MIT DEINEM SCHUTZ ZUGEGEN,  
SEGNE MEINEN NAHRUNGSSTAND  
UND DIE ARBEIT MEINER HAND,  
SEGNE FREUND UND SEGNE FEIND  
UND DIE GANZE PFARRGEMEIND'.

God bless the cow,  
The calf, the yowe,  
And wrinkled aunt,  
And give the churn  
Another turn,  
When butter 's scant.

God bless the mill,  
God bless the pill,  
And make both do,  
Year in, year out,  
In rain and drought,  
Their duty true.

God bless the cat,  
God bless the brat  
And hussey lass,  
God bless the salt,  
God bless the malt  
And foaming glass.

God bless this house,  
Both man and mouse  
And but and ben,  
And let all sing  
“God save the king!”  
Amen, amen!

It 's not enough.  
God bless the snuff-  
-box and dudeen,  
God bless the state  
And make it great,  
God bless the queen.

[Walking from ABFALTERBACH to LIENZ (TIROL), Aug. 28, 1865.]

## CRADLE HYMN,

SUGGESTED BY DR. WATTS'S.

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber;  
Holy angels guard thy bed,  
Heavenly blessings, without number,  
Gently falling on thy head,"

None so heavy as to break it —

Hush, my babe, and nothing fear;  
God thy little soul won't take yet,  
Still a while will leave thee here;

Here to struggle and to scramble  
Through the world as thou mayst best,  
Torn by rose and torn by bramble —  
Hush, my babe, and take thy rest.

Don't, my babe, don't make wry faces,  
Keep them for the teething fit,  
That first blessing Heaven's to send thee,  
If thou liv'st to eat a bit.

That's my good babe! now thou 'rt quiet,  
I can hardly hear thy breath —  
With my heart's blood I would buy it,  
Thou mightst so sleep on till death,

Nothing seeing, nothing hearing,  
Of the blessings Heaven lets fall --  
Be they light or be they heavy,  
So thou best escap'st them all;

Nothing seeing, nothing hearing,  
    Of the angels round thy bed,  
Or how much it is, or little,  
    Guardian angels stand in stead.

Ah! my child, might'st thou but sleep so  
    Till thou drewest thy latest breath,  
Thy sad mother need not weep so,  
    Or so hate the thought of death,

Death, the grand finale blessing,  
    Heaven upon all heads lets fall;  
Let thy mother feel it double,  
    So thou feel'st it not at all;

So thou 'rt spared the pang of parting  
    From thy nearest, dearest friend,  
Whether thou 'rt left here to mourn her,  
    Or she 's left to mourn thine end.

Might we but together sleep out  
    Our brief night's existence frail,  
Not be wakened up ere midnight,  
    Each to hear the other's wail,

When the scythe-armed guardian angel  
    Separates the locked embrace,  
And one 's left to mourn the other's  
    Ever fresh remembered face!

Sleep on, babe, ere thou hast learned yet  
    How like sleep is unto death;  
Sleep on, babe, ere thou hast felt yet  
    How life shortens with each breath;

Sleep on soundly ere the dreams come,  
    Which disturb the soundest sleep;  
Sleep on soundly ere the tears come,  
    Thou must, if thou livest, weep.

Sleep, my babe, on; wake not up yet  
The forbidden fruit to eat;  
Good and evil both are bitter,  
Life itself 's a bitter sweet.

[Walking from VILLNÖSS to KIRCHBACH in the GAILTHAL, TIROL, Aug. 25 to Sept. 1, 1865.]

'TWAS a mower a-mowing stood under a tree,  
And with his sharp scythe he mowed down three  
Tall, ugly, rough thistles which stood in his way.  
"What the names of those thistles were, tell me, I pray."

The first of those thistles, they called him Mastai;  
He was mowed down the first, because most in the way.  
The second, they called him Napoleon Louis;  
If ever a thistle was thistly, 'twas he:

He was mowed down the second and laid by his friend,  
And POTES and NON POSSUMUS came to one end.  
The third and last thistle, Vittorio was called,  
A sinister curlate inclining to bald,

So ill-favored, no ass would one leaf of him chew;  
But the scythe cared as little as I care or you,  
And cut him off short, and he fell by the board,  
And in the one dung-heap the whole three lie stored;

I passed by today, as I came from the bank,  
But I held my nose close, for, behold you! they stank.  
Three as ugly, rough thistles now stand in their place,  
For prolific was always the great thistle race.

[Walking from VOLZANA to CANALE (ILLYRIAN KÜSTENLAND), Sept. 6, 1865.]

“Nullis inclusit limina portis.  
Nocte dieque patent. . . . .  
Nulla quies intus, nullaque silentia parte.”

IS it just in Heaven to favor so the eyes  
With lids to keep out dust and glare and flies,  
And leave the poor ears open, night and day,  
To all each chattering fool may choose to say,  
To all assaults of sturdy hurdygurd,  
And grand-piano octave, chord, and third,  
And rapid volley of well-quavered note,  
Out of wide gaping, husband-seeking throat,  
And fiddle squeak, and railway whistle shrill,  
Big drum and little drum and beetling mill,  
Trumpet and fife, triangle and trombone,  
And hiss and shout and scream and grunt and groan?  
Be gracious, Heaven! and, if no law forbid,  
Grant the distracted ear such share of lid  
That we may sometimes soundly sleep at night,  
Not kept awake until the dawning light,  
By rattling window-sash, or miauling cat,  
Or howling dog, or nibbling mouse or rat,  
Or cooped-up capon fain like cock to crow,  
Or carts that down the paved street clattering go,  
Or nurse, in the next room, and sickly child,  
Warbling by turns their native woodnotes wild.  
Judge us not by thyself, who darest not sleep,  
But open always, day and night, must keep  
Both eye and ear, to see and hear how go  
All things above the clouds, and all below;  
Lids for thine ears, as for thine eyes, were worse  
Than useless, an impediment and curse;

We, with less care, our eyes are free to close  
At night, or for an after-dinner doze,  
And for this purpose thou hast kindly given,  
And with a bounty worthy of high Heaven,  
Each eye a pair of lids. One lid might do  
For each ear, if thou wilt not hear of two,  
One large, well fitting lid; and night and day,  
As bound in duty, we will ever pray;  
And thou with satisfaction shalt behold  
Our ears no less protected from the cold  
Than our dear eyes, and never more need'st fear  
That to thy word we turn a hard, deaf ear;  
Never more fear that discord should arise  
And jealous bickerings between ears and eyes,  
Both members of one body corporate,  
Both loyal subjects of one church and state;  
Never more see us, on a frosty day,  
Stuffing in cotton, or hear caviller say:  
"I'd like to know why fallen less happy lot  
On ear than on snuffbox and mustardpot;  
What is it ever ear thought or ear did,  
To disentitle it to its share of lid?"  
Earlids, kind Heaven, or who knows what ---? But no!  
Silence, rebellious tongue, and let ear go  
And plead its own case. Lidless, Heaven's own ear,  
And, whether it will or not, must always hear.

[Walking from REVERE to VERONA, July 22 and 23, and in DRESDEN, Oct. 22, 1865.]

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#### WAYS AND MEANS.

WITH ways and means, if you 're a cheat,  
Something you still will get to eat;  
But devil-a-bit you 'll get to eat  
With ways and means, if you 're no cheat.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, March 4, 1866.]

WISER than Athens' wisest, Britain's wisest,  
Dying, palavered not of dualism  
And the dead man's tomorrow, nor a cock  
Offered to Aesculapius, but sat down  
In his great elbow-chair, and set his watch,  
And asked what news, and lit his pipe and smoked,  
And for the last time listened to Bow bells,  
And one of his attendants to another  
Said, anxious looking at him: "He is dead."

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Dec. 16, 1865.]

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#### LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

My brothers are my equals; God 's the same  
Kind, good, considerate God to all his children,  
Who 've, every one, the same rights as myself.  
Of course I don't include among God's children  
Having the same rights as myself, my sisters;  
I 'd rather die, and go to heaven offhand,  
Where neither hes nor shes find entrance ever,  
But only its — the paradise of neuters —  
Than by the sexus sequior so be swamped.  
Nature abhors a vacuum; I, a bloomer.  
Hurrah then for FRATERNITY! hurrah!  
For LIBERTY hurrah, and EQUAL RIGHTS!  
To hell with SORORITY! down! down!  
We 're all alike God's children; God 's the same  
Kind, even-handed parent to us all,  
Rich, poor, and young and old, unlearned and learned,  
Wise, fool, and good and bad — except the women.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 12, 1866.]

FARE AGE, QUID VENIAS; JAM IST INC.

WHAT brings thee here? hast any news to tell,  
Or goods for other goods or cash, to sell?  
“Out of the fray I bring with me my skin;  
Open, Saint Peter dear, and let me in.”  
No rag of skin ’s admitted here; go back,  
And hang both skin and bones up on the rack.  
Then come again, and to the company,  
Be it late or early, I ’ll admit thee free.  
“Thank thee, Saint Peter; but when I come back,  
Leaving both bones and skin hung on the rack,  
What need have I of porter or of gate,  
— Whether it ’s early, I come back, or late —  
Or place in heaven at all, or company?  
Spirit fills no place and can nowhere be;  
Good bye, Saint Peter, and remember me.”

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 20, 1866.]

---

BY what mistake were pigeons made so happy,  
So plump and fat and sleek and well content,  
So little with affairs of others meddling,  
So little meddled with? say, collared dog,  
And hard worked ox, and horse still harder worked,  
And caged canary, why, uncribbed, unmaimed,  
Unworked and of its will lord absolute,  
The pigeon sole has free board and free quarters,  
Till at its throat the knife, and pigeon pie  
Must smoke ere noon upon the parson’s table;  
Say, if ye can; I cannot, for the life o’ me;  
But, wheresoe’er I go, I find it so;

The pigeon of all things that walk or fly  
Or swim or creep, the best cared-for and happiest;  
Ornament ever fresh and ever fair  
Of castle and of cottage, palace roof  
And village street, alike, and stubble field,  
And every eye and volute of the minster;  
Philosopher's and poet's and my own  
Envy and admiration, theme and riddle;  
Emblem and hieroglyphic of the third  
Integral unit of the Trinity;  
Not even by pagan set to heavier task  
Than draw the car of Venus; since the deluge  
Never once asked to carry in the bill,  
And by the telegraph and penny-post  
Released for ever from all charge of letters.

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Oct. 31, 1865.]

---

WHAT is a beggar? one well skilled to pray  
Blessings on you he can't get for himself,  
And fill with wind the charitable void  
Left in your strong box by each doit you fling him.  
A Jew he is, who barters for hard cash  
His cheques upon a bank in which he has neither  
Credit nor assets. Saint, in honor held  
By the wide proletariat just one peg  
Lower than Peter, down the scale, or Paul,  
He is a bug upon the prince's coat,  
A boil, an ulcer on the bloated cheek  
Of city alderman and councillor,  
A hole in the bottom of the tradesman's till,  
Through which the silver penny daily drops  
Down into bottomless vacuity.  
He is a mad dog hunted from the street,  
Market and promenade by the police;

A pest-infected — shut up, prisoner close,  
In Lazar-house as long as the breath 's in him  
And through the tiles no golden Jove slides down  
In quest of some Acrisian in the workhouse,  
Until at last — if no Acrisian 's there,  
Nor up the corridor comes bolting in,  
Some twenty-ninth of February morning,  
Angel deliverer in the radiant shape  
Of miser legacy of long forgotten  
Thirty-first cousin, far beyond th' Atlantic —  
A shell 's provided, and sir Lazarus  
Packed off direct to father Abraham's bosom,  
There to rejoice for ever, singing psalms  
Never so much as dreamt of by divine  
Plato, or Zoroaster or Confucius,  
While David on his harp accompanies,  
And pardoned felons listen and applaud,  
And every now and then an echo swings  
Down heavily through Chaos to where Solon,  
Numa and Titus, in thick darkness sitting,  
Gnash with their teeth, and wonder what has happened.

[Walking from STREHLEN to DRESDEN, March 3, 1866.]

---

"WHAT 's the main difference, tell me if you can,  
Between the English and the Irish man."  
The Englishman, in want of cash, the life  
Insures of his dear child or dearer wife;  
Then, as his house so pestered is with rats,  
In spite of all his traps and dogs and cats,  
Buys, neat wrapped up in paper white and clean,  
Some half dozen grains of arsenic or strychnine  
Which gets — no one knows how — into the tea  
Of wife or child, and — a rich man is he.  
But Paddy 's of a different mould, and cash  
With him is, as 'twas with the apostles, trash.

So when the oestrus stings him, he drives lead  
From his revolver through his landlord's head,  
And makes off to America, if he can,  
There to turn Fenian or some other plan  
Hit on of dying no richer than before  
He changed for Yankee land his native shore.  
Yet this main difference, in the end, 's but small,  
Nay, well considered, almost none at all;  
For each, as death approaches, grows contrite,  
And by repentance makes his conscience light;  
His sins confesses, and, through Christ forgiven,  
Spurns with his feet the earth, and soars to heaven,  
There to rejoice for ever with the just  
And all who put in Christ their only trust;  
For all incompetent mere mortal judge,  
And codes of morals are but codes of fudge.

[Walking from STREHLEN to DRESDEN, March 9, 1866.]

---

*Striking a light, at night.*

"FIRST for the Bible, then the printing-press,  
Most for the lucifer match, the Gods I bless;  
Without the other two, at dead of night,  
What were the first?" I said, and struck a light.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 25, 1866.]

---

"I NEVER fleeced my friend." "It may be true;  
But if you didn't, be sure, your friend fleeced you.  
Ovunque il guardo osservator tu giri,  
Scorticatori, e scorticati miri."

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 21, 1866.]

## INSTITUTION OF THE SABBATH.

“SIX days thou hast to advertise thine own self:  
Thy shop, thy wares, thy works of every kind.  
I claim the seventh day; on that day thou shalt  
Advertise ME, ME only” — saith the Lord.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, May 3, 1866.]

---

“WE’re the superior creature,” I heard once  
One of my sex say to a female friend.  
“In sign whereof,” said she, “ye go about  
Smoking, and spitting upon all ye meet;  
Look at my gown, look here.” “An accident  
Not easy in the street to be avoided” —  
“So long as the superior creature’s proud  
To practise what the inferior creature may not,  
Without incurring infamy, descend to.”

[Walking from DRESDEN to KLOTSCHA, Jan. 5, 1866.]

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## CHARTER OF THE TIMES NEWSPAPER.

LIE, and lie still, and keep away from rhymes,  
And browbeat all the world, and be THE TIMES,  
And for three pence your separate numbers sell,  
And take the title WE and use it well,  
To none responsible; and still make sport  
Of Celt and Celtic. —

Given at our court

Of Humbug, in our city of Cocaigne,  
This thousandth anniversary of our reign,  
And signed with our cross manual, and sealed:  
Reinecke Fuchs rampant, gules, on argent field.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, March 15, 1866.]

. . . . . "Aerane tantum  
Aere repulsa valent et adunco tibia cornu?"

MUSIC alone, of all the arts I know,  
Finds equal grace in heaven and here below;  
Why, but because Zeus has a tutored ear,  
And dearly loves *do re mi fa* to hear?  
Therefore Zeus raises Music from the tomb,  
Takes Music to him into Kingdom Come,  
Leaving to rot here on the earth below,  
All else we have learned, all else we feel and know.  
Thrice happy Mozart, on that awful day,  
Thrice happy Händel! ye shall sing and play;  
And Catalani's notes, all notes above,  
Take by sweet storm the enraptured ear of Jove;  
And angels forward lean on tippy toe,  
And lend a helping hand, as, from below,  
Clearing the ladder's last steep step, each one  
On heaven's broad pavement lays his burthen down:  
Flutes, pipes, accordions, hautboys, mandolines,  
Drums, kettle-drums, triangles, tambourines,  
And great, resounding big drums — tum! tum! tum!  
And organs loud enough to make the dumb  
Their deaf ears rub, and joybells, many a peal,  
Ding-donging, caps of bronze and tongues of steel:  
Single, plain bob and grandsire bob, they ring,  
Bob major and bob minor — ding! dong! ding!  
You 'd swear 'twas Bow called Whittington again,  
To hang about his neck the lord mayor's chain:  
"Turn again, Whittington, to London town,  
The Mansion House and aldermanic gown."  
And Paganini in his pocket brings  
His scutty fiddle, and four extra strings  
In case of a mishap; and great bass moans  
Sullen, and Scottish bagpipe whines and drones,

And Tara's harp on Tara's wall no more  
Its tale of ruin tells, but, at heaven's door,  
New strung and burnished, for the overture  
Preludes, and gathers odd pence for the poor.  
And portering caryatides set down  
Ponderous pianos — Liszt's and Thalberg's own —  
And handier concertinas, and whole sets  
Of music-glasses, strings of castanets,  
Boxes of resin, catgut, tuning-keys,  
Jew's-trumps, and fiddle-sticks, and what you please.  
And now I hear their voices, see their faces,  
Fingers, stops, pedals, scores, and dire grimaces;  
And warder Peter, all in ecstasies,  
Shuffles time with his feet and with the keys,  
And follows from the gate to hear again  
That dying fall, that spirit-stirring strain;  
And Orpheus and Musaeus are forgiven  
Old counts, and on the second seats in heaven  
Sit lilting down, when "Lo! Cecilia comes,"  
A voice cries; "sound your trumpets, beat your drums."  
And, by her angel cicisbeo led,  
White lily in her hand, upon her head  
Garland of amaranth and roses red,  
And by the earthly partner of her bed  
Followed at humble distance, enters in  
Th' inventress of the organ, music's queen,  
And takes her place, and th' overtures begin  
Of heaven's grand opera — I 'll not be there,  
But Beethoven will, who not one squeak can hear,  
Who, when he should lift high, sinks low his wand,  
And regulates the whole with master hand.  
Zeus is the word, with Zeus they all begin,  
Zeus, Zeus, and Zeus again, with such a din  
The devils hear it on the distant shore  
Of their blue-burning lake, and with a roar  
Answer, which shakes the brazen concave round,  
And hell and heaven alike are stunned with sound.

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Dec. 15, 1865.]

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## CORRIGENDA.

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Page 114, line 15 from bottom, del. comma at end of line.

- 157, line 8 from top, insert comma after third.
  - 157, line 5 from bottom, insert comma after it.
  - 173, lines 12 and 23 from top, instead of Lever's read Laver's.
-

## OMITTED.

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OF all earth's various sucking tribes, the tribe  
By naturalists denominated SMOKERS,  
Suck longest, to the dug with desperate lips  
Clinging the whole day long and half the night,  
Till Death his aloë fingers thrusts between,  
And, odious drynurse, carries off by force  
And weans the sore recalcitrating babe.

[ZSCHERTNITZ near DRESDEN, May 13, 1866.]

---

“Vox populi, vox dei.” To be sure!  
And surer still: Vox dei, populi vox.  
The marionnette’s voice is the voice of him  
Who made the marionnette and pulls the wires.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DREDEN, May 16, 1866.]

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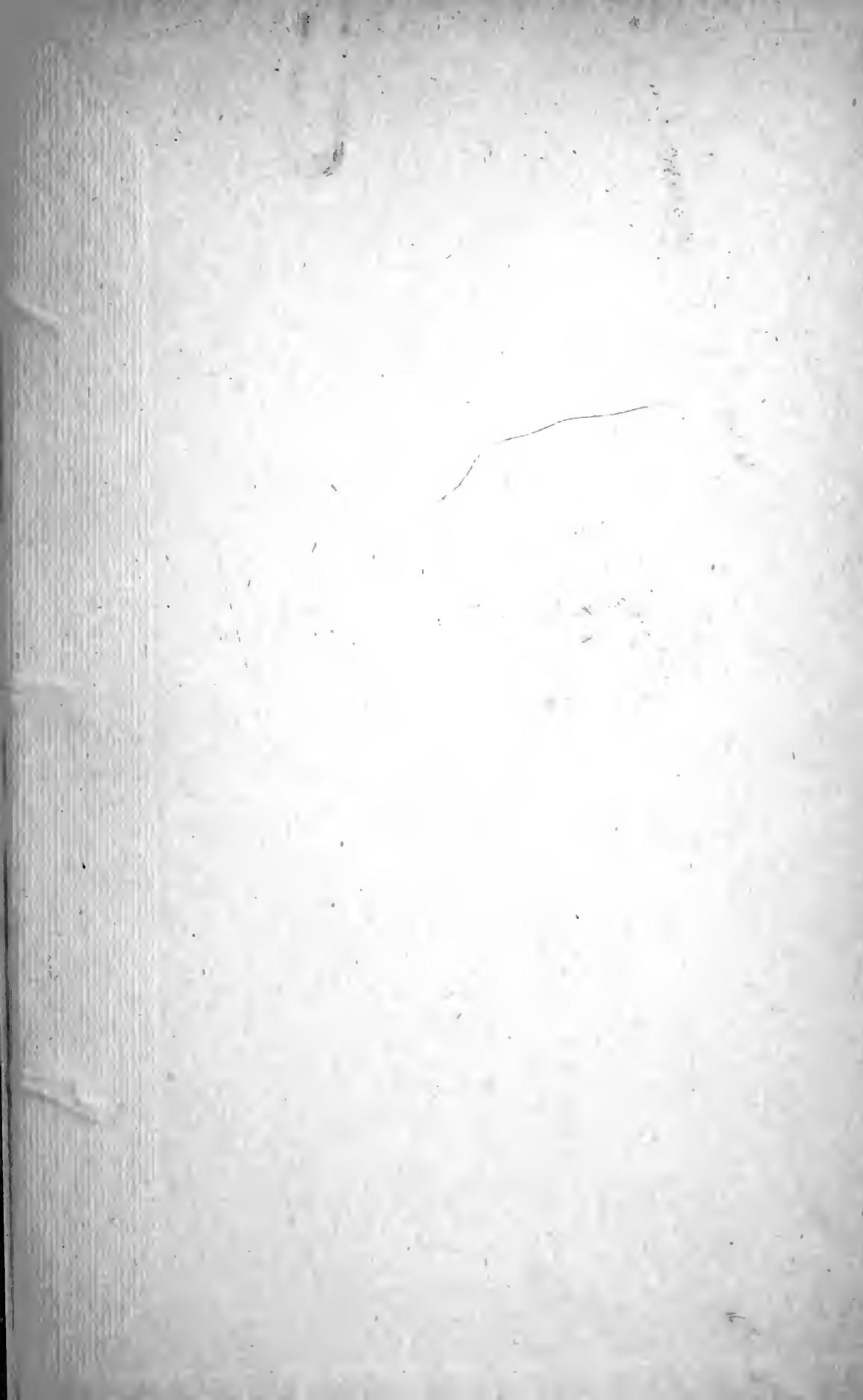
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